

The Atlantic

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**IS THE
DEFICIT
REALLY
SO
BAD?**

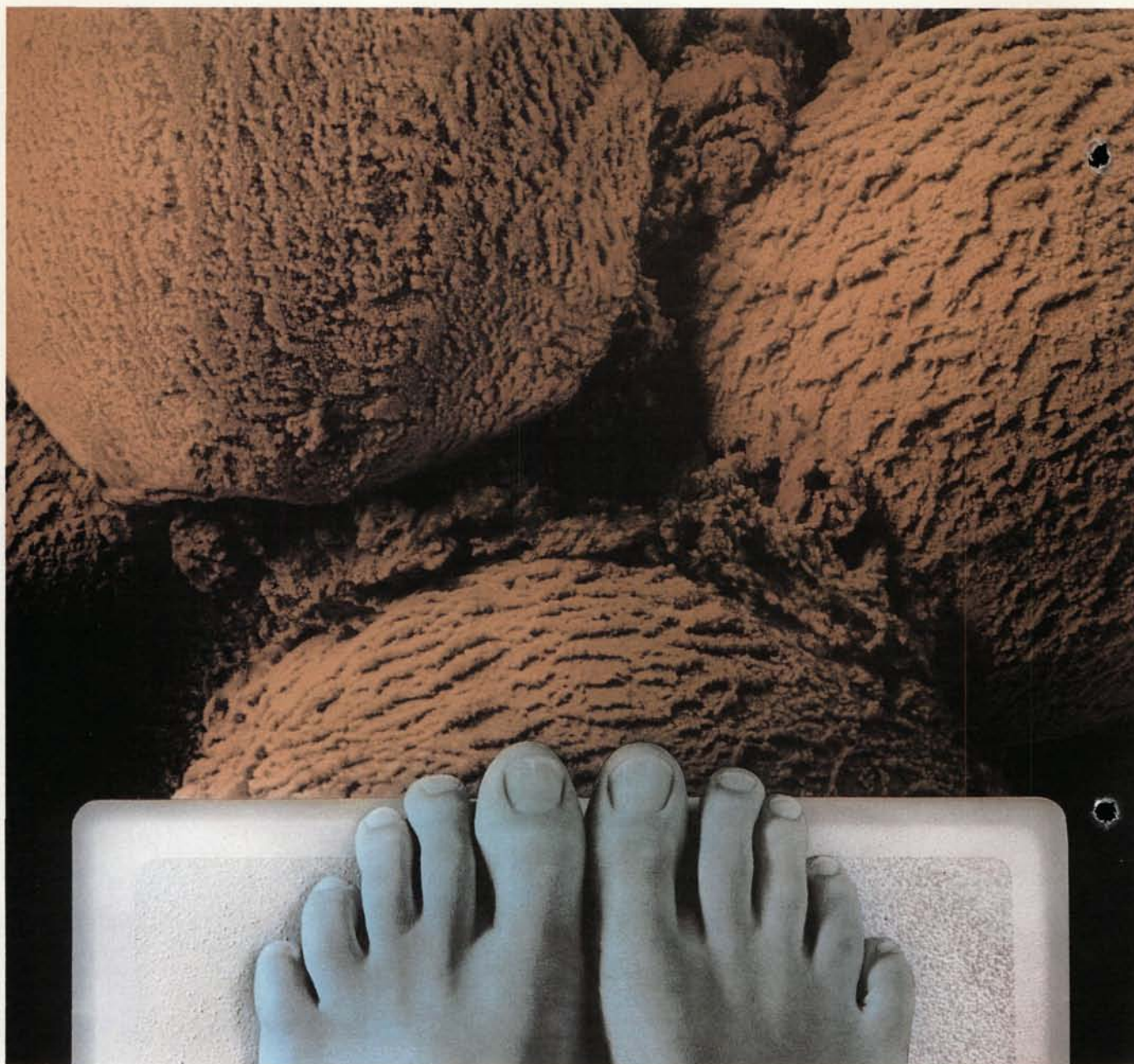
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nothing terrible
has happened
yet, the
deficits-are-
disastrous
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weakening

**BY
JONATHAN
RAUCH**



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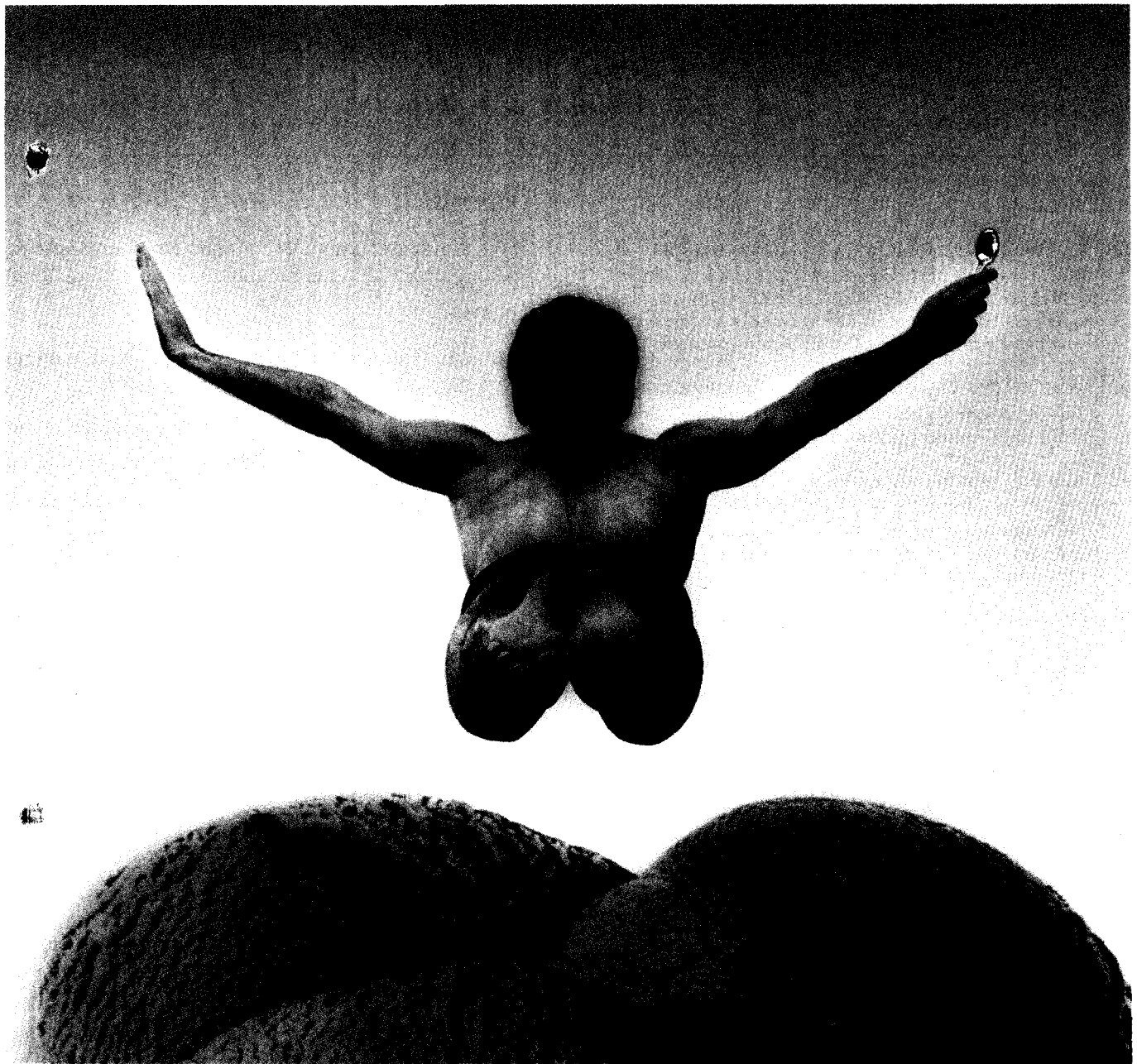


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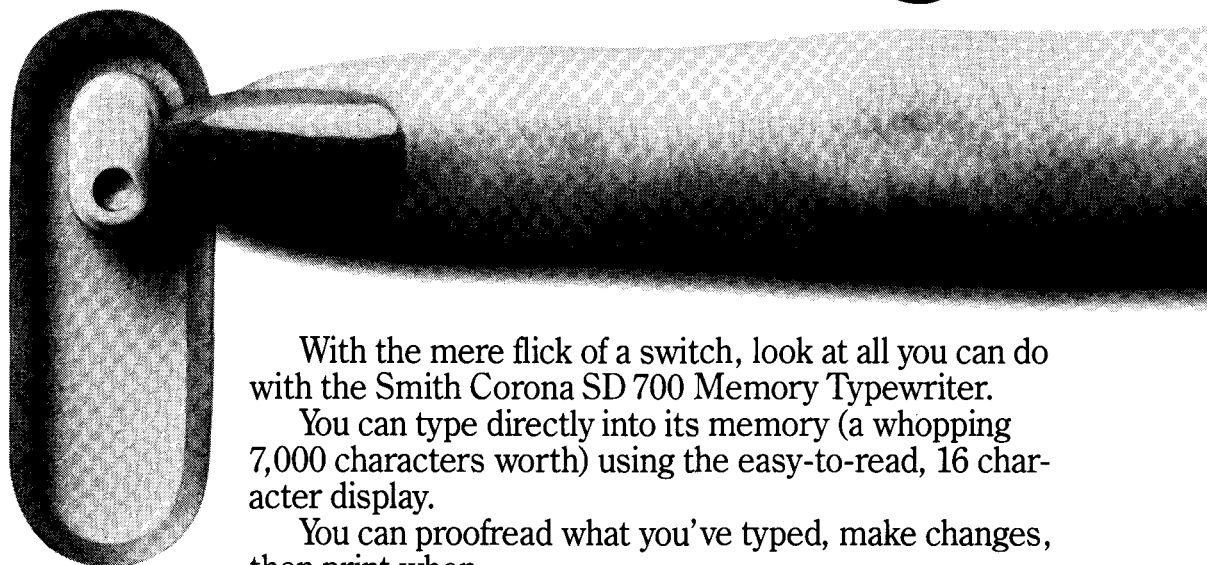
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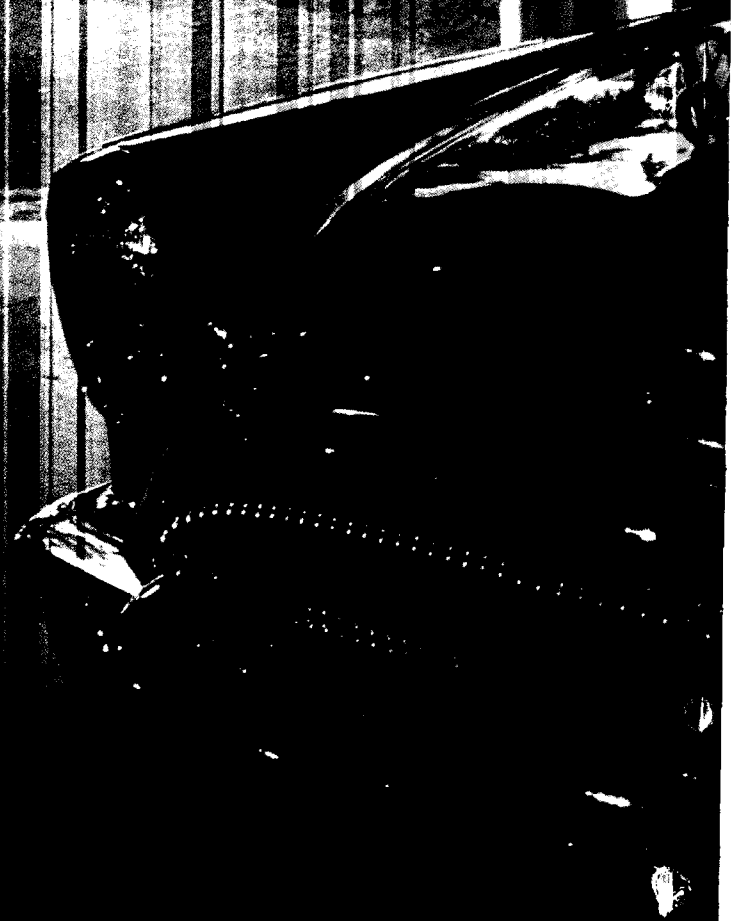


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHY TEACH HISTORY?

I appreciated the message of Paul Gagnon's "Why Study History?" (November *Atlantic*). Much the same question can be asked about the teaching of American government.

There is, however, one flaw in the message. Gagnon treats American history as merely *national* history, as though the United States were a unitary nation, like France. Yet a chief characteristic of the United States is its federal form of government. We have fifty-one constitutions, and no official is elected by a direct national popular vote.

American history cannot be grasped thematically without understanding the twists and turns in the continuing debate over the nature of our federal democracy. The twentieth-century intellectual triumph of nationalism has biased the teaching of American history and government. State and local history and government, if covered at all, are often mentioned or taught as sideshows, sometimes as freak shows, not as integral features of conflict and cooperation in the development of a federal nation. Perhaps it is not surprising, therefore, that a Gallup poll conducted in June of 1988 for the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations found that 51 percent of the public did not know that their state has its own constitution.

JOHN KINCAID

Executive Director

U.S. Advisory Commission
on Intergovernmental Relations

Washington, D.C.

Paul Gagnon offers an incomplete explanation of why we should study history. History is important in developing civic education, to be sure, but it has other uses—providing the grist for good literature, developing individual and group identity, contributing to social-science generalizations, assisting public-policy makers, and, more generally, expanding students' consciousness and training their minds by exposing them to unfamiliar environments.

Furthermore, Gagnon is shaky even when it comes to civic education, because he wants to reject a larger role for social history and to emphasize the importance of individual statesmen. Con-

sequently, his view of the Civil War—"by 1860 reason had fled"—takes us back to the discredited "blundering generation" historiography of the 1930s. A fuller explanation lies in understanding the ideology of economic opportunity held by northern workers and farmers, the impact of immigration's accelerating in the 1840s, the differential effect between North and South of evangelical religious revivals (and, in general, the growing cultural divergence between the sections), the economic viability of slavery for both the South and individual planters, and other topics studied by historians during the past quarter century. For example, an understanding of ex-slaves' post-Emancipation economic and social expectations will help explain why during Reconstruction truly "radical" Republicans, contrary to Gagnon's belief, *did* understand the necessity of fundamental economic change.

The seventeen figures that form part of your cover illustration for "Why Study History?" consist, with two exceptions, of white males who were either politicians or soldiers. No wonder the student pondering history looks so bored.

ROBERT GOUGH

Eau Claire, Wis.

Paul Gagnon's suggestions for improving the approach to teaching history and for improving the texts are splendid. But he's like the captain on the bridge of a sinking ship who wants to dictate a letter of complaint about an error in the charts as water fills his shoes.

WARREN J. DUNN

Cupertino, Calif.

In his suggestion that history books ought to reflect on the forces that influenced Lincoln, including Scripture, Paul Gagnon seems to overlook religion itself as a significant force in shaping American history. Many books allude to a religious heritage but seldom discuss how religious principles have influenced politics, culture, and the issues of the day. The importance of discussing religious principles in the classroom is debatable, but the significant role of religion in American and in world history, early and modern, cannot be denied.

FRANK J. GARZA

La Crescenta, Calif.

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LOOK TO US NORTHWEST AIRLINES

I have just finished reading, with great appreciation, Paul Gagnon's article "Why Study History?" One area of study, however, seemed to me to have been needlessly left out: the American Indian tribes—the meaning of their presence on this continent, the meaning of their conquest by the European invaders who eventually called themselves Americans, and full consideration of them as human beings living in various cultures, with similarities to and differences from our own.

The presence of the Indian tribes throughout North and South America means, first of all, that (contrary to the myth taught for so long in American schools at all levels) Europeans did not discover on these shores an unpopulated, virgin wilderness. The land had already been thoroughly explored; virtually every major American city and town was once the site of a permanent major tribal village (many of which had been located there for centuries); territories had been established (disputed occasionally, but no more than the borders of European nations); international (intertribal) trade had long been established; various cultures had long histories; and so forth. In the words of Francis Jennings (in *The Invasion of America: Indians, Colonialism, and the Cant of Conquest*), the meaning of the presence of the Indians is that they were the "true pioneers" of the continent; the Europeans went not one foot west without Indians' showing them the way and teaching them how to live in this land.

The meaning of the conquest of these people is, in my view, far darker than the failure to give credit to the pioneers: in its conquest of the tribes, the United States developed every practice it has ever employed to violate all its highest principles of civilization and democracy. Everything from duplicitous diplomacy, the assassination of national leaders, inducing others to fight our wars by proxy, and scorched-earth warfare to butchering women, children, and old people—all these and more have been perfected through practice upon Indians.

WILLIAM ATCHLEY
Lawrence, Kans.

History did not begin in this hemisphere in 1492, either for American Indians or for those who later arrived as tradition-packing immigrants.

The tens of millions of human beings who were already established here have made, from their own millennia of ex-

perimentation and discovery, enormous and mostly unacknowledged contributions to what we accept as the modern world—from cultivated agricultural crops (corn, potatoes, tomatoes, manioc), to a large percentage of contemporary medicines, to political and social theory.

MICHAEL DORRIS
Cornish, N.H.

The story of the Anglo-American frontier does open in the early years of the seventeenth century. However, if we wish to talk of the American frontier, even limiting consideration to the northern of the two continents, then we must go back a full century, and more, to pick up the tale at its historically correct beginning, with the first Europeans—the Spanish.

EDMUNDO R. DELGADO
Santa Fe, N.M.

How ironic it is that Theodore Roosevelt is misquoted in the illustration for Paul Gagnon's article "Why Study History?" TR said not "Walk softly and carry a big stick" but, rather, "Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far."

JOHN A. GABLE
*Executive Director
Theodore Roosevelt Association
Oyster Bay, N.Y.*

Paul Gagnon replies:

Several writers point to people and events that surely belong in any balanced course in United States history. But Robert Gough, like several other respondents, assumes that because I pick up on certain points I am indifferent to others and would not recommend teaching them. On the contrary. The causes for the Civil War cited by Gough are, of course, vital, and none should be neglected. But blunder and unreason are also important historical forces. To one extent or other, each generation is a "blundering generation," a notion I'd want students to wrestle with, precisely to avoid easy condemnations of their elders and the dead.

I wholly agree with Frank Garza's view that one of the textbooks' greatest weaknesses is their failure to present religious influences on our political and cultural history. Authors seem afraid that their readers will be unable to distinguish between the ideas and religious indoctrination!

William Atchley's trenchant re-

marks—and Michael Dorris's—on the American Indian as teacher and victim touch upon a subject that is quite well treated in the newer textbooks, including those I reviewed. I believe these two correspondents would be pleasantly surprised by the books, as would Edmundo Delgado in reading the same books' accounts of Spanish settlements and accomplishments in the Americas. John Kincaid, however, would be no more pleased with the textbooks than he is with me. The importance of federalism—whether or not one considers it wholly benign—is little discussed in the books.

Collectively, these letters, by their just demands that history texts and courses allocate space and time to all our people and to all the forces that shaped us, make the case for more history in the curriculum. The recent Bradley Commission on History in Schools called for a social-studies curriculum requiring no fewer than four years of history among the six years from seventh through twelfth grade, so that all students may confront the three kinds of historical reality that we ignore at our peril: American history (in its hemispheric sense), to tell us who we are and who we are becoming; the history of Western civilization, to reveal our moral and political heritage and its works, for good and ill; and the history of the world, to acquaint us with the nations and peoples with whom we shall play out a common global destiny. Anything less, and we continue to violate our students' right to know.

Warren Dunn believes it is too late; he says the ship is sinking. I cannot agree; I think it has yet to be launched.

MORE ON POUND

I have been brooding over Robert Giroux's article on Ezra Pound ("The Poet in the Asylum," August *Atlantic*) and over the correspondence regarding it in the November issue.

Two questions are at the core of Pound's case. The first is whether he committed acts of treason against the United States. The second is whether, if so, his standing as a poet entitled him to exemption under U.S. laws regarding treason.

With respect to the first question: During the Second World War, as the editor of *U.S.A.*, published for distribution overseas, I regularly received tran-

scripts of Axis broadcasts of propaganda against the United States.

Ezra Pound made hundreds of these anti-American broadcasts. Does his eminence as a poet give him immunity for his acts against the United States? His close friends—T. S. Eliot in particular—were successful in using the argument of insanity to avert a treason trial. Under this strategy Pound was committed to St. Elizabeths Hospital. Then, when things quieted down, it was made to appear that he was “incarcerated” and that a terrible injustice was being perpetrated.

If Pound was not to be held accountable for his treasonable broadcasts against the United States because he was in fact insane, then his commitment was justified. However, if he was not insane, then he should have been tried. What troubles me is that many of the same people who contrived to get Pound into St. Elizabeths on the grounds of insanity in order to save his life later contrived to get him out of St. Elizabeths on the grounds that he was the victim of political persecution.

NORMAN COUSINS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Robert Giroux replies:

Ezra Pound was not exempted from U.S. laws regarding treason: he served thirteen years in an asylum for the *criminally* insane, and his crime was treason.

A TWELFTH HOLIDAY

In his reply to Edward I. Koch (Letters to the Editor, October *Atlantic*), William Schneider criticizes the mayor for refusing to declare the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr., a city holiday. This criticism is misplaced.

Since the enactment of the New York State Taylor Law and the New York City Collective Bargaining Law, in 1967, employees of the City of New York have the right to bargain collectively over terms and conditions of employment. Time and leave, including the number of paid holidays, are mandatory subjects of bargaining and cannot be unilaterally implemented by the City of New York.

For a number of years city employees have received eleven paid holidays, a very generous allotment compared with that for other public- and private-sector employees. The city unions demanded Martin Luther King Day as a twelfth holiday during the same period that the

city council passed a resolution to that effect. Because the proposal involved a tangible economic benefit to city employees, under the law it was deemed an appropriate subject for discussion in collective bargaining, where such benefits are negotiated.

In response, the city took the position that the \$25 million cost associated with a twelfth holiday—whether in commemoration of Dr. King or of anyone else—should be accommodated within whatever economic package resulted from the bargaining round. Specifically, the city proposed that workers should either give up one of the holidays already received or should provide other equivalent savings in order to fund the cost of a twelfth holiday.

Ultimately, to the satisfaction of both labor and management in the negotiations for the 1984 labor agreement, Martin Luther King Day was added as a holiday for the civilian work force in exchange for a substantial reduction in vacation for new hires. The unions representing uniformed employees (police, fire, sanitation, and correction) chose higher salary increases and no reduction in vacation instead of the additional holiday.

It would have been counter to the best traditions of the collective-bargaining process for the city to have unilaterally granted a twelfth holiday without regard to the specific demands, proposals, and needs of each of the bargaining units that make up the city work force. But by properly dealing with this issue in the context of collective bargaining, those bargaining units wishing to celebrate a twelfth holiday have the opportunity to do so, while those bargaining units with other priorities to be achieved in collective bargaining had the opportunity to achieve them. Moreover, the city was able to fund the \$25 million cost associated with this additional holiday without raising taxes or cutting city services.

Since 1985 more than 250,000 municipal employees have commemorated this holiday in honor of Dr. King and the vision for which he stood.

ROBERT W. LINN

*Director
Office of Municipal Labor Relations
The City of New York*

William Schneider replies:

In the October, 1988, *Atlantic*, I cited public criticism of Mayor Koch “after [he] made remarks critical of black leaders and refused to accept a unanimous

resolution of the city council declaring the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr., a city holiday.” At the time, the mayor said the issue should be resolved in collective bargaining between the city and its unions. Whatever the reason, the mayor’s decision made him the subject of criticism.

Was the criticism unfair? I note that the New York City Council took a unanimous position on the issue independent of the collective-bargaining process. Dr. King’s birthday had already been designated a state holiday and a federal holiday by the appropriate political authorities. In addition, the New York City Board of Education, a semiautonomous agency, had declared Martin Luther King, Jr., Day a public-school holiday. The Mayor chose to treat the issue as a labor issue rather than as a political issue. That is his prerogative, but it does not put him beyond criticism.

SCHIZOPHRENIA

As a chronically anxious, undefined self, I struggled through Michael E. Kerr’s discussion of family systems theory, “Chronic Anxiety and Defining a Self” (September *Atlantic*) with interest.

Much more specifically, as the parent of a twenty-four-year-old son laid low by schizophrenia, I think the article is disappointing. Kerr himself seems to have had limited direct experience with schizophrenia, but his summary of Murray Bowen’s work fingers the “mother-patient symbiosis” as the *cause* or trigger of the illness. An especially opaque passage seems to be saying that we are all genetically disposed to schizophrenia but it takes a too-intense mother, usually, to set off psychosis.

Various “bad parents” and “overinvolved mother” theories of the cause of schizophrenia predominated in the 1940s and 1950s, when Bowen was observing families. “Bad family” notions continue to crop up, but these days any such analysis sets off supercharged hostility among family advocates and supporting doctors, who have been battling that stigma for thirty years. No scientifically credible studies support any of these theories.

The overwhelming weight of research evidence over the past twenty years supports the view that the chronic mental illnesses at issue (principally schizophrenia) originate in physical malfunctions of the brain itself. The *symptoms* are crazy-

ness, but the illness is a malfunctioning organ of the body (part of the brain). This is a medical problem—as sure as diabetes, heart trouble, or whatever—having literally nothing to do with psychiatry. The treatment of choice is medication to control psychosis, plus support and counseling to adjust to what is usually a lifelong handicap. Imagine treating heart trouble or diabetes or myopia with psychotherapy or family systems therapy!

Regarding Bowen's work on schizophrenia, none of the families were observed *before* all the anguish. They were already in crisis when the good doctor came along. It is difficult to exaggerate how awful the experience is—struggling alongside an invariably bright and gentle young adult who gradually loses the ability to reason and gradually descends into lunacy. Intense symbiosis, indeed!

This issue of cause and effect is vital. The persistence of "bad family" notions wreaks widespread damage in mistreatment, millions of dollars of wasted research money, ineffective mental-health services, and casual, if unintended, cruelty to families already anguished and

overstressed by a psychotic in their midst.

Therapy and counseling do come into play for schizophrenia—in exactly the same way they do for people trying to adjust to any other physical handicap. And as with other illnesses and handicaps, the normal range of family traits and problematic relationships exists. I think it is clear, and widely accepted, that the systems operating in many families inhibit recovery and contribute to relapses of the mentally ill member.

At the same time, the cost of private care, the short-term limits of most insurance coverage, and the inadequacy of public facilities dictate that the majority of recovering schizophrenics end up living at home. Family systems therapy, then, might be especially helpful in training families to be primary care-givers.

SAM ORR

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Michael E. Kerr replies:

During the past several decades brain research on patients diagnosed with schizophrenia, manic depression, and other psychiatric disorders has often re-

vealed abnormalities in brain structure and functioning. The findings are facts about these conditions that must be incorporated into any theoretical formulation about their origin and clinical course. The prevalence of some of these brain abnormalities has led many researchers to conclude that schizophrenia is a brain disease. Family and other life circumstances may influence exacerbations and remissions of schizophrenia and manic depression, they conclude, but the primary disturbance is a genetic, constitutional, or acquired defect in brain structure or functioning.

The book *Family Evaluation: An Approach Based on Bowen Theory*, from which my article was excerpted, argues that systems theory has the flexibility to incorporate facts derived from all areas of investigation. My challenge to the critics of family theory is for them to broaden their notion of what constitutes science, and to evaluate their findings and beliefs both in the light of facts about schizophrenia that have been defined by family research and in the light of facts about living systems that have been defined by evolutionary biologists.



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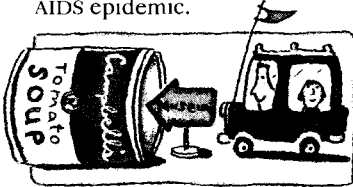
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THE FEBRUARY ALMANAC

GOVERNMENT

February 1, legislation goes into effect in New York State to ensure the confidentiality of the results of tests for the AIDS virus. Confidentiality laws are designed to encourage people to get tested who otherwise might not be willing to do so. The New York law defines the few situations in which test results may be divulged to a person other than the one being tested. For example, physicians may reveal this information to at-risk partners of a patient if, after counseling, it is clear that the patient himself will not do so. (However, physicians are not liable for damages if they fail to warn a patient's partners.) During the past six years 49 states have passed nearly 300 bills designed to cope with one aspect or another of the AIDS epidemic.



ARTS & LETTERS

February 6, "Andy Warhol: A Retrospective" opens at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, whence it will travel to Chicago and London. At the opening of a 1965 "retrospective" in Philadelphia, attended by the artist and his companion Edie Sedgwick, the crush of people was so great that the art itself had to be removed. Warhol later wrote: "We weren't just at the art exhibit—we were the art exhibit." Warhol once observed that "wasted space is any space that has art in it." Many Americans seem to agree. A recent Harris poll revealed that fewer people are going to art museums, although those who go are doing so often enough to sustain a rise in overall attendance. Among the reasons for staying away: "I don't get enough uplift" (37 percent); difficulty in parking (44 percent). As Warhol might have said, wasted space is any space that doesn't have a car in it.



EXPIRING PATENT

No. 3,643,941. Relaxation chamber. "There is disclosed a relaxation chamber including a room in which there is a mass of very light, very white, small spheroidal particles, typically composed of expanded polystyrene, such as is used in making Styrofoam. The occupants of the room can lie down, sit, or move in the mass. . . . The room typically has translucent walls and/or ceiling and colored lights, whose colors may change. . . . The mass may be fluidized by blowing air through it from the base of the room."

HEALTH & SAFETY

More skiers are on the slopes during the weekends of February than at any other time except Christmas. Thanks in large measure to advances in boot and binding technology, and also to better "grooming," or maintenance of trails, the number of skiing injuries in the United States has declined dramatically in recent decades—from about 7.7 reported injuries per 1,000 skier visits in 1950 to 2.8 in 1980. With the number of injuries that occur on the slopes going downhill, a category of injury that had hitherto received little prominence—"premises injuries"—now accounts for some 15 percent of all injuries that are classified as skiing-related. Premises injuries include the kinds of accidents—falling in the parking lot, tripping over skis, falling into empty swimming pools—whose incidence is increased by the bibulous rites of après-ski.



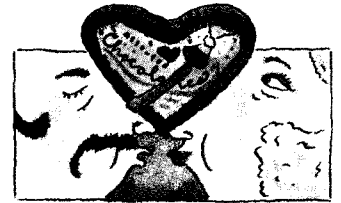
ENVIRONMENT

The many Americans who are shut in at home with the doors and windows tightly closed will be exposed to more radon gas this month than they are in balmy months. Radon, a radioactive gas that forms naturally underground and can seep into buildings, has been deemed by the Environmental Protection Agency to be as great an environmental danger as automobile emissions or industrial waste. Working mostly from studies of uranium miners who have developed lung cancer after exposure to high concentrations of radon, the government has set a radon standard for residences. Skeptics point out that the link between lung cancer and low levels of radon has not yet been established, and question the EPA's zeal in attacking a form of pollution that has no human source. Nevertheless, the EPA maintains an office in every state to provide information about radon, and urges that most homes be tested for the gas. This can be inexpensively accomplished with a do-it-yourself kit. Companies that make these kits or perform radon testing have seen the price of their stock rise sharply.



THE SKIES

February 2, Groundhog Day, known in medieval times as Candlemas. Groundhog Day is a cross-quarter day: the earth is now about 75 million miles from where it was on the Winter Solstice and about 75 million miles from where it will be on the Vernal Equinox. (The orbiting earth travels about 1.6 million miles a day, at a speed of roughly 67,000 miles an hour, and yet, incredibly, nothing blows off.) February 6, New Moon. 20, Full Moon, also known as the Snow Moon or Hunger Moon.



FOOD

February 14, Valentine's Day; \$408 million worth of chocolate will change hands today. Does chocolate cause love? Speculation that it might centers on the presence in chocolate of phenylethylamine (which is said to fight depression) and theobromine (which is said to induce a caffeine-like lift). The effects of these chemicals, some say, create conditions conducive to romance. Unfortunately, scientific studies indicate that everything about this theory is hogwash. Other studies bring some good news. Chocolate does not cause acne. Plain chocolate does not raise cholesterol levels, and may help prevent tooth decay. And allergies to chocolate are rare.

75 YEARS AGO

Havelock Ellis, writing in the February, 1914, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "By his beauty, his energy, his skill, the male must win the female, so impressing the image of himself on her imagination that finally her desire is aroused to overcome her reticence. That is the task of the male throughout nature, and in innumerable species besides man it has been found that the school in which the task may best be learned is the dancing school. The moths and the butterflies, the African ostrich, and the Sumatran Argus pheasant, with their fellows innumerable, have been the precursors of man in the strenuous school of erotic dancing, fitting themselves for selection by the females of their choice as the most splendid progenitors of the future race."





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See your Peugeot dealer for details of these warranties.



KING OF THE OXFORDS

Sounds a bit brash, doesn't it? But consider: in 1988, Lands' End offered Oxford dress shirts in 42 styles. In 100% cotton and blends thereof. In solids, stripes, checks. For men, women, children.

Surely a royal performance.

Lands' End Oxfords. Why, even the initials spell LEO!

But before you get the impression that we built our reputation on selection alone, we better back up a little and tell you how we got into the Oxford business, and how much we've learned along the way about what's really important.

Namely, quality.

A little history.

What first suggested to us offering an Oxford shirt in our catalog was our own preference for the garment.

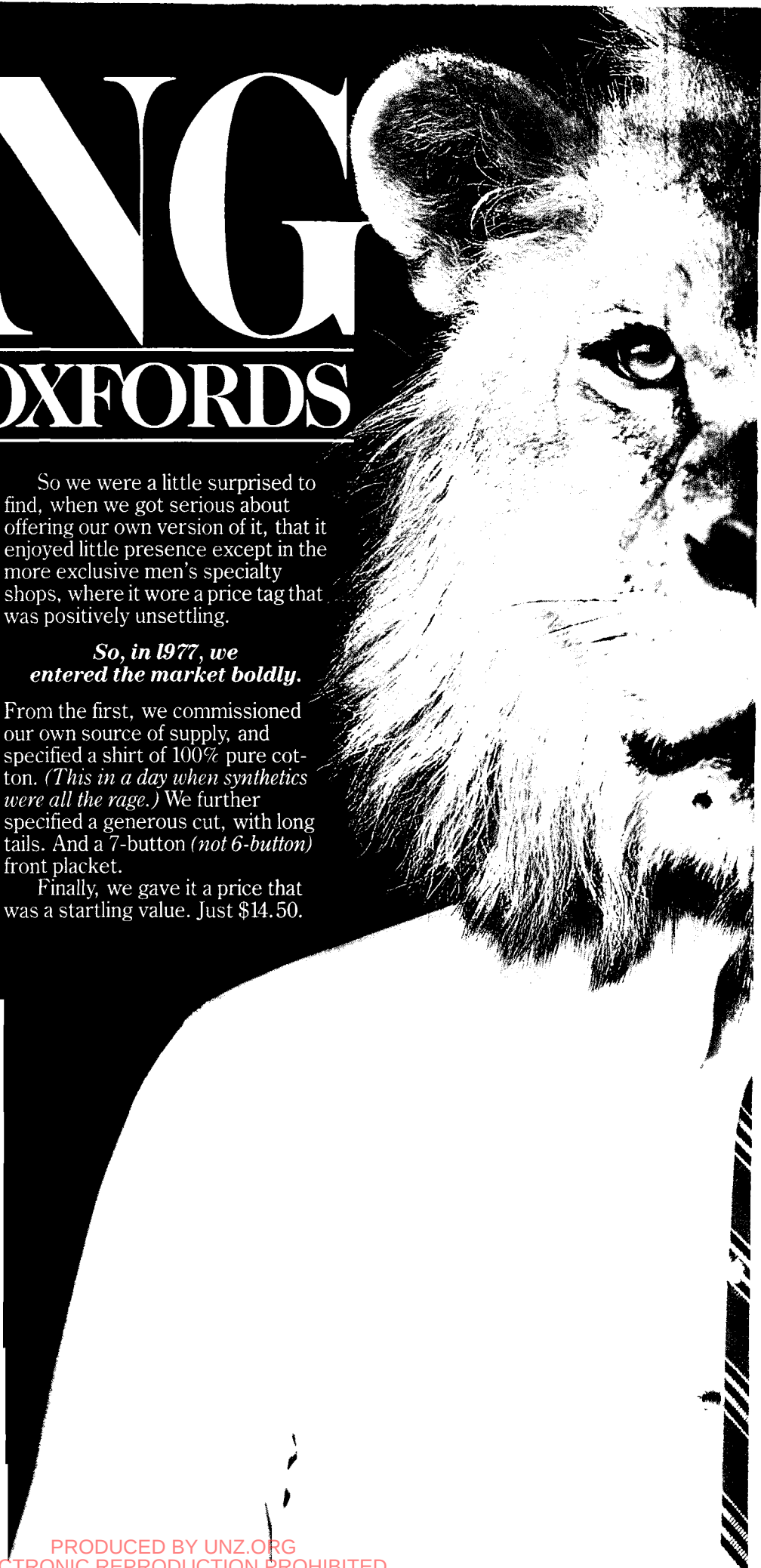
We had grown up in it, so to speak. Gone to school in it. Worn it to the beach and to the office.

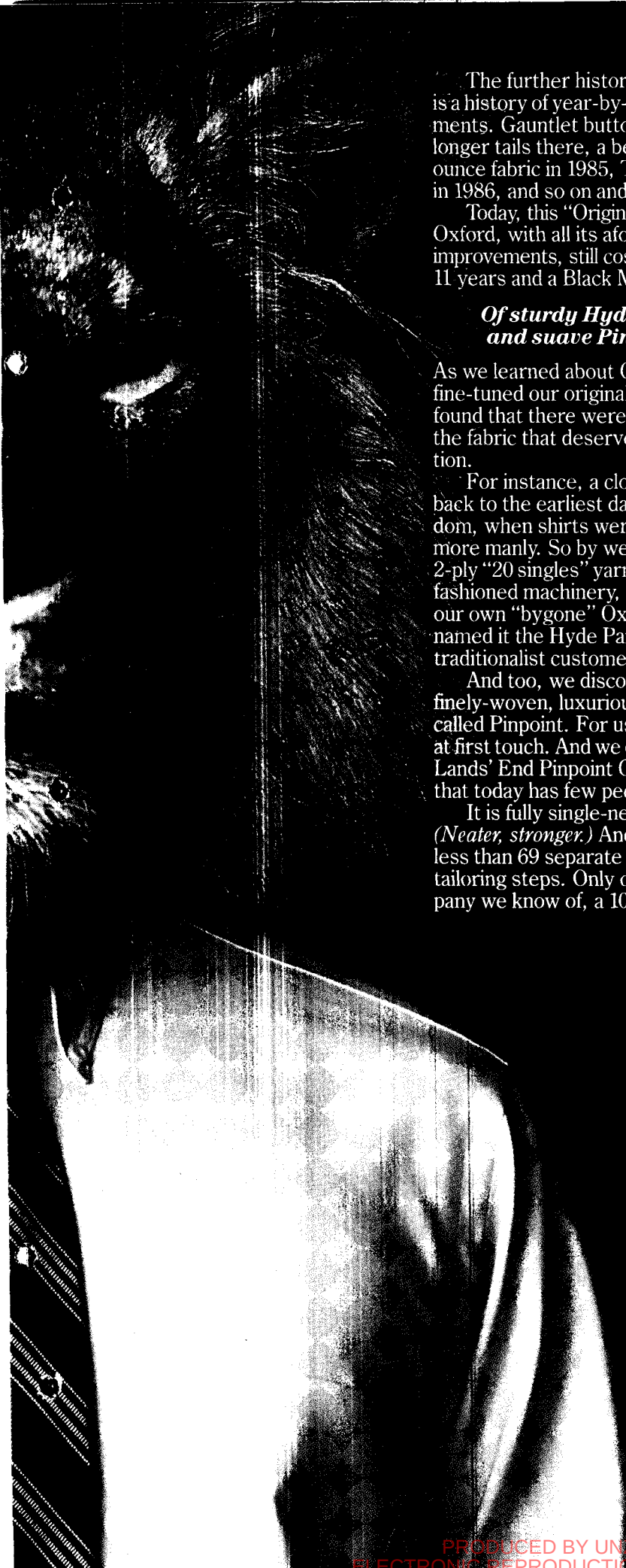
So we were a little surprised to find, when we got serious about offering our own version of it, that it enjoyed little presence except in the more exclusive men's specialty shops, where it wore a price tag that was positively unsettling.

So, in 1977, we entered the market boldly.

From the first, we commissioned our own source of supply, and specified a shirt of 100% pure cotton. (*This in a day when synthetics were all the rage.*) We further specified a generous cut, with long tails. And a 7-button (*not 6-button*) front placket.

Finally, we gave it a price that was a startling value. Just \$14.50.





The further history of this shirt is a history of year-by-year improvements. Gauntlet buttons here, longer tails there, a beefier 4.2 ounce fabric in 1985, Trim Fit sizes in 1986, and so on and on.

Today, this "Original" Lands' End Oxford, with all its aforementioned improvements, still costs just \$19.50, 11 years and a Black Monday later!

***Of sturdy Hyde Parks,
and suave Pinpoints.***

As we learned about Oxfords, and fine-tuned our original version, we found that there were variations of the fabric that deserved our attention.

For instance, a cloth that harked back to the earliest days of Oxforddom, when shirts were sturdier, more manly. So by weaving beefy 2-ply "20 singles" yarns on slow, old-fashioned machinery, we developed our own "bygone" Oxford, and named it the Hyde Park. Our traditionalist customers loved it.

And too, we discovered a more finely-woven, luxurious Oxford cloth called Pinpoint. For us, it was love at first touch. And we developed our Lands' End Pinpoint Oxford, a shirt that today has few peers.

It is fully single-needle tailored. (*Neater, stronger.*) And requires no less than 69 separate and distinct tailoring steps. Only one other company we know of, a 100-year-old

men's specialty shop, asks for even as many as 55. They charge \$55 for their Pinpoint Oxford. Ours is \$33.50.

Also worth noting is that we offer our "Original" and Pinpoint Oxfords in versions for women, complete with all the fine tailoring features found in our men's Oxfords. So there is no longer any excuse for "borrowing his."

King of the Oxfords. Not just because we sell more: we sell better.

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at Lands' End.***

Naturally, in our catalog, you'll also find everything to wear with your Oxford shirts—handsewn ties, flannel blazers and trousers—as well as much more casual clothing and soft luggage. All made with exceptional quality, at prices that represent rock-solid value.

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And the most emphatic guarantee of satisfaction in existence. Simply, without qualifications: **GUARANTEED. PERIOD.**

What more could you ask? Next time you're in the market for an Oxford shirt (*or several of them*), call **1-800-356-4444** and ask for LEO.

The King.

V-06

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

FREEZER BIRDS

WHEN MY WIFE and I moved to the remains of a small farm in northern Vermont a few years ago, we tried to acquire a few modest country skills. First we put in a big vegetable garden. It took us two seasons to get a tomato to ripen in this climate, where crops don't get much of a start until mid-June, and September frosts are not uncommon. But we managed to cheat the frosts and gather a respectable harvest, and, feeling flush with success, we decided we were ready for livestock. Horses seemed the logical choice, since our lean-to barn was already equipped with two horse stalls, and our small pasture needed something to keep it from reverting to brush. Even so, we weren't quite ready to make the leap from tomatoes to horses. We considered sheep and goats. Then someone suggested chickens.

Chickens seemed to have several things going for them. They are small,

inexpensive, and manageable. We didn't feel predisposed to form sentimental attachments to them. And though neither of us eats much meat, we do eat poultry. We had read about the conditions under which supermarket chickens are raised—the cramped cages they are kept in, the antibiotics they are fed to control outbreaks of disease. At least if we raised our own, we would know exactly what they ate and could try to make sure their lives were as happy as chicken lives can be.

On a Saturday late in March I went down to our local feedstore to see what equipment we'd need. Displayed among the horse bridles and giant rubber nipples (for lambs? for calves?) were some feeders and watering devices that seemed to be the right size for chickens.

The man at the cash register, seeing me linger near the chicken supplies, walked over. "Thinking on going into the poultry business?"

"We thought we might raise a few this year," I said, trying to sound confident and knowledgeable.

He nodded, leaving the next move to me. "I guess we'll need a few of these little feeders," I said, hoping to extract

some information from him without revealing my ignorance.

"How many you raising?" he asked.

"Oh, a year's supply. A couple dozen, I guess. Maybe thirty." Did we have room for that many? I didn't know.

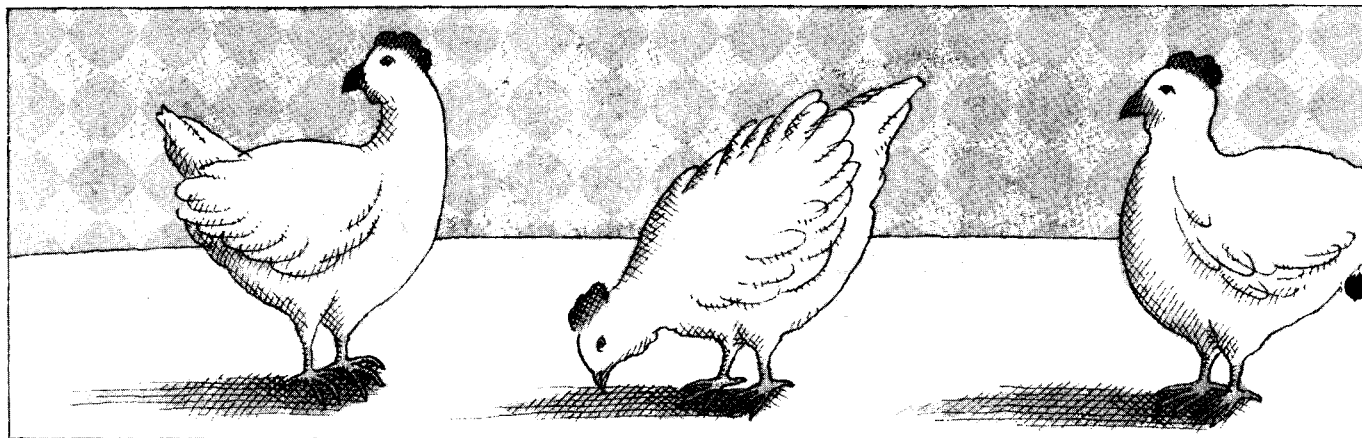
"Layers or freezer birds?"

"Can't you freeze a layer?" I asked.

Sustaining any pretense of previous chicken experience was clearly futile.

"If you're raising them for the freezer, you'll want broilers, bred for quick weight gain. You can always roast a laying hen when she's past her prime, but she'll be skinny and tough. You know stew meat."

He produced a piece of paper with prices for day-old chicks typed on it. It listed several breeds of laying hens and one hybrid cross that was classified as a broiler: "Cornish x White Plymouth Rock." They were sixty cents each. Feeling that I had crossed some invisible threshold, I ordered thirty of the hybrids for delivery the following week. Then, after further consultation, I bought a twenty-five-pound bag of "chick starter" feed, a heat-lamp fixture and bulb, a bale of wood shavings (for litter), two small feeder troughs, and an upside-down jug screwed to a round plastic

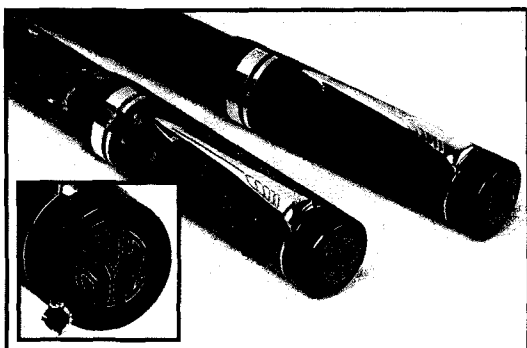


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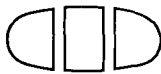
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moat—a waterer. The start-up costs, which I recorded in a notebook, came to \$40.38.

WE GOT A CALL from the feedstore three days before Easter to tell us that the chicks had arrived. I drove down to get them and was ushered into a back room where a brightly lit cage containing several dozen chicks of various sizes and colorings sat on the floor. The store attendant counted out thirty of the plain yellow ones—classic Easter chicks—and put them into a small box. I set the box on the seat beside me and drove them home, telling the loudly peeping chicks to calm down, just as one might try to calm a cat on the way to the vet, and with the same effect.

At home I took them to the barn and lifted the warm, wriggling birds into a bigger carton—the one our brand-new chest freezer had come in. They soon crowded together under the heat lamp, though now and then one or two would break away and shoot across the bottom of the box. Gradually they all found the feeder and the waterer, and their loud peeping subsided to contented chirps.

The next morning, when I went out to check on them, I opened the lid of the chick nursery and they all fled to the far end of the box. All, that is, except one. It lay motionless beneath the light, as if it had died while under interrogation. Back indoors I turned to a clean page in my chicken notebook and titled it “Attrition.” Underneath I wrote the date and a notation: “one chick, of unknown cause.”

The twenty-nine survivors grew quickly. Within three weeks they reached what appeared to be avian adolescence. Their yellow down disappeared, giving way to pink goose-pimpled skin covered sparsely by patches of prickly white pinfeathers. The young roosters’ voices even began to change: they startled themselves occasionally with deep, throaty clucks and squawks. The flock had outgrown its freezer box, so I converted one of our vacant horse stalls into a coop by enclosing it with scrap lumber and chicken wire. Daytimes I opened the doors of the stall and the barn so that the chickens could range freely in the yard. At twilight they all went back into the stall to roost, and I closed them in for the night.

After putting them to bed I often leaned on the door of the horse stall to watch them for a while. One of them

would peck at the shiny metal reflector on the heat lamp, causing a loud gong that sent the rest of the flock into hysterics. Or, moved by some vestigial instinct, a bird would hop into the air, wings flapping madly and ineffectually, like a pre-Wrightian flying machine. Or, out of the blue, one of them would sprint forward several feet and cut suddenly to the left or right, as though going out for a pass. Finally, as the light faded, their heads drooped to the floor and they all went to sleep.

One small rooster was lame. He had a misshapen leg that splayed out from beneath him at an awkward angle, making it hard for him to get around. Other birds pecked at him mercilessly and crowded him away from the feeder. As he got bigger, he could barely drag himself to eat or drink. Finally he looked so miserable that I decided I had to dispatch him. I rolled a large section of oak log, used as a platform for splitting wood, into the barn. Then I fetched the hatchet. The lame rooster was oddly compliant as I stretched his neck out on the stump and then brought the hatchet down. After the bird’s body calmed down (decapitated chickens really do thrash around), I put it and the head into a paper bag and walked up to the woods, where I left the carcass as an offering to the wild things.

To this entry on the attrition page of my notebook I eventually added two more: “one rooster, scared (shaken?) to death by Martha,” our dog; and “one chicken (gender unknown), disappeared, assumed dead.”

A turkey farm about twenty miles from us is in the business of custom poultry butchering. I made an appointment for a day in early June, ten weeks after our chicks had arrived. The twenty-six survivors were huge by then—the largest were as big as small turkeys. On the appointed day I carved air holes in the sides of several cardboard boxes, stuffed the birds in, and loaded the boxes into our old pickup. The chickens put up a horrible ruckus. I nervously tried to reassure them, but of course they were right to ignore my treachery. We were greeted at the turkey farm by a man wearing a blood-spattered rubber apron and carrying a long, slender knife. He opened the boxes, grabbed the birds by the legs, and hung them upside-down on racks that moved along on a rail. He gave each rack a little push and it glided around a corner, out of sight.

Several hours later I returned to pick up five cartons of freshly cleaned and

dressed broiler birds, each one neatly bagged in plastic.

One hundred fifty-six and a half pounds of chicken nearly filled the freezer. The evening I brought them home, we barbecued one on the grill and dined outdoors. The meat was tender and more flavorful than any commercially grown chicken I had tasted, in the same way that homegrown tomatoes are better than the ones you buy at the store. It seems strangely quiet out in the barn now, though. This year I think we’ll get some layers.

—Craig Canine



ITALY

A DISTURBING ECHO

*Anti-Semitism, fifty years after
Mussolini's infamous racial laws took
effect, is an issue again*

LAST SPRING, when an elderly death-camp survivor entered a Rome hospital, a doctor, spotting the tattooed number on the man’s arm, turned to him and said, “How many Palestinians have you killed today?” The incident, says Elio Toaff, the chief rabbi of the Roman Jewish community, sums up a new form of anti-Semitism in Italy: “It takes the situation in the Middle East as a pretext for an attack against Jews everywhere.”

Fifty years after Benito Mussolini’s

Fascist government passed its racial laws, there is a recrudescence of anti-Semitism in Italy. Since the beginning of the uprising in Israel's occupied territories, in 1987, slogans recalling the Fascist era have appeared on the walls of at least a dozen Italian cities: "Hitler was right," "Jews to the Ovens," "Vote Yes on the Referendum to Reopen Auschwitz." Prominent Jewish leaders routinely receive anonymous letters and threatening phone calls; a left-wing group bombed a Jewish bookstore in Turin; a few right-wing Catholic magazines have dusted off the vile old theme of a world Jewish conspiracy.

That anti-Semitism should be an issue in Italy at all is puzzling, in view of the negligible size and inconspicuous nature of the Italian Jewish community. A mere 35,000 in a nation of 57 million—less than half as many as in Baltimore, Maryland—Italy's Jews are for the most part highly integrated into the rest of society, and are linguistically and physically indistinguishable from their Catholic neighbors. Some Italian Jewish families date back to the age of the Caesars, before the Roman emperor Titus sacked Jerusalem and dragged back thousands of Jewish slaves as symbols of his conquest.

Moreover, the Italian people are known for their tradition of relative tolerance and for having helped Jews during the German occupation in the Second World War. Unlike what remained of the Jewish communities of Germany, Poland, and Austria at the end of the war, the Italian Jews who survived the war generally chose to remain in Italy, in part because of the popular support they had received during the Nazi manhunt.

Whereas Austria has had its Waldheim case and France the Barbie trial, Italy switched rapidly from fascism to anti-fascism at the end of the war and has barely looked back. To many Italian Jews, the current expressions of anti-Semitism are a result of Italy's failure to come to terms with its Fascist past. Others say that today's anti-Semitism has less to do with the past than with extremism on the Italian left and with a growing xenophobia stemming from the recent immigration of more than a million African, Arab, and Asian workers to Italy. Regardless, Jewish leaders caution against making any comparisons to 1938. "Before, we had a Fascist state that persecuted us; today we have a democratic government that protects us," says Tullia

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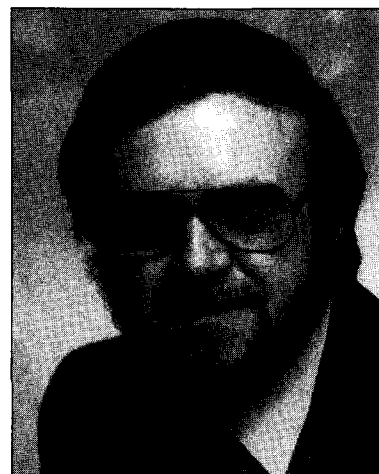
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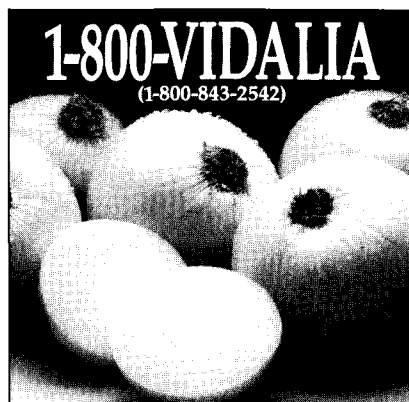
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Zevi, the president of the Union of Italian Jewish Communities.

The situation today is indeed the mirror opposite of that of 1938. "When the Fascist regime persecuted the Jews, the people woke up and rebelled against it. Today the Italian state is absolutely not anti-Semitic, but there is a seed of anti-Semitism in the people," Rabbi Toaff says. "Anti-Semitism is not stronger today than in 1938, but because it comes from the people, it seems worse."

A HARBINGER OF THE latest outpouring of anti-Semitism came at the time of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, in 1982: enormous public demonstrations—even some having nothing to do with the invasion—were accompanied by anti-Jewish slogans, graffiti, and attacks on Jewish institutions. This outbreak of anti-Semitism, although powerful, was short-lived, coming to a sudden halt after a terrorist exploded a bomb on the steps of the Rome synagogue, killing a small boy and injuring about forty other people.

The current outbreak began in an odd and seemingly apolitical forum: the Italian soccer stadium. In the past two and a half years Italian soccer fans have begun using racist slogans and the vocabulary of the Holocaust to haze opponents, calling them "Jews" and threatening to send them "to the ovens." In 1986, at the annual showdown between Milan's two soccer teams, Inter and Milan, a crowd of Inter fans carried an enormous banner that read, "MILANISTI—EBREI, STESSA RAZZA, STESSA FINE" ("Milan Fans—Jews, Same Race, Same Destiny"). At last year's Milan-Inter match Inter fans lofted a banner whose message was "BERLUSCONI—JEW BASTARD," referring to Milan's owner, Silvio Berlusconi, who is not in fact Jewish.

In April of 1987 the phenomenon started taking a more political form. Posters demanding "CANNIBALS, BEDOUINS, RABBIS, OUT OF ITALY!" were plastered on the walls of the University of Bologna on the day of a demonstration by students belonging to Italy's neo-Fascist party. The poster depicted an African with a ring in his nose and a sign saying "AIDS" attached to his arm, an Arab with a knife in one hand and a bomb in the other, and a Jew with a hooked nose, dollars spilling from his pocket, and a hobnailed SS boot kicking him.

But these crude forms of anti-Semitism did not especially worry Italy's

Jews; they appeared to be the residue of an old, discredited Fascist culture, rather than the beginning of something new.

The level of concern heightened when anti-Semitism started cropping up in publications of the Catholic Church and the financial world. In November of 1987 *Chiesa Viva* (*The Live Church*), a small Catholic magazine printed in the northern city of Brescia, republished extracts of the infamous nineteenth-century forgery "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion," with a new introduction by a Catholic priest. The cover of the magazine shows Christ on the cross with a Star of David next to him. "Obviously we don't want to engage in anti-Semitism, but we continue our struggle against that minority of ultrapowerful Jews who conspire to divide the church of Christ," Father Luigi Villa wrote. "We say that the Jews, although called the Chosen People in the Old Testament, have used their undeniable intellectual talents in the service of Evil, Perdition, and Mammon . . . in order to complete the Jews' ancient plan of universal domination."

That same month the editor of the financial magazine *Milano Finanza*, Paolo Panerai, wrote a cover story about Jewish financiers who had profited from the October 19 stock-market crash. "A question of nose," the article began. "A question of hooked nose." Panerai went on to say that the Jewish financiers Carlo De Benedetti, Edmond de Rothschild, and James Goldsmith, aided by a nose for finance developed over centuries, were the first to sniff out the coming collapse. Afterward Panerai indignantly rejected charges of anti-Semitism, insisting that he had been praising rather than attacking the Jewish financiers. The Association of Journalists for the Region of Lombardy, however, issued a statement condemning *Milano Finanza's* use of racist characterizations.

Although disturbing, even these incidents passed unnoticed by most Italians and by most Italian Jews. It was Israel's violent suppression of the Palestinian uprising in December that suddenly brought the "Jewish question" into virtually every living room in Italy. Anger at Israel has been redirected toward the nation's small Jewish population. "Demonstrations [in Rome] against Israeli policy would break up with groups of protesters marching to the old ghetto area shouting slogans and writing graffiti in the area around the synagogue," says Paolo Mieli, an editorial writer in Rome

for the Turin newspaper *La Stampa*. "The fact that they demonstrate not in front of the Israeli embassy but in front of the synagogue is a sign of anti-Semitism. What does the temple have to do with the occupied territories? It's as if someone blamed the Vatican for the situation in Northern Ireland."

ONE OF THE MORE surprising characteristics of the recent anti-Semitism in Italy is that much of it is coming not from the neo-Fascist right but from the left. A lot of the graffiti that have found their way onto the walls of synagogues and Jewish stores are scrawled in red spray paint, the signature of the left, rather than the black paint of the neo-Fascist groups. Using Marxist dialectics, the radical left associates Israel with Western imperialism and Jews with the rise of capitalism, giving anti-Jewish feeling an intellectual respectability that is lacking on the far right.

In the past few years the Partito Comunista Italiano, Italy's relatively moderate Communist Party, has modified its views, becoming quite solicitous of Italy's Jews and, along with the Soviet Union, opening up a dialogue with Israel. But the mental reflexes of the left have not changed so quickly.

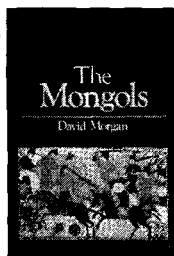
The Palestinian uprising spurred much of the Italian left to call for a boycott of Israeli products, which some tried to enforce through quasi-terrorist methods. Last April someone injected several Haifa grapefruits with what appeared to be a dark poison. It took several days to determine that the substance was only blue dye, but the hoax succeeded in creating a brief panic. The Israeli stand at a children's book fair in Bologna that month was wrecked by university students. At the same time, students in Turin began picketing the Rosa Luxemburg bookstore, advising customers to boycott Jewish culture. When the shop's owner, Angelo Pezzana, who is not Jewish, tried to organize a public debate on Israel at Turin University, students threw grapefruits at the stage and shouted slogans to prevent him from speaking. On the night of April 13 someone threw an incendiary bomb into the bookstore, destroying one of its rooms.

In the protests of the left the terms "Israeli," "Jew," and "Zionist" are frequently used interchangeably, and many Italian Jews complain that their non-Jewish friends refer to events in Israel using the plural "you," *voi*. In fact the

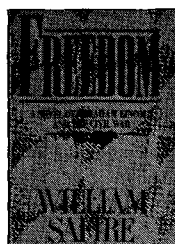
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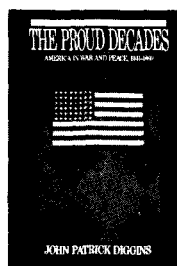
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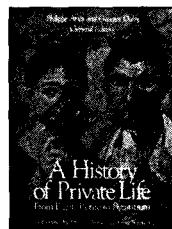
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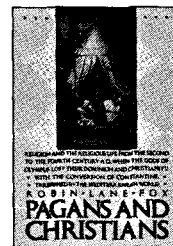
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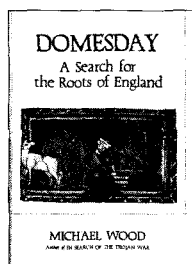
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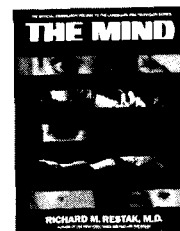


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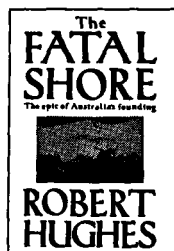
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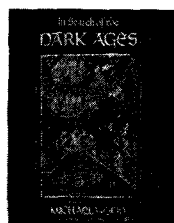
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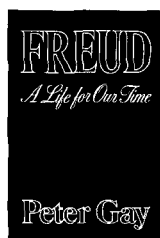
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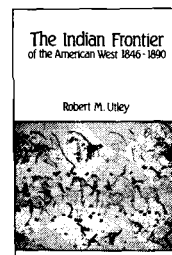
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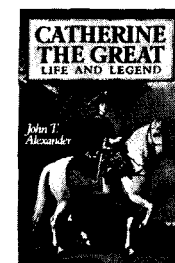
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Italian Jewish community is deeply divided and quite diverse. In most Italian cities with substantial Jewish populations the Jews are highly assimilated members of the middle or upper-middle class, who are often left of center in their politics and are themselves frequently critical of current Israeli policy. The chief exception is in Milan, where more than 70 percent of the city's roughly 12,000 Jews are recent immigrants from Iran, Egypt, Libya, and other Arab countries. The immigrants are less well assimilated and more pro-Israel than their native counterparts. The Roman Jewish community is divided between highly integrated professionals and a sizable number of working-class people and small tradesmen who still live in the old ghetto area, and who tend to be devoutly religious and politically conservative.

As a result, the debate over Israel among Italian Jews is heated and often fractious. The Turin synagogue condemned the Israeli suppression of the Palestinian uprising, while the synagogue in Rome issued a general statement of support. But surveys indicate that the feelings behind the most recent outburst of anti-Semitism are at least partly independent of current events in Israel. A poll last year revealed substantial levels of prejudice against Jews and various other ethnic groups in Italy. Of the 1,900 people surveyed, 10.6 percent said they disliked Jews, while 17.5 percent expressed positive feelings for them. Arabs fared slightly worse: 16.9 percent expressed antipathy toward them, 15.3 percent sympathy. Interestingly enough, blacks elicited a far more sympathetic response: 35.3 percent favorable to 8.6 percent unfavorable. The most despised minority in Italy are the gypsies, with a 40.9 percent negative rating. Contrary to some expectations, these results were little different from those of a poll conducted in 1986, before the Palestinian uprising began.

THE EXPRESSION OF anti-Jewish feeling has been accompanied by a spate of racist incidents involving Africans, Arabs, and southern Italian immigrants living in the cities of the north. An African woman was forced off a public bus; in a small town near Venice a group of teenagers tied up and tortured a fourteen-year-old boy from southern Italy. In northern regional elections last June a series of new local parties running on platforms that urged measures to curb the presence of southern Italian immi-

grants collected between six and seven percent of the vote.

"Italy, which has been a homogeneous white society for centuries, is now becoming a multiracial one," Tullia Zevi says. "Suddenly, in moments of economic difficulty, a defensive mechanism, the Le Pen phenomenon, is unleashed. Anti-Semitism is a kind of litmus test. We Jews who have a historical memory of persecution must take racism in general as our battle."

While the anti-Semitism and the anti-immigrant feeling are related phenomena, their roots are profoundly different. The anti-immigrant movement feeds on fears of a real, highly visible phenomenon; anti-Semitism feeds on fears of an



invisible threat. The immigrants are an enormous presence in Italy's major cities. Their physical and cultural differences stand out. The Italian Jews are a small minority, blended into the mainstream, of which the majority is generally unaware. Anti-immigrant sentiment appears to be strongest in the working-class neighborhoods of the major cities, where contact is closest and the immigrants are seen as an economic threat. Anti-Semitism, surveys indicate, is strongest in areas where there are no Jews.

"Seventy percent of the people who expressed hostility toward Jews said they had no contact with them," says Adriana Goldstaub, a researcher for the Centro di Documentazione Ebraica Contemporanea (Center for Contemporary Jewish Studies), in Milan. Prejudice

against Jews is highest (14.7 percent) in the southern part of the country, from which Jews were banished four centuries ago, when Spain ruled the region.

"I don't think it's real, deep-seated, classic anti-Semitism," says Renzo De Felice, a professor of history at the University of Rome and the author of *Storia Degli Ebrei Italiani Sotto il Fascismo* (*The History of Italian Jews Under Fascism*). "It's more related to the anti-American, pacifist element that sees [Yasser] Arafat as a kind of Garibaldi."

Others believe that this new form of anti-Semitism resonates with old stereotypes of the Jew in Italy's Catholic culture. Many of the anonymous letters sent to Italian Jews reveal the archaeology of Italian anti-Semitism, according to Goldstaub. "The letters mostly follow the same formula. They start by saying that they are not anti-Semitic; they condemn the Israelis, then the Jews; then they pass to the Holocaust and frequently end up with the murder of Christ."

Many of the anonymous letters that Rabbi Toaff has received were written on pages torn from Catholic magazines whose articles on the Palestinian uprising, in his view, overstepped the bounds of legitimate criticism, routinely comparing Israel to Nazi Germany. Whereas the magazine that republished the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" could be dismissed as a provincial rag, one of Italian Catholicism's most influential magazines, *Il Sabato*, published a piece called "The Lobby of the Temple," which especially shocked Toaff. The standard-bearer of Italy's militant conservative Catholic movement *Comunione e Liberazione* (Communion and Liberation), the magazine attributed the Israeli "offensive against the Palestinians" to a plot by "American millionaires, Israeli hard-liners, and opportunistic Soviets," which it went on to elaborate in astonishing detail.

Within the Catholic world the immediate reaction to Toaff's criticism was angry rebuttal. "Toaff's attack is motivated by a desire to find a scapegoat in order to justify Israel's policy of aggression, but that's not the way the Jews are going to solve their problems," Monsignor Antonio Riboldi, the bishop of Acerra, was quoted as saying by the Rome daily newspaper *Il Messaggero*.

"If he wants to prevent everyone from criticizing Israel, let him say so clearly," Beppe Del Colle, the managing editor of the Catholic weekly magazine *Famiglia Cristiana*, told the Communist daily

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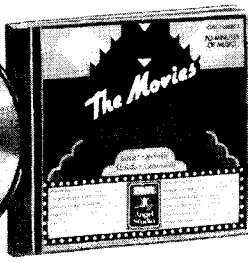
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L'Unità. "If everyone who criticizes Israel is an anti-Semite then all the world is anti-Semitic."

Toaff rebuts the notion that he is trying to stifle criticism: "Criticizing Israel is not anti-Semitism, but when a Palestinian has been killed, [the newspapers] say he has been 'exterminated'; when Israel expels some Arab leader, they say he has been 'deported'; when the Israelis use tear gas, they say that they have 'gassed' the population. To intentionally use a false terminology to describe what happens is anti-Semitism, because they don't use the same language for the British soldiers in Ulster or the Syrian soldiers in Lebanon."

Eventually the Italian Council of Catholic Bishops issued a strong statement warning Italian Catholics to beware of allowing their feelings about the Israeli government to affect their fraternal love for "the Jewish people as a whole or even of the Israeli people in their entirety."

Rabbi Toaff concedes that the Italian Jewish community is hypersensitive to symptoms of anti-Semitism because of its small size and its recent history. "Perhaps American Jews wouldn't even have noticed the things that trouble us," he says.

The Second World War "was a trauma that even now has not fully healed," says Ugo Caffaz, a Florentine Jew who has written about the Fascist racial campaign. "There is still a strong diffidence toward Italian society. Once there were Jews in the army, navy, in politics; now there are virtually no Jews in public life at a national level."

EVENTS THAT LOOM large for Italy's Jewish families are remote in the minds of most Italians—widening the gap of mutual incomprehension. Whereas the deportation of nearly 7,000 Jews from Italy is a small chapter in the drama of the Second World War, for a community of 35,000 it means that virtually every Italian Jewish family lost close relatives and friends.

Many young Italians have only the vaguest idea of Italy's role in the war. "When Italians talk about the war, it's always about the last year of the war, about the resistance, the German occupation. You don't hear about the invasion of Ethiopia, Albania, and Greece, or about the racial campaign," Caffaz says. He and other Italian Jews believe that the frequent comparisons of Israel to Nazi Germany that appear in everything from

the mainstream press to anonymous letters are a defense mechanism against the dark side of the Fascist period. "It's a wall for Italians to relieve their guilty conscience," Caffaz says. "If they can equate the Israelis and, by extension, the Jews with the Nazis, then they can cancel their debt from the past."

Even while anti-Semitic incidents have multiplied, interest in Italy's Jewish cultural heritage has revived. More than fifteen books about the history of Jews in Italy have appeared there in the past three years, along with at least a dozen exhibitions. Last year a number of cities and communities sponsored seminars and talks about the 1938 racial laws, and the Italian Parliament held an extensive ceremony and symposium on October 16—the date of the infamous roundup in the Rome ghetto in 1943, when more than a thousand Jews were arrested in one morning.

"After the war our hope was dead," Zevi says. "In the past twenty years we have regained our confidence, and as we began to reaffirm our own existence, the rest of society rediscovered us. This is a democratic country that is proud of its pluralism, and we are a part of its pluralist heritage." She notes that a number of communities without Jews, run by Communists or Christian Democrats, have contributed to cultural activities, to try to protect their cities' Jewish cultural legacy. "Even where there are no Jews they want to restore and preserve that cultural patrimony."

In fact, the chief irony of the current crisis over anti-Semitism is that it has occurred at a time when Jews in Italy are as inconspicuous a presence as they are. More than two thirds of Italy's Jews are concentrated in two cities, Rome and Milan. Only a handful of other cities—Turin, Florence, Venice, and Leghorn—have more than a thousand Jews. Cities once famous for their flourishing Jewish communities, such as Ferrara, Mantua, Modena, Verona, Padua, and Parma, now have small, aging Jewish populations on the verge of extinction.

But it may be precisely this diminution that provides the key to the current problem. "By now only an extremely small percentage of Italians have any direct contact with Jews," Renzo De Felice says. For many Italians, the Jews are no longer the family down the street that doesn't work on Saturday but an abstraction—figures on the television screen beating Palestinian youths.

— Alexander Stille



VENEZUELA

THE NEXT LIBERATOR?

The Pérez approach to Latin debt worries U.S. bankers

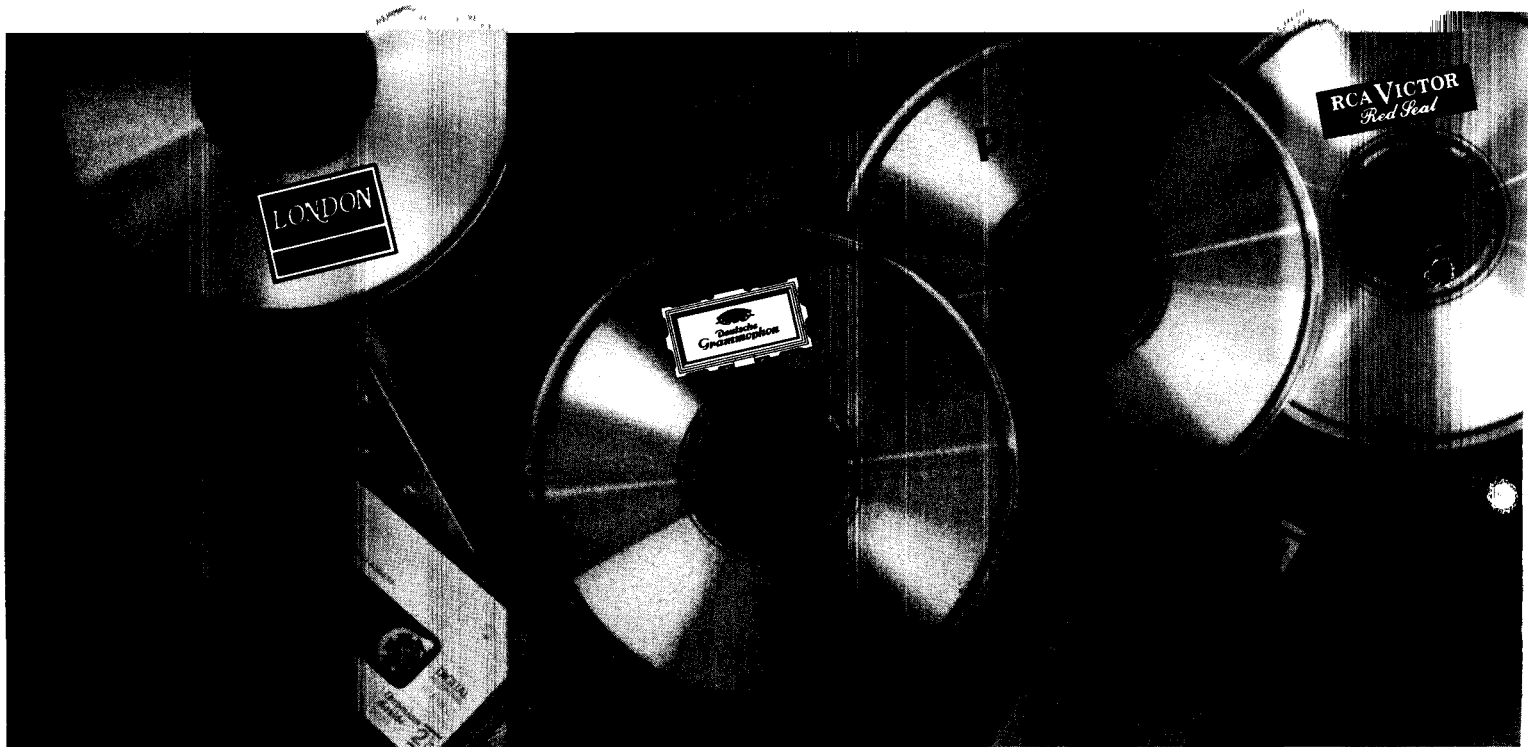
WHEN EIGHT Latin American Presidents met in Acapulco, Mexico, in 1987, they did not invite Ronald Reagan to join them. U.S. diplomats were allowed to attend, but only if they queued up for credentials along with the 800 journalists on hand to cover the historic event: it was the first hemispheric summit that the President of the United States did not attend. "New winds are blowing through our continent, the winds of independence," Brazil's President, José Sarney, declared. Other Latin American Presidents talked of refusing to repay the region's \$430 billion foreign debt, though their tough talk has not led to action. The Acapulco meeting set the stage for a dramatic change in U.S.-Latin American relations, but no one among the Latin Americans assumed the leading role. Carlos Andrés Pérez was still waiting impatiently in the wings.

Pérez, a former President of Venezuela, won re-election this past December. His country, one of the three largest foreign suppliers of oil to the United States, has been our military ally in the strategically important southern Caribbean and is a showcase nation in Latin America for the democratic ideals that we profess. Pérez has set out to do more than lead his own country; he intends to unite Latin America.

The boom-bust cycles of recent years, and a succession of American Presidents

whose chief foreign-policy interests lay elsewhere, have left a legacy of discontent south of the border. Latin American nations are staggering under the weight of their foreign debts, and high U.S. interest rates have not helped them. The Reagan Administration, however, has kept its distance from the debt crisis. Its one substantial policy initiative was the Baker Plan, a moral appeal to U.S. banks to lend \$20 billion to the biggest debtor nations. U.S. bankers, however, resisted the Baker Plan, and U.S. trade barriers persisted, while world prices for such basic Latin American exports as copper, oil, and beef fell and interest payments on the debt siphoned off \$25 billion a year that might have gone into economic development. Latin America looks back on the past several years as a time of "de-development."

As Latin America wallows in its worst depression since the 1930s, a new generation of left-leaning populists has risen up, determined to press for anti-debt action. Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, who placed a strong second in the Mexican presidential elections last year, argued that debt payments were crippling the economy. Carlos Saul Menem, in Argentina, and Leonel Brizola, in Brazil, became leading presidential candidates by taking similar stands. Pérez is part of this wave of populism. He wants a radical restructuring of Venezuela's \$33 billion debt, but he wants more than that. Pérez believes that for Venezuela to pry a better deal out of U.S. banks requires the leverage of a united Latin America. He wants Latin American nations to join together to get out from under what he calls the "paternalism" of the United States and the "economic totalitarianism" of the International Monetary Fund.



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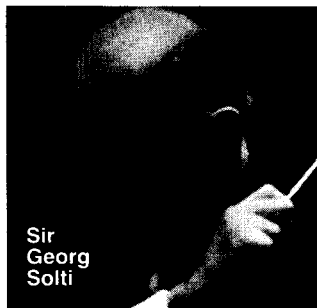
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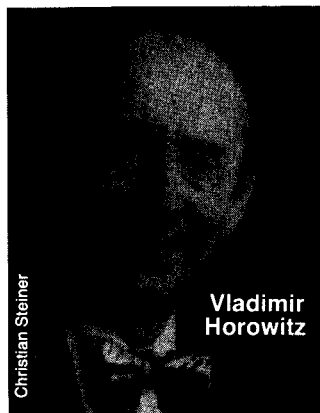
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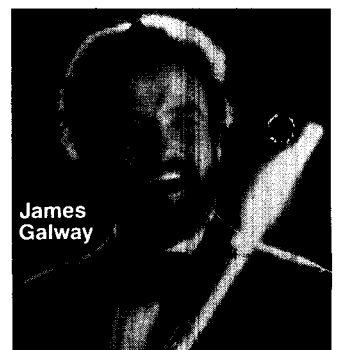
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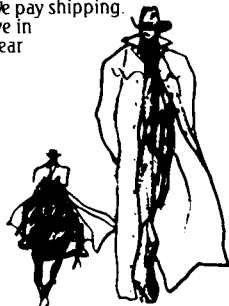
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THE FIRST LATIN leader to take a strong stand on debt was the Peruvian President, Alan García. Young and handsome, García was instantly acclaimed in the region when he made the dramatic announcement on the day of his inauguration that he would limit Peru's debt-service payments to 10 percent of its export earnings. But García never moved to build an international alliance, and ultimately he abandoned his anti-debt crusade under the pressure of economic collapse and the threat of a military coup.

Pérez has a better chance than García of turning rhetoric into reality. Oil-affluent Venezuela offers a more stable platform than Peru from which to launch an international organizing effort, and the sixty-six-year-old Pérez is better prepared than the youthful and inexperienced García to line up world support. During fifteen years of ceaseless globe-trotting in behalf of Third World causes, Pérez has built up a network of national leaders whom he can recruit into his united front against the debt. In short, Pérez is the kind of leader who makes foreign bankers fret. They are not reassured by his record as President from 1974 to 1979.

A social democrat, Pérez ran a free-spending regime that nationalized Venezuela's vast oil industry and its huge iron-ore deposits, built tremendous aluminum and steel plants, imposed new controls on foreign investment, and issued hundreds of presidential decrees requiring everything from attendants in public bathrooms to double severance pay for laid-off workers. After the first oil boom ended, in 1976, Pérez turned to foreign banks to finance his spending. In the next two years the government's foreign debt more than quadrupled, to \$7.2 billion. In foreign affairs Pérez took stands unsettling to the United States. He established diplomatic relations with Cuba, lobbied the U.S. Congress to turn the Panama Canal over to General Omar Torrijos, and supplied guns to the Sandinistas while the Carter Administration was mulling over its options during the last days of the faltering Somoza regime. Awash in a flood of oil profits and big loans, and surrounded by a group of high-rolling cronies nicknamed "the Twelve Apostles," Pérez left office in a storm of scandal that blew the opposition into power. The incoming President complained that he had inherited a "heavily mortgaged" country. Soon thereafter Pérez was accused by the eth-

ics committee of his own Democratic Action Party of "moral and administrative responsibility" for a kickback scheme on a refrigerator ship bought twice its value and given to landlocked Bolivia. Pérez denies any guilt in the affair and says his sole sin was "being extremely popular."

CAP, as Pérez is known in Venezuela, is still popular. During frantic campaign sprints through poor neighborhoods he stirred huge crowds into a frenzy. In December he became the first former President to win re-election in Venezuela's thirty years of democracy. His defeated opponent, a youthful and attractive politician named Eduardo Fernández, tried to sell himself as a fresh alternative to the old politics, but Fernández's strategy had a fatal flaw. Millions of poor and working-class Venezuelans have fond memories of CAP's first term. They remember him as the President who doled out billions of petrodollars in the oil-boom days. Pérez won't have that luxury this time around. In the first six months of 1988 Venezuelan oil exports earned \$1 billion less than anticipated. CAP's followers expect him to make a miracle nonetheless.

PÉREZ IS NOT popular with everyone. The more conservative leaders in his party consider him a potentially dangerous demagogue. Executives in the state-run oil industry worry about his meddling in their affairs. Businessmen are uneasy. They recall that Pérez imposed restrictions on firings and hirings and greatly expanded the government's role in the economy. Businessmen also fear hyperinflation from increased social spending. Bankers are talking about capital flight. Pérez has tried to dispel businessmen's fears. In frequent pre-election speeches to business groups in both the United States and Venezuela he invited new foreign investment and promised that he would not nationalize any more industries, banking included. In fact, he said, state-owned regional banks should be privatized. This may have a free-market ring, but Pérez continues to believe strongly in a command economy. Anything else is hard to imagine in a country that lives almost entirely on the revenues of its government-owned petroleum industry.

Venezuela is a consumer democracy, and Pérez is a master of its mass-based politics. Voters aren't attracted to him for his good looks. Tall, balding, and with a spreading nose and a receding chin, he is

no movie star. Nor is he a great orator. CAP's appeal is CAP himself. On the day of Democratic Action's presidential primary I watched him sweep into campaign headquarters to claim the party's nomination. Waving his arms overhead like two windshield wipers, Pérez pushed to the podium, grabbed the microphone, and went into a gritty-voiced litany: "Hands to work! Hands to work! Hands to work!" The message was the man, and the crowd loved what it heard. The place shook. Pérez and the crowd—perfect partners in the rumba of Venezuelan politics.

Those who work with him say Pérez is consumed by politics. He sleeps no more than four or five hours a night, getting up before dawn to start another day of endless meetings, telephone calls, and trips around the country and around the globe. What makes Pérez run? Egoism certainly plays a part. His lust for the limelight is legendary. In his public statements he never seems to go more than a sentence or two without falling back on the first-person singular. But Pérez's unruly ego is disciplined by a messianic sense of mission. Venezuela is the birthplace of the South American liberator Simón Bolívar, and Pérez wants to make history by fulfilling the Bolivarian dream of Latin American unity.

CARLOS ANDRÉS PÉREZ was born on October 27, 1922, in the Venezuelan state of Táchira. Straddling a finger of the Andes, little Táchira has two principal products, coffee and autocrats. It has produced all three of Venezuela's twentieth-century military dictators—feared men who ruled the country for a total of forty-six years.

Pérez entered politics at the age of fifteen, when, impatient for political power, he gave up on earning a university degree and got a job. Within eight years he was private secretary to Rómulo Betancourt, the patriarch of Venezuelan democracy. After Venezuela overthrew its last dictator, in 1958, Betancourt became the country's first popularly elected President, and Pérez was elected to the legislature. Betancourt later made Pérez the number-two man in the Interior Ministry. When the Minister resigned unexpectedly, Pérez moved up. At age forty, just when Fidel Castro was inspiring and stirring up revolution in the region, he became Venezuela's chief of internal security. Castro supported the Venezuelan Communist Party's armed rebellion, which was aimed at provoking

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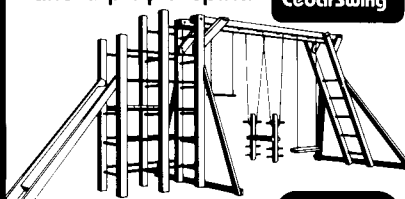
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a military coup and preventing another round of democratic elections. Pérez responded with an unflinching repression that made him an anathema to the left, including the Marxists in his own party. In 1967 the Marxists split from Democratic Action and formed a separate party, and Pérez himself eventually moved into the leadership of what then became Democratic Action's left wing.

PÉREZ DOESN'T CONCEAL his intention to leap from Venezuela's modest stage to the much larger amphitheater of world politics. During the presidential campaign he promised to make "international policy the foundation of national policy," and his campaign literature prominently featured his role as a vice-president of the Socialist International. For years he has been a fixture at global gatherings. His message at these meetings is that the financial system that was set up at the Bretton Woods conference, after the Second World War, has put developing nations in a strait-jacket, and that under cover of protecting Bretton Woods, which created the IMF, the industrialized countries pay

less and less for Third World commodities, raise tariff barriers against industrial imports, and demand growth-stopping debt payments. This debt is Pérez's bête noire. He calls it "the greatest threat to our national sovereignty in modern times."

"The banks interpret him as saying he wants a debt moratorium," says Beatrice Rangel, a Harvard-educated political scientist who advises Pérez on relations with the United States. "But he's not saying that the debt shouldn't be paid. He's saying that it can't be paid." That is, it can't be paid *first*. Economic development must come first. After Latin American governments inject enough money into their economies to stimulate growth of three or four percent, Pérez says, foreign creditors can have their due. Alan García pushed for a similar program and failed. Can Pérez succeed? "García didn't have a project," Rangel told me. "CAP does."

Pérez's project is Latin American unity. The banks deal with Latin American countries individually, but Pérez wants the debtor nations to unite. He is not advocating default—at least not yet. If

Latin America defaults on its debts, the banks won't grant new loans, and Pérez wants new loans to invest in development. In fact, he wants the banks to promise new loans as a condition for Latin America's agreeing to repay the old ones. That is plank number one in his platform. Plank number two is that the repayment schedule must be based on how much Latin America earns in exports—the García formula (but though García set a 10 percent ceiling, Pérez has talked about 20 percent). From this follows his third and last plank: the United States must resist protectionist pressure and keep open its markets to Latin American exports if Latin America is to meet its debt obligations. These three ideas form what Pérez calls his "framework for negotiations."

In effect, Pérez wants to turn the tables on the banks and the IMF. IMF negotiators impose economic-austerity programs on debtor nations as a condition for granting new loans. Pérez is saying that Latin America should use its debt as a bargaining chip to win its demands from the banks. The Pérez plan is not original; similar notions have been

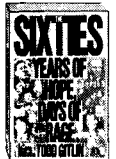
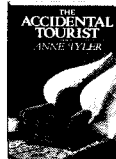
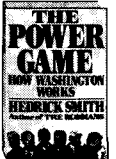


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circulating for years. What makes the plan significant is that Pérez stands behind it. For the first time since 1982, when Mexico's near-default heralded the world credit crisis, a chief of state of a major Latin American nation is deeply committed to forming a common front against the debt.

AS PÉREZ BEATS the drum for Latin American unity, he has been preceded by profound changes that make his organizing effort easier. The twenty Latin American republics are no longer pastoral societies ruled by military caudillos, lordly landowners, Catholic clerics, and the U.S. ambassador. In a single generation the Latin American countries have switched from being two-thirds rural to being two-thirds urban, and along with this shift have come expanded education, more mass media, and stepped-up industrialization. Abraham F. Lowenthal, the executive director of the foreign-policy study group Inter-American Dialogue, says that Latin America's industrial growth from 1960 to 1980 was comparable to that of the United States from 1890 to 1914, the period

of the so-called Gilded Age of industry.

The changes going on south of our border did not fully engage the attention of the Reagan Administration. Preoccupied with the leftist regime in Nicaragua, the administration tended to underestimate the significance of a Latin American challenge coming from outside the East-West context. As the Contadora Group evolved into the Group of Eight, which met in Acapulco in 1987, as Central America developed its own peace plan, and as Washington suffered foreign-policy defeats in Panama and Haiti, the United States became less and less influential with Latin American policy-makers.

Whether the Bush Administration will be more successful in its dealings with the new Latin America remains to be seen. The forecast is for a less ideological and more pragmatic U.S. foreign policy under Secretary of State James Baker. A softening of this country's reflexive anti-communism would no doubt help.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century the United States promoted the notion of Pan-Americanism to offset the

Latin American unity movement inspired by Simón Bolívar. The Pan-Americanists laid claim to Bolívar's cherished legacy, but the real purpose of their Pan American Union, the forerunner of today's Organization of American States, was to serve as a forum in which the United States could maintain its influence over individual Latin countries and set the agenda for the region as a whole. That arrangement seems no longer workable. When the Group of Eight got together again last October, in Punta del Este, Uruguay, their speeches were full of ringing demands for a new dialogue with Washington.

What the new mood of militance will achieve is hard to predict. Latin America's reach has so often exceeded its grasp that most observers remain skeptical. Simón Bolívar died poor and disconsolate after failing to unite Latin America's disparate, warring republics. Carlos Andrés Pérez, however, is eager to strive once again where others have failed. "CAP is in love with history," says Clemente Cohen, a longtime political adviser to Pérez. "That's his last hurrah."

—Merrill Collett

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*None of the bad things the deficit was
supposed to cause has happened yet, which raises a question:*

IS THE DEFICIT REALLY SO BAD?

BY JONATHAN RAUCH

THIS TIME FOUR YEARS AGO THE COUNTRY'S FINANCIAL situation was a mess. The United States had embarked on an exercise in fiscal adventurism unlike any it had ever tried, outside wartime or depression, and the numbers looked shocking: from 1981 to 1984 the federal budget deficit had more than doubled, to a startling \$185 billion, and the projections showed things getting worse fast. A new presidential term was just beginning; members of the policy-making establishment in Washington were resolved to put the budgetary fire out for good. (This should sound familiar right about now.) In the midst of this near panic over the deficit Charles L. Schultze, who had been the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Jimmy Carter, was telling anyone who would listen something that few people understood just then. "The tragedy," he said at the time, "is that there is no crisis." With any luck and some sensible management by the administration and the Federal Reserve Board, there would be no depression, no collapse, no caving in of the economic roof under the weight of the spectacular near-doubling of the national debt in only four years. The country could muddle through with these deficits for a long time, a possibility that Schultze, a fierce anti-deficit "hawk," acknowledged but fretted about.

Balanced budgets, it has been said, are the economic equivalent of chicken soup: whatever ails you, reduce the deficit. In the 1930s Herbert Hoover blamed the budget deficit for prolonging the Depression; in the 1970s people blamed it for inflation. Earlier in this decade people said that the budget deficit would drive up interest rates and abort the economic recovery, and that it would overstimulate the economy and re-ignite inflation; they have accused it of pushing up the dollar, and more recently of making the dollar weak. They have said that it would certainly bring upon us a day of reckoning of one kind or another—a recession, a world financial crash, a big inflation, a crunching of the standard of living. Everybody waited. Nothing happened. The stock market crashed, but the economy glided on with eerie aplomb. The expansion, one of the longest of the postwar era, continued. Inflation stayed under control.

Gradually the wisdom of Schultze's words is coming home. Many professional economists have long agreed with Schultze about the deficit, albeit in a quiet, don't-

mind-us kind of way. The full import of what they were saying is at last seeping into the consciousness of the public and of the Washington political establishment. Something terrible may yet happen, but with each year in which it does not, the case for regarding the budget deficit as an economic crisis weakens.

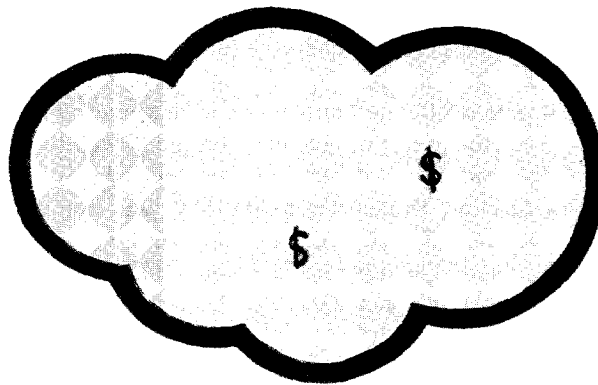
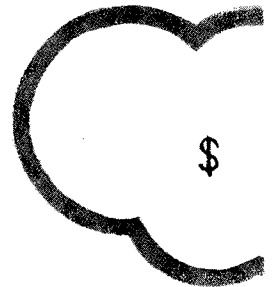
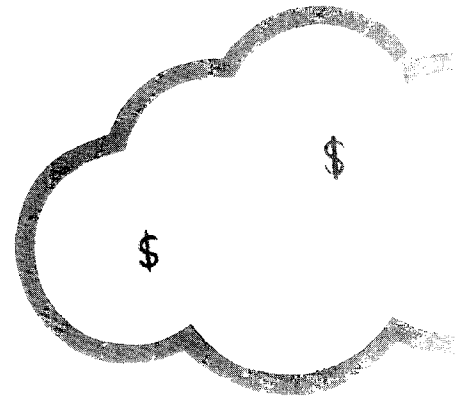
Telling people that they had better balance the budget, or else, is fine—for a time. But it is like telling your son that he'd better stop smoking, or cigarettes will kill him: after a while, when "or else" hasn't happened, the deterrent effect of the warning wears off, and there is little to replace it. The credibility of the deficits-are-disastrous school is shot, which leaves everybody wondering what it is, after all, that we are so worked up about.

The President and Congress will soon be working on a package of deficit reductions, just as they have been doing for most of the past six years—with some success: what were rapidly rising \$200 billion deficits four years ago are stable or slightly declining \$150 billion deficits today. In Washington the anxiety level has decreased in the past year or two, partly because the worst deficits are behind us but also partly because, after seven years in which the country broke every fiscal rule in the book and nothing terrible happened, it is harder to see why we had the rules in the first place. Conservatives and liberals have formed an unlikely alliance whose binding principle is that cutting the budget deficit is not, after all, the most important thing in life (they could, however, hardly be further apart on what *is* the most important thing in life). People in the middle, who have a gut feeling that what the country has been doing is wrong, are left to gnaw on a question: Is the deficit really so bad?

Maybe it is time to admit that running a big budget deficit is a survivable condition. Deficits do matter, a lot. But to see why they matter, one must use economics to look past economics, to the social compact.

A Recession Spread Over the Rest of Time

IN THE EARLY 1970S, FOR REASONS THAT REMAIN OBSCURE, the rate of productivity growth dropped off sharply in the United States and the other major industrial countries. Suddenly a given amount of national work effort was producing a smaller gain in living standards. A



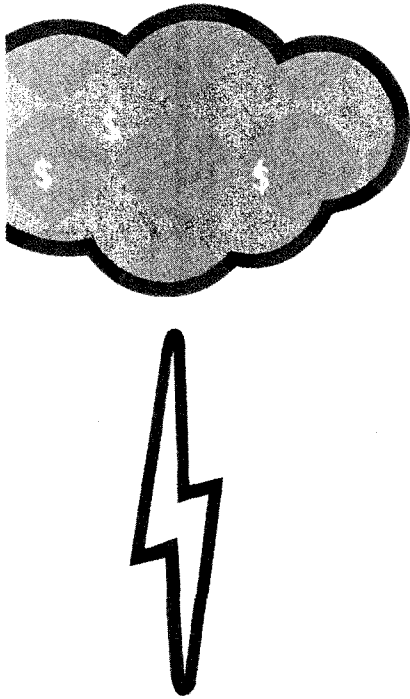
country can deal with something like that in a number of ways. It can increase its work effort if, for instance, millions of women go to work, as happened in the United States. Another thing it can do is borrow.

There is nothing wrong with borrowing, as such. It is how you use the money you borrow that counts. If you borrow and invest wisely, your investment will generate a stream of future income; you can use that stream of income to repay your debt, and you will probably still have a good bit of money left over. It is something else again if you just spend the borrowed money to maintain your standard of living. Then you are merely deferring pain: you are better off at first, but worse off in the future, once you start having to pay back what you owe. In the 1980s the United States government deferred a lot of pain.

A budget deficit, to begin with the obvious, is the difference between the amount taken in in a year and the amount spent. If the government spends \$1 trillion but takes in only \$850 billion, as it did, approximately, in fiscal 1987, it has to borrow the difference. The place it goes to borrow (if we ignore for the moment the possibility of receiving help from abroad) is the national pool of savings available for investment. Later on, to pay the interest on the additional debt it has assumed (interest claims almost twice as much of the federal budget as it did ten years ago), the government must raise taxes or, if it wishes to escape part of its obligation by repaying the debt in debased currency, crank up inflation. Either step makes future

Americans less well off than they would otherwise have been, unless the government invested what it borrowed in ways that made the country more productive. It didn't. The deficits of the early 1980s enabled the country, without an offsetting tax increase, to build up its defenses and to continue to pay for programs that distribute benefits to the middle class. In short, deficits financed consumption.

Economists initially feared that the enormous budget deficits might well squeeze out national investment while also setting off another round of inflation, by overstimulating the economy with spending. To hold inflation down, Paul Volcker's Federal Reserve kept money tight. Partly for that reason, interest rates, after adjusting for inflation, have been higher in this decade than at any time since at



**Running
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condition. Deficits
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social compact.**

least the 1920s. This has helped make the country an attractive place for foreign investment. So, as things turned out, the government's borrowing did not reduce investment in this country much, because foreign money rushed in to fill the gap. But since the investment belongs to foreigners, who capture most or much of the returns, the future living standard of Americans is lower than it would have been if we had saved and invested more ourselves.

The numbers here are revealing. In the 1960s and 1970s net private American saving averaged 8.1 percent of the gross national product. Saving by state and local governments kicked in an additional 0.4 percent of GNP, but the federal government, by running deficits, contributed negative saving of 1.0 percent of GNP. Add that up (8.1 plus 0.4 minus 1.0) and you get 7.5 as the percentage of GNP available for domestic investment. In fact we invested only 7.0 percent of GNP here. The other half a percent we invested abroad: we were net creditors.

That was pretty much the situation in this country over the whole postwar

period, until the 1980s. Then our behavior changed markedly. Take 1987, when the budget deficit was actually somewhat below its 1980s average. State and local surpluses had risen to 1.2 percent of GNP, but that was the only positive development for saving. The private sector saved a lot less, and so, by running higher deficits, did the federal sector. Private saving in 1987 was 4.1 percent of GNP, or about half the level of the 1960s and 1970s, and the federal budget deficit was 3.5 percent of GNP, or more than three times the previous average. When you total this up (4.1 plus 1.2 minus 3.5), you get only 1.8 as the percentage of GNP available for investment here—less than a quarter of the amount that was available in the sixties and seventies. Still, investment in the United States amounted to 5.1 percent of GNP, courtesy of the Japanese and the

Europeans: we borrowed a sum equal to 3.3 percent of our GNP from them.

It would have been one thing if Americans had offset, mostly offset, the rise in the federal budget deficit by saving more privately: we would just have been moving our savings from one pocket to another. But private saving and federal saving *both* fell. That, in a nutshell, is the story of the 1980s. Now, at some point every person decides how much of the fruits of his labor he wants to enjoy today and how much he wants to set aside to add to his (or his children's) wealth tomorrow. The same goes for countries. If you ask where the right place is to draw the line between current and future consumption, the answer is that there is no right place. You have to choose.

This is where the world-is-ending analysis begins: we have consumed more and saved less today, we will be less well off tomorrow than we would have been, and therefore we will be poor tomorrow and we are ruining ourselves. The statistics on the point, however, are unlikely to incite panic. Exact figures, or anything like them, are impossible to obtain. But you can get a pretty good idea of the magnitudes involved.

From the time the big deficits started, in 1982, through 1987, the government borrowed about \$1.1 trillion—a lot of money. If the deficits had been proportional to the average of those of 1960–1981, a little more than 1.5 percent of GNP, the government's borrowing from 1982 to 1987 would have been about \$350 billion, or about \$750 billion less than it was. Most of that \$750 billion, instead of being sopped up by government consumption, would have been added to Americans' stock of invested wealth, and would be augmenting future income. We lost some of the returns on the \$750 billion in the form of interest payments to foreigners who invested here (the interest rate during the 1980s was roughly 10 percent), and some of them in the form of investment that the United States simply did without. The returns here, too, economists say, would have been something like 10 percent a year. So we are talking about a reduction in future American income on the order of \$75 billion a year, forever.

A good way to think about what all these numbers mean is this: to have consumed an extra \$750 billion in wealth, which might have yielded annual returns of \$75 billion or so a year forever, is roughly comparable to throwing a party today in exchange for accepting a serious recession *spread out over the rest of time*. In an interview late last year Schultze said, "It's like adding one more recession to forever." If we were to go on the same way for another \$750 billion, we would add another recession to forever. And so on. We could probably do that several times before we noticed much of a difference in any particular year.

If the figures are not so scary as the rhetoric, maybe that should not be surprising. Changes in economic policy that are enormous in relation to the federal budget—tripling the budget deficit, say—are small in relation to a \$5 trillion economy. Schultze said, "There are two broad ways the government can affect the economy. On the demand side,

it can screw up economic stability, so we have recessions, a war, or inflation, leading to a future recession. You make a mistake and you really can see it. You can get big numbers. However, on the supply side—that is, in matters like saving and investment, which affect the economy's capacity to produce goods and services over the long run—"the short-to-medium-term identifiable good or harm the government can do with any one thing it does is always small. You can never get those numbers to come out big in any one year." And so it is with the budget deficit: "If I do the arithmetic, it's never going to be a number that's going to shock you"—at least, not unless cumulated over many years. Schultze was not, however, saying that the deficit is unimportant. "Tenths of a percent add up," he warned.

In the early 1980s the deficits were growing so quickly that they threatened to swamp the government with upward-spiraling interest payments. That threat is past. The current deficits are large, but they are on an arithmetically stable track. The upshot is that we could probably go on running large government budget deficits for a very long time, but at a price: higher risks of two kinds. First, a big deficit, like anything else that makes investors nervous, probably subtracts from the margin of economic stability. In the immediate wake of the election Wall Street was particularly worried that foreigners could lose confidence in our economy and cut off our line of credit, exposing the United States to possible big interest-rate shocks and to a collapse of the dollar. Still, a higher-risk policy does not necessarily mean that we are on a course to disaster. We can fairly say that it would be a good idea to avoid running a budget deficit, other things being equal, in order to reduce the likelihood of crisis. What we cannot say—but what many people, particularly on Wall Street, say nonetheless—is that there is a more than slight chance that U.S. budget deficits will lead to frightening short-term consequences.

The more fundamental risk is the one inherent in borrowing to consume. Regardless of the deficit, new technology and rising productivity will almost certainly make our children somewhat richer than we are—the question is how much richer. If the country's wealth grows a lot, the effects of today's deficits will hardly be noticeable, but if growth is slow, future generations may curse us for taking from them what they will have turned out to need. That is the risk we take. Herbert Stein, another past chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers and today one of Washington's most experienced and wisest economic thinkers, said not long ago, "My preference would be not to have an increase in American consumption, or not so much of an increase in American consumption. I'd rather see more investment, because I feel some obligation to my grandchildren. But it seems to me that that's about all there is to it. It's that kind of choice. It is not a matter of ruin or collapse. It's the same kind of choice that an individual makes when he decides how much to save."

In the economics profession the conventional view right now is similar to Schultze's: that the country's most urgent

economic need is to get the deficit down, and maybe even run federal surpluses, in order to get saving up. "The one thing we know we can do to gin up productivity growth—not by very much, but, by God, we know we can do it—is to save and invest more," Schultze said. "Precisely because government can't do much, we ought to damn well do what we know how to do." A growing number of people, however, are challenging the Schultze view.

The Case for the Deficit

HARDLY ANYBODY ACTUALLY LIKES DEFICIT SPENDING in prosperous times. But, as Herbert Stein has said, nobody likes open-heart surgery either. The question is, What's the alternative? On the Republican right many people have come to see deficits as less risky than any of the other available choices. On the Democratic left opinion has taken a similar drift in the past year or two. Conservatives would rather have deficits than bigger government; liberals would rather have deficits than smaller government. In the middle are those, like Schultze, who say that the first priority should be reducing the deficit and never mind about the size of government—but that middle has been shrinking as the deficits themselves have stabilized and set up regular housekeeping.

It used to be Republicans who shrieked about deficits and Democrats who said they were not such a big deal. Republicans have accused Democrats of turning around in their tracks on the issue and caring about budget deficits only after a Republican President started running them. There is something to that, although Reagan's deficits were unlike anything the country had ever seen before outside depression or war. If anything, the reversal of conservative Republicans was more striking. In 1981 Jack Kemp, who was then a congressman, announced, "The Republican Party no longer worships at the altar of a balanced budget." Conservatives were once people who instinctively felt that the budget should be balanced, even if that meant raising taxes. Now they are people who tend to believe that taxes should be held down, even if that means living with deficits.

A good way to get inside their point of view is to visit Stuart M. Butler's office on Capitol Hill. Butler, a quick and forthright thinker, is in charge of domestic-policy studies at the conservative Heritage Foundation. Prominently displayed on his office wall is a framed picture of the economist Milton Friedman, beneath which is this quotation, from a talk Friedman gave in 1983: "You cannot reduce the deficit by raising taxes. Increasing taxes only results in more spending, leaving the deficit at the highest level conceivably accepted by the public." Over the past decade or so that idea has become gospel to many conservatives, Butler among them.

"Like all public policy," Butler said in a recent interview, "it's a choice between alternatives. It's not that I love deficits. But I like to know what are the alternatives we're talking about. And the alternatives that have been prof-

ferred by Schultze and others I do not find attractive. I find them arguably leading to even less desirable economic consequences in the future. They open up, I feel, a political dynamic that might even be self-defeating"—that is, tax increases would be used to increase spending and not to reduce the budget deficit.

Butler and other conservatives argue that deficits are the symptom, not the disease. The disease is runaway federal spending. "There had been a rapid increase, prior to Reagan, of both spending and taxing. What Reagan has essentially done has been to top out or slow down the rising taxes. You had two runaway elements of public finance, spending and taxes. We've got control of one of them, taxes, and the deficit is the symptom of the fact that we haven't got control of the other. So the solution is to get rid of that other runaway item, which is the spending side."

Suppose you offer Butler a deal: Reduce the budget deficit—say, by \$100 billion—with a package that includes a substantial tax increase. He won't take it, even if you stipulate that all of the tax increase goes toward lowering the deficit and none goes toward increasing spending. "I think the negative impact on future generations of raising taxes would be higher than the impact of borrowing," he said. In other words, it may well be better for the economy, given the current burden of taxation, to continue borrowing than to raise taxes. The idea is that we are merely talking about subtle differences of economic effect when we choose between taxing and borrowing to finance the government, and it is not clear which is actually worse for the economy. Finally—and this is the argument that really infuriates liberals—conservatives believe they get something in return for the budget deficit: "I see the deficit as a wedge to put the pressure on public spending," Butler says. "If you're looking at the deficit and the size of the government sector, the second measure"—the size of government—"is far more important in its overall economic impact, and I think everyone who is in the conservative camp who is less bothered about deficits would pretty much agree with that line of argument." So if in return for higher deficits we get a smaller government, it is a good trade.

Economics can't be used to prove Butler wrong, but there are certainly ample grounds for skepticism. Few economists would dispute that, everything else being equal, raising taxes is not generally good for the economy. The evidence is scant, however, for the proposition that raising taxes is worse than borrowing. We just don't know—and in such circumstances the usual presumption is that one ought to pay one's bills.

As for where a tax increase would go, some of it probably would be used to increase spending—but hardly all of it (the tax increases of 1982 and 1983, the latter a large one to keep the Social Security program solvent, played a major role in stabilizing the monster deficits of the early 1980s). Most people part ways with the conservatives in being willing to accept somewhat higher spending in ex-

change for lower deficits. Also, it is not at all clear that running deficits has held down government spending much. After all, the Reagan years set two postwar records simultaneously: for highest peacetime deficits (an average of 4.7 percent of GNP from 1982 through 1988, higher than in any preceding postwar year), and for highest spending (an average of 23.4 percent of GNP over the same period—again, higher than in any preceding postwar year). A lot of economists, many of them conservative, have long believed that *raising* taxes, not cutting them, is the best way to constrain spending in the long run, because it forces politicians to impose pain if they want to give out goodies.

Alas, the economic evidence is not strong enough to settle the argument. We do not know how big the government would have been without the large Reagan deficits, and we do not know how a tax increase or a like amount of borrowing would cascade through the economy to affect generations still unborn. And all of that is finally beside the point. If what you most want is smaller government or lower taxes, then budget deficits are a secondary concern. Something analogous may be said for the emerging thinking on the left, which turns the conservative argument on its head and says: A more aggressive government presence in the economy is vital to economic success, and if strengthening that presence means running a budget deficit, then so be it.

Some economists on the left, including Robert L. Heilbroner, of the New School for Social Research, in New York, hold that large budget deficits are actually a good thing, as long as they stay under control. "When the economy needs stimulus, a deficit can be very useful," Heilbroner said recently. "Right now, I'm not terribly impressed by the overall rate of growth of the economy." These days, however, that position is rare. What is not so rare among liberals is the idea that there are three things we need to do for the national economy: avoid a recession; make additional investments in education, research, infrastructure (roads, bridges, and other public goods that have been allowed to deteriorate), and so on; and reduce the budget deficit. The budget deficit is third on their list.

Jeff Faux, the president of the Economic Policy Institute, a new liberal Washington think tank, has become a leading proponent of this emerging liberal view. "I think deficits do matter," he said not long ago. "But I think that other things matter as well. The problem with the debate is that it has become dangerously oversimplified, as if all our problems could be resolved by simply erasing the fiscal deficit. I think that's wrong economically, and I think it risks what could be a very, very disastrous outcome—that is, a recession. It's not possible to have a recession next time. That is, if we have a downturn, it's going to turn into something worse"—because of the large amounts of debt hanging over the world financial system. "We're talking about a long economic bath for America, the likes of which we haven't seen since the 1930s."

Not everyone on the left goes along with Faux there, but liberals have traditionally worried more about unem-

ployment than about inflation, and so they are generally averse to doing anything that they think might bring on a recession—which, as Faux points out, would just increase the deficit anyway, as tax receipts fell off and welfare spending rose. Faux and many liberals think that rapid deficit reductions could easily trigger a downturn. “Given the dangers of recession and what it can do,” Faux said, “if you’re going to take a risk, take it on the side of keeping the economy going.”

Next on the priority list comes investment. Faux said, “We’ve got this sort of Catch-22. It’s almost become a cliché that we’ve got to invest more, and we have to do that in order to make our economy competitive. But we can’t do that because we’ve got this budget deficit, which in part is a result of our not being competitive. So we keep putting off what I think are these essential investments. At some point we have to realize that the neglect of certain public investments has gone on for so long that it’s absolutely essential that we make those investments. When your tires run out, you need new tires.” In effect, we can say that today’s budget deficit makes our children worse off than they might have been—but how much worse for them still if we let the nation’s stock of human and public physical capital fall into disrepair, or if the government fails to help us compete successfully with the Japanese. Suppose, then, that you offer Faux a deal: \$100 billion, say, in new government spending on education, fighting poverty, building infrastructure, and the rest, all of which must be financed by borrowing and thus adding to the deficit. He would take it.

Like the conservative argument, the liberal argument is credible but far from incontestable, and there are lots of grounds on which to question Faux’s viewpoint. First, the big concern for most economists over the past year has been not that a recession would start any minute but just the contrary—that inflation might be about to take off. If that is the case, then reducing the budget deficit would be just what the doctor ordered. Anyway, liberals, like conservatives, tend to overstate the government’s effect on the economy: the deficit fell by \$70 billion from 1986 to 1987, and nothing much happened at all. There is good reason to suppose that no deficit reduction that Congress might muster the will to pass would trigger a recession, especially since the Fed could offset some of the deficit reductions with lower interest rates.

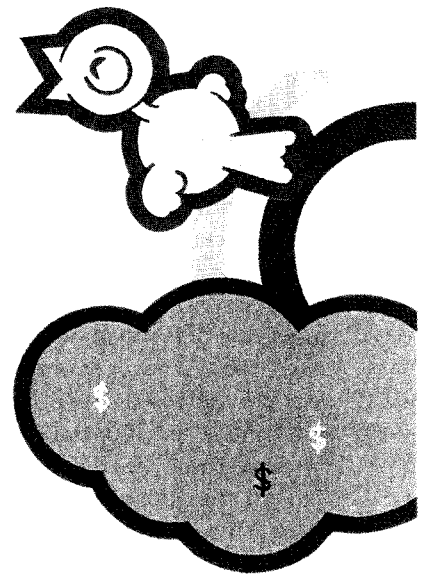
Second, and more fundamentally, the Achilles’ heel of the liberal argument is inflation. In the past, efforts to keep the economy going at whatever cost have usually led to inflation, which then led to a recession when the Fed clamped down. To a large degree, that is what happened under Presidents Johnson, Nixon, and Carter. So, arguably, the liberals’ plan does not prevent a recession, and might in fact bring one about. Liberals argue that a rapid inflation is now unlikely; many analysts on Wall Street say just the opposite; the truth is that nobody knows. Finally, practically no one disputes that borrowing is fine if it is used to make good investments. But the key word there is *good*. A

lot of people—especially conservatives—look dubiously on the idea that the government will make good investments, given the pressures of politics, and they are very skeptical indeed that the government’s investments will generally be better than the ones the private sector would have made had it held on to the money that the government, with its budget deficits, borrowed.

Neither faction can prove its own economic assumptions or disprove those of the other side. Economics has produced no generally accepted answer to the question, What is the best mixture of taxation and borrowing by which to finance a given level of government spending? In the absence of an answer, people are using economic rhetoric to conduct a debate that economics cannot settle—a political and ideological debate over what it is that government should and should not be doing, and what risks are worth taking to achieve that goal. It was always so. The anti-deficit people who kept crying wolf, and who are still crying wolf, have done themselves and the polity no favor. They have tried to turn the fiscal-policy

debate into a one-sided argument, to the effect that anybody who cared about the country’s economic health had only one rational choice: cut the budget deficit. In the end they have undermined their own position by claiming too much, and have left the country confused and adrift on the question of why we make such a fuss about deficit spending.

We do make a fuss, and we have for decades—centuries, really. The balanced-budget dogma goes back to nearly the beginning of the republic. Only relatively recently, since Franklin Roosevelt’s administration, have people taken to seeing the desirability or undesirability of deficits as mainly an economic question. For a long time Americans had what is probably a better kind of debate over deficit spending: a political and moral debate. For it is on political and moral grounds that we balance budgets.



Large budget deficits have become an acute public embarrassment, a sign of the country's inability to cope and of people's unwillingness to make some sort of deal.

The Sign of a Covenant

THE IMPERATIVE TO BALANCE THE BUDGET IS, AT bottom, a rule, like any other. People can and do argue all day about what rule is best on economic grounds—balance the budget, balance it over the course of a business cycle, hold the ratio of the national debt to GNP constant. But whatever we decide, what we are finally talking about is a rule of social behavior, like the rules about property—a rule defining the nature of what it is people are doing together and how they agree to treat each other, today and over time. The enforcement of a rule does not tell you that everybody is playing the right game, so to speak, but it does tell you that everybody is playing the *same* game. In that sense, a balanced budget represents to most people a social sign that, as the political scientist Aaron Wildavsky once put it, things are all right. For Americans, a balanced budget is like the rainbow of Genesis—the sign of a covenant. “The bow shall be seen in the cloud, and I will remember my covenant.”

The covenant reaches through two dimensions: up and down the political spectrum in the present, and across the generations through time. In the present the shared goal of balancing the budget—the government taxes no more than it spends, and it spends no more than it taxes—represents a compact between conservatives and liberals. A balanced budget is a sign for liberals that conservatives are paying their share of taxes, and a sign for conservatives that liberals are restraining their spending. Given that there is general disagreement about what it is that government should be doing, a balanced budget is a sign that we have all reached a compromise: I may not support all the programs you like, and you may not support all the ones I like, but we have agreed to restraint, and within that restraint, we are supporting each other.

Republicans were appalled when Democrats, saying that we should balance the economy rather than the budget, waved aside the zero-deficit rule earlier in this century. Democrats, in turn, were horrified when the Reagan-era policies raised the rule-breaking to a new order of magnitude. To the extent that conservatives decided that they would rather have lower taxes and spending than balanced budgets, they were saying that they would be better served by abandoning the game than by compromising with the liberals, and they walked off the playing field. Now many liberals, too, seem to be wandering off the field, unwilling to make big domestic-spending cuts to get the deficit down.

The result is just what we might expect: deep and rending social division over government's role, with an annual war between the Butlers and Fauxes of the world tending to replace annual compromise. This has serious consequences, not least of them friction, demoralization, and often paralysis within the institutions of government. Large budget deficits have become an acute public embarrassment, a sign of the country's inability to cope and of people's unwillingness to make some sort of deal. Inability to

solve the problem has become the problem. Beyond that, the budgetary trench warfare that has preoccupied Washington in the 1980s has frozen the liberals' social agenda and is in the process of tearing up the conservatives' defense program. Paralysis will not, in the long haul, do anybody much good.

Perhaps the second dimension of the covenant is more profound still. Because economics cannot tell us what is the right amount for each generation to save, we rely on a fiscal rule: As the previous generation did unto us, so we will do unto the next generation, barring a war or other demand of extraordinary urgency. If every year the budget is more or less balanced, each year's group of voters has to pay its own way, and the burden of financing government remains neutrally distributed among generations. A good case can be made that neutrality is not the best policy—but there is nothing like a consensus on what is a better policy. And to break the long-standing covenant with future generations is a social decision of the gravest import; no wonder it makes Americans uneasy. Whenever one set of voters breaks the rule by running larger-than-normal deficits, it grabs a windfall from the future. The future may never notice the difference—we don't know. But even so, is this the right thing to do? Economics cannot tell us that.

“It's a matter of preference,” Herbert Stein told me. “Most people save for their children even though the children are expected to be richer than they are. But I have no problem with someone who says, ‘I don't care about that—let my children work their own way,’ if that's a deliberate choice. I don't think that was a deliberate choice by the American people. I don't think they realized what was going on.”

Now, zero deficit is not the only possible rule. Any rule will do, as long as everyone agrees to it and it is applied more or less uniformly over time. Zero deficit has the advantage of being easy to explain and of being the rule, or at least the goal, that people have lived by in this country for two centuries; it is the rule whose rightness people *feel*. But we can switch if we like. Maybe we have switched. “The rule that the budget should be balanced obviously is not operative,” Stein said. “And so I think the direction in which we have to go now is the direction of rational choice.”

We have learned in this decade that we throw away the balanced-budget rule at great peril to our machinery of governance and our national conscience, but we have also learned that the economy is unlikely to stop us. After seven years of big deficits, a day of reckoning has come, all right, but it is not the kind of day of reckoning that we have been led to expect. It is not a financial or economic disaster: it is our confrontation with the fact that, like atheists who must learn to set standards in a universe without divine judgment, we are on our own with these deficits. We must choose to balance the budget, or not, without the certainty of economic determinacy and without the prod of calamity. □

The U.S. and Japan:

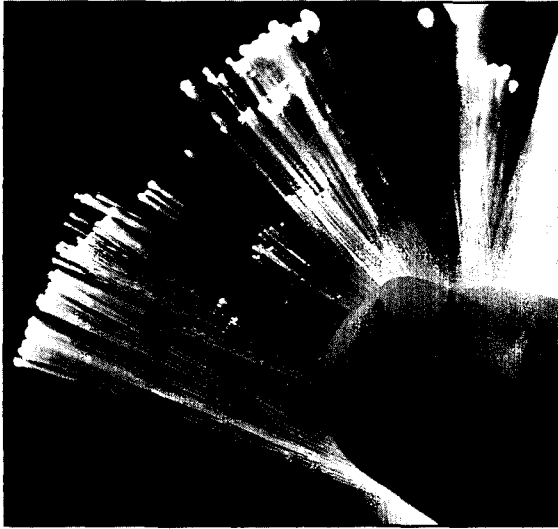
PARTNERS IN



PROSPERITY



While Americans are generally aware of the enormous flow of trade between the United States and Japan (which of us does not own a Japanese watch, tape recorder, TV, radio, calculator, camera, VCR or car?), the full extent of the partnership, in all its forms, may come as a breathtaking surprise. Our two nations not only trade more goods than any two nations separated by an ocean in the history of the world but the flows of capital, new technology,



tourists, books, films, ideas, students, songs and services of various kinds have transformed our two economies and cultures, so different in their origins, languages and customs, into one nearly seamless web of interdependence. The political and military alliance under our treaty remains a fundamental ingredient of the partnership, but the economic linkages have become predominant in the 1980s.

Consider just a few facts about this partnership:

- In 1987, our combined gross national product (GNP) totaled more than \$7 trillion, which is about 40% of the total GNP of the world.
- In 1987, Japan bought about \$28 billion worth of U.S. exports, far more than any country except Canada.
- In the same year, the United States bought 38% of all Japanese exports, up from 26% in 1982.
- Our trade this year of \$120 billion has more than doubled in the past seven years.
- In 1987, the total direct investment in each other's economies was more than \$43 billion. In 1982, it was only \$16 billion. During the past five years, Japanese investment in the United States grew from less than \$10 billion to nearly \$31 billion and it continues to flow into our country more rapidly than ever. (In terms of total cumulated investment, however, Japan ranks a distant third after Great Britain and the Netherlands.) U.S. investment in Japan from 1982-87 grew from about \$6 billion to \$13 billion. And as Undersecretary of State Allen Wallis said in a speech earlier this year, "These are more than just numbers. They represent better jobs; more efficient production and exchange; more choices and a higher standard of living for our consumers."
- Forty American states now maintain offices in Tokyo for the purpose of expanding exports and attracting Japanese investments.
- More than 300,000 Americans today hold jobs in Japanese-owned enterprises in the United States; some 100,000 Japanese work for American ventures in Japan.
- The state of Kentucky alone has 39 Japanese-owned or Japanese joint-venture manufacturing plants representing an investment of \$1.9 billion and employing nearly 11,000 workers. Thirty-two of these plants were opened in the past four years.
- In 1988, some 2.1 million Japanese will have visited the United States, according to the Japanese National Tourist Association, and nearly one quarter of a million Americans will have visited Japan.
- According to Scott E. Pardee, vice chairman of Yamaichi International (America) Inc., Japanese portfolio investments as of May, 1988, amounted to some \$350 billion and about two thirds of that total was held in the United States, mainly in U.S. Treasury securities. "If the Japanese had not been buying treasury bonds, many Americans would be paying higher rates on their mortgages right now," says Pardee.



• As the *Washington Post's* Hobart Rowen wrote last February, "An increased flow of Japanese money into the United States is not only an inevitable result of the decline of the dollar, but a practical response to the threat of protectionist legislation. Moreover, the creation of joint ventures, blending Japanese manufacturing skills with American technological innovation, holds the promise of strengthening America's industrial base and promoting a recovery — for the United States — of export market shares."

A Partnership that Works

Behind these facts and numbers are two sets of reactions, both natural and probably inevitable. At one level, our two governments have been mired in frictions over trade and technology. Japan has enjoyed a huge trade surplus for most of the 1980s, leading U.S. officials to complain about "unfair" trade practices, closed Japanese markets, "targeting" and the like. The other, even more significant result, has been a largely unreported phenomenon: The coming together of human beings from both sides of the Pacific Ocean in a vast and variegated set of joint endeavors and enterprises — from direct investment, shared ownership and management of businesses, exchanges between educational institutions, sales of goods, services, patents, licensing and leasing arrangements, operation of hotels, fast food outlets and ship-

ping, sports and cultural events, touring and home-stays, romances and arguments. In short, we engage in all the kinds of activities found within any one major industrialized democracy — and yet operate in a foreign language and across what until now has been a gaping cultural gap. What is extraordinary about all this is not just the magnitude and complexity of these personal relationships but, more importantly, the fact that the humans who deal with each other find satisfactions of various kinds in the process: Profits, yes, but also cultural enrichment and a broadening of horizons. This partnership has become not only virtuous but also pleasurable. The fact is that Japanese and Americans find a remarkable complement when they look at the two cultures — almost a "yin-yang" relationship in which perceived weaknesses or voids in one nation are filled with exciting possibilities by the other. And, at the end of the day, it is an undeniable fact that, with rare exceptions, Japanese and Americans enjoy doing business with each other. In short, despite inevitable frictions, the partnership works, and at the grass roots level grows stronger every day.

Postwar Progress

This vast coming together of the Americans and Japanese began under the most abnormal of circumstances. It goes back to August and September of 1945 when

victorious American troops began the seven-year occupation of a defeated and crushed Japan. During the 1930s and throughout World War II, Japan's militarists had painted an ugly portrait of their American and British foes, known as *Ei-Bei kichiku* (British-American fiends). The utterly defeated and demoralized Japanese civilian population expected the worst — rapine, plunder and cruelty. "What surprised us," a Japanese friend of mine told me recently, "was the kindness and generosity of the G.I.s who came to Japan during the occupation." Several hundred thousand Americans — soldiers, sailors, airmen, their wives and children, and civilian bureaucrats in General MacArthur's occupation head-

quarters — lived, worked and learned in Japan during the seven years of the occupation.

One of the things Americans came to realize was that certain American phenomena had remained popular among the Japanese people throughout the bitter wartime years, such as baseball (Babe Ruth remained a hero), jazz and democratic ideas including equality, political parties, labor unions and a free press. The occupation succeeded not only because of American benevolence but even more because of ingrained Japanese receptivity to American ideas that had been planted earlier in the 20th century. Somewhere in the chemistry of our two cultures there has always existed an almost



The Canon Virginia, Inc. plant in Newport News, Va. produces 20,000 laser printers a month

Canon

facturing capabilities with the opening of Canon Virginia Inc., in Newport News, Va. By the end of 1988, Canon Virginia will produce 20,000 laser beam printers per month in addition to other business machine consumables. In fact, Canon is the original manufacturer of 80% of the laser printers sold in the U.S., according to Mitarai. In 1987, production of copiers, laser printers and consumables at these two facilities reached \$61.5 million. The company estimates that this figure will reach \$237 million by the end of 1988 and is certain to increase dramatically in the 1990's when Canon Business Machines becomes the worldwide production headquarters for the company's entire typewriter line.

Mitarai also has set the mid-1990's as Canon's completion target for U.S. globalization plans: "We are aiming to establish our own R&D. We want to create original ideas and original products here and sell them all over the world, including Japan."

Canon's technological prowess is well-documented; spending for R&D reached \$464 million in 1987 alone. In fact, the number of formal patent applications registered by the company between 1980 and 1987 grew more than 20% annually. In 1987, Canon secured 847 patents, ranking first among such corporate giants as G.E., I.B.M. and U.S. Philips. Newly developed Canon products include the company's Bubble-Jet Copier, already in prototype form, and its innovative Still Video System, opening up new worlds of full-color visual communication.

Canon U.S.A. In The Global Market

"In the beginning (1955), we had only 13 people and \$3.7 million in sales. Now, we have 4,000 employees and \$2.5 billion in revenues." After 22 years with Canon U.S.A., including ten years as its current president, Fujio Mitarai has great reason to be proud. Canon's commitment to North America has significantly — and continuously — broadened in scope.

Canon U.S.A. contributes more than 30% of Canon's total sales — the largest portion of any Canon Group company. Sales for the Canon Group worldwide placed 91st in *Fortune* magazine's international ranking of

the world's top manufacturing companies for 1987.

Mitarai points out that "most of our profit is reinvested here in the U.S. with only a small percentage going back to Tokyo." The company's success enhances its activities as an employer, a consumer, an exporter and a taxpayer, bringing Canon's investment in the U.S. and Canada to approximately \$100 million.

Canon first began its North American production with the founding of Canon Business Machines in Costa Mesa, Calif. in 1974. Then in 1986, the company greatly expanded its manu-

magnetic attraction toward each other. Deep friendships were formed in this period which have lasted to this day. But patterns of behavior have shifted drastically over the years.

A Changing Relationship

During the occupation and up to the mid-1960s, Japanese were docile if not subservient and yielded to most American demands even when they disagreed. It was only around the time of the war in Vietnam — a time which coincided with Japan's emergence as a net exporter to the United States in the mid-sixties — that the Japanese began to recover their self-confidence and

became accustomed to the idea of a more or less equal partnership with their American allies.

It was in this period that Japanese products such as automobiles, televisions, watches and cameras began to pour into the United States as eager American consumers recognized their quality and value and revised an earlier image of Japanese products as cheap and shoddy. Trade frictions ensued as American manufacturers found themselves losing out to foreign makers of these products, but no matter how heated the exchanges between Washington and Tokyo became, America remained high in the popularity polls in Japan and Japanese gained steadily in terms of respect and



Bob McCurry, executive vice president of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. with Lexus LS400

Toyota U.S.A.: An American Phenomenon

Toyota.

It sounds Japanese, but in the United States, Toyota Motor Sales U.S.A. is increasingly becoming an Americanized company as new plants open and the interchange of ideas, technology and products across the Pacific intensifies.

Besides producing cars for the American market at its new Georgetown, Ky. plant, Toyota also has become an exporter of cars built in America. In August, 200 cars produced at the joint Toyota-General Motors plant in Fremont, Calif. were

shipped to Taiwan. More American exports are planned.

And now Taiwanese drivers are finding out what eight million Toyota owners in the United States already know: Toyota cars and trucks, whether made in Japan or in the U. S., are built with unsurpassed quality and integrity. Of 144 different model cars studied recently by J.D. Power & Associates, an independent automotive market research firm, the Toyota Cressida was found to be the most trouble-free new car sold in America; three other Toyotas finished in the

TOYOTA

top 20. "That's why our cars have the best resale value in the industry," says Robert B. McCurry, executive vice president of Torrance, Calif.-based Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A.

At the Detroit Auto Show in January, America will see the latest chapter in that continuing commitment, when the Lexus makes its debut. A sleek, four-door sedan with a V-8 engine, the Lexus will be Toyota's first luxury car. The Lexus will arrive in showrooms in the fall.

From humble beginnings in 1958, when the first Toyotas arrived in the United States, Toyota has grown into one of the premier forces in the American automotive industry. When the books close on 1988, about 930,000 Toyota cars and trucks will have been sold in the U. S. Sales of one million are predicted for 1989 and 1.5 million by 1995 with half of those produced in the U. S. "Our attention to quality and performance over the years has paid off," says McCurry.

About 60,000 Americans work for Toyota U.S.A., its dealers and distributors, and that number will grow when an engine and axle plant begins production in Kentucky in the fall of 1989. Toyota does not plan to stop there. Several sites around the U.S. are being considered for a truck plant.

As its presence in the U.S. grows, Toyota has become a concerned corporate citizen. Now, endowed with \$12 million, the Toyota U.S.A. Foundation was established in 1987 and has begun making grants to non-profit organizations that promote education, health and service.

confidence in American public opinion polls.

In the 1970s, the relationship changed again. Americans had been placed on a pedestal at the time of MacArthur's occupation, but the war in Vietnam, Watergate and America's apparent decline as a world power made the Japanese more critical. It became popular in Japan's mass media to find fault with America, and some of the criticism was as extreme as the earlier praise had been lavish. Even so, individual relationships between Japanese and American citizens continued to flourish and came to provide the necessary background for the stage in which we are now living, in

which our two economies have come together to an unprecedented degree.

Today, about 45,000 American armed forces men and women continue to live in Japan under the terms of the U.S.-Japan treaty of mutual security. America effectively spreads a nuclear umbrella over Japan and guarantees its defense. Japan has steadily built up its own armed forces to the point where it could effectively defend for a few weeks against conventional attack. A steady and persistent majority of the Japanese people supports the alliance and their own self-defense forces at the existing level. In other parts of the world, the



MESA's Audio/Video division markets and distributes a high-performance line of video products including the world's first 35-inch direct-view TV

Mitsubishi Forges Strong American Ties

When Mitsubishi Electric Sales of America, Inc. (MESA) began exporting its advanced-technology picture telephone back to Japan, the company took a major step toward establishing itself as a U.S., rather than Japanese, corporation. And that is MESA President Tachi Kiuchi's chief objective. Kiuchi is determined that the Cypress, Calif.-based Mitsubishi will become a major electronics presence not only in the U. S., but also in Japan and Europe.

Kiuchi is also chairman of Mitsubishi Electric America, Inc. (MEA), MESA's parent company in the U.S.

There are several other MEA companies with assembly plants and sales facilities throughout the U.S.

The lanky Japanese executive knows he will have to break with tradition to establish Mitsubishi as an American-made, household name. But he is determined to do so — and he has impressive resources to work with.

According to Executive Vice President Terry O'Flynn, Mitsubishi's high technology lineup includes:

- The world's first 35-inch television and 60-inch big screen TV, both noted for their high-resolution



screens and MTS stereo sound capability.

- A sleek line of compact disc players, VCRs, color TVs and a new high-end audio component lineup called Home Theater Systems.
- Diamond Vision screens for stadiums and arenas.
- Cellular telephones, fax machines and the advanced VisiTel picture telephone which sends video snapshots over ordinary phone lines.

Some of these products are being assembled in plants located in Santa Ana, Calif. and Braselton, Ga., while Mitsubishi plants around the U.S. produce a wide range of other high tech products. These include 286- and 386-based personal computers and computer-peripheral products such as color printers, high-resolution color monitors and disk drives from the Torrance, Calif. facilities; a complete line of memory devices and custom chips from the Durham, N.C. facilities; custom software and hardware from Waltham, Mass.; automotive components from Mason, Ohio; industrial automation devices for machine tools from Mount Prospect, Ill.; and application devices for industrial sewing machines from Irving, Tex.

From its modest beginnings in shared offices with Mitsubishi Trading Co. 20 years ago, Mitsubishi Electric has grown to annual sales of about \$2 billion in 1988, up from \$1.5 billion in 1987, with offices and factories throughout the U.S. The MEA companies now employ over 3,000 Americans in the U.S. and anticipate 1988 sales of over \$2 billion.

presence of American troops and bases causes friction of various kinds. Yet 36 years after the end of the occupation, and despite our large military presence in Japan, the United States remains at or near the top of the popularity polls among Japanese. There is probably no country in the world where Americans can be assured of a more friendly welcome than Japan. The fact that we have serious trade problems, that we compete against each other in world markets and that our two societies have different sets of customs has in no way interfered with the flowering of the friendship that began so many years ago.

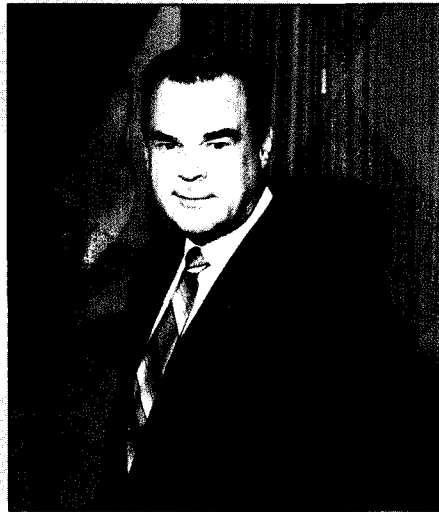
Shared National Interests

It would be unrealistic in the extreme to imagine that all of these personal friendships could have been formed and would continue to survive were there serious differences in the national interests of our two nations. The fact is that whatever differences we have in the trade sphere are more than compensated for by the clear and well-recognized benefits that each nation draws from the partnership.

Japan enjoys access to the wealthiest market in the world, selling nearly 40% of its worldwide exports to



Hiromi Gunji, president, chairman and CEO, and Patrick Gilmore, executive vice president, of Brother International



Brother Celebrates 35 Years In The U.S.

"Our objective is to be a \$1 billion company by 1995." That is the vision for growth set forth by Brother International Corporation President, CEO and Chairman of the Board Hiromi Gunji. It is a vision well on its way to accomplishment as the company celebrates its 35th anniversary in the U.S.

From its parent company's early roots in Japan as a manufacturer of sewing machines, the company's increased sophistication has led to many new vistas as well: Typewriters, facsimile machines, laser printers, word processors and microwave ovens among them.

As part of the worldwide network for Japan's Brother Industries, Ltd., the U.S. operation first served as an importing and distributing company. Today it describes itself as "a sales and

marketing firm with true sights on product development and future product innovation."

This evolution is significant as Brother further seeks to elevate the marketing function as a basic element of its business. "For example," says Patrick T. Gilmore, executive vice president of Brother International, "we now have a marketing director in each of our six divisions."

These divisions generated \$320 million in sales for 1988 — a substantial increase over \$205 million just three years earlier. Gunji is projecting "more than \$400 million" for the next fiscal year.

Other elements in Brother's expansion:

- In June, 1987, the firm's sister company opened its first U.S. manufactur-



ing plant, which employs 300 people and has an initial capacity to produce 300,000 typewriters a year in Bartlett, Tenn.

- The company also broke ground in May, 1988 for a new 130,000 sq. ft. distribution facility which is also in Tennessee.

- In November, 1988, Brother added an additional 49,000 sq. ft. to its facility in Irvine, Calif.

- The company recently moved its U.S. headquarters staff to a new 50,000 sq. ft. office facility in Somerset, N.J. This site is in addition to its 100,000 sq. ft. in Piscataway, N.J.

- The number of regional sales offices will reach twelve within two years.

Additionally, Gunji views further investments in Research & Development and Manufacturing & Engineering as key ingredients to his billion dollar sales plan. He has formed a Product Development Planning Management team to target future growth areas, and to direct the company's product selection activities. Gunji foresees the day when "as we expand our product range we will start to export our own product, our own R&D." He expects to establish this R&D capability within the next five years.

"Now in our 35th year, we're often asked how we see the future. The answer is the same one we've always given," says Gunji. "We want to meet the high standards and expectations of U.S. consumers. We want to continue to be at your side."

Americans. Through various arrangements, Japan can take advantage of scientific and technological advances in the United States. It benefits from having to spend only about one percent of its GNP on defense because of the U.S.-Japan security relationship, while having American support for most of its positions in the international arena. The presence of the American Navy in the Persian Gulf has benefited Japan more greatly than any other nation in the world by assuring that Japan's oil supplies (70% of which come from the Middle East) will not be interrupted.

And although some American critics of the relation-

ship have argued that Japan enjoys more benefits than the United States, consider the ways in which the American people profit from the partnership with Japan. The U.S. enjoys base rights in Japan that enable it to fulfill its treaty commitments to the Republic of Korea and to other nations in Asia at a cost that is bearable. If the U.S. bases in Japan were to be eliminated, it is doubtful the United States could continue to defend South Korea against a possible invasion from the north. Beyond this, Japan's population of 122 million buys an enormous amount of American products, including nearly \$7 billion in agricultural products from Ameri-



American Suzuki's 1989 new vehicle introductions include the Sidekick soft-top, an upscale sport-utility vehicle

Suzuki: Partners In Prosperity With The American People

During this past election year, presidential candidates, political analysts and concerned voters carefully studied economic and social issues, with much discussion focused on programs such as education and health care.

Although the candidates could not agree on many issues, they did concur on one thing: These programs are necessary, costly and need to be re-evaluated in this era of the growing federal deficit.

American Suzuki Motor Corpora-

tion supports the concept that all American businesses—large or small, foreign or domestic—make a commitment to the communities in which they operate and help offset some of the social ills that face this nation.

"Most businesses automatically make a commitment to producing quality products," says Doug Mazza, vice president and general manager of Brea, California-based American Suzuki. "We believe it is in everyone's best interest for those in the private

sector to make a similar commitment to the communities and the people they serve."

American Suzuki's commitment to the American public is reflected in the Suzuki Automotive Foundation for Life, a non-profit foundation the company created in 1986 after only one year in business. Designed to improve the quality of life of people in the U.S., the Foundation distributes grants to non-profit organizations whose activities directly affect and improve the lives of needy or disadvantaged people.

More than \$400,000 in Foundation funds have been distributed to a wide variety of organizations in the last two years. Grant recipients in 1988 included Pacific Crest Outward Bound of Portland, Oregon; Casa De Amparo of San Luis Rey, California; Native Americans for Community Action of Flagstaff, Arizona; "Yes I Can" Disability Foundation of Washington, D.C.; Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians of Oregon, of Siletz, Oregon; Exceptional Children's Foundation of Los Angeles; and World Vision of Monrovia, California.

Each of American Suzuki's 1988 grants helps a unique group of individuals. For example, Native Americans for Community Action will use its grant to implement a substance abuse prevention program for Native American Indian youths; Casa de Amparo will develop a long-term care program for abused and neglected children; and World Vision will replicate a successful non-profit employment service in Memphis, Tennessee for disadvantaged job seekers.

Suzuki's commitment to the Foundation grows as the company increases its commitment to the Ameri-

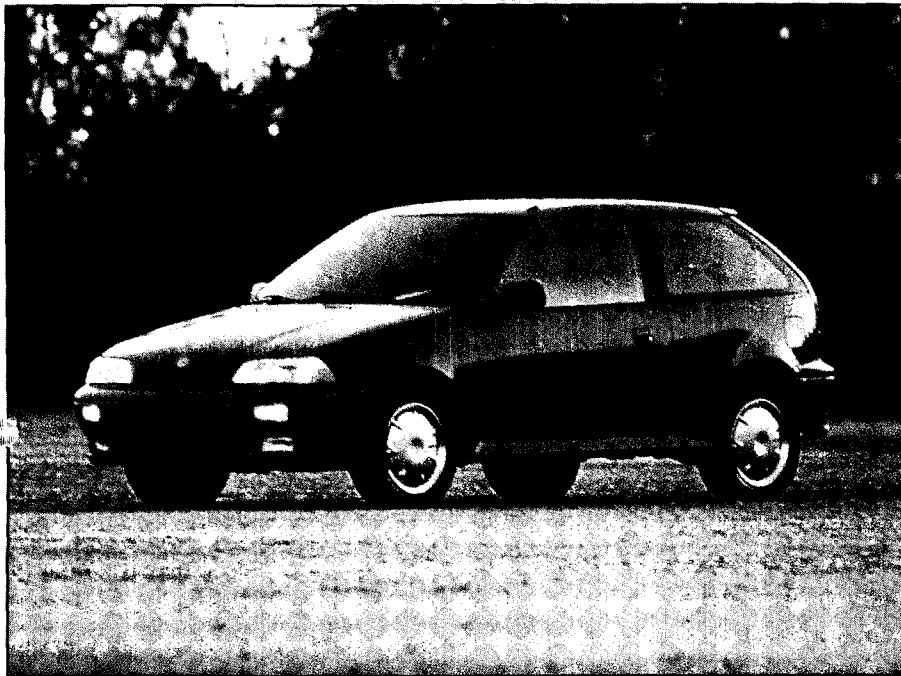
can farmers. Increasingly, in recent years, American industry has benefited from adopting Japanese managerial strategies and technological innovations — often adaptations of American scientific discoveries which were not followed up on by their originators. American consumers benefit from excellent Japanese products which have in turn stimulated American manufacturers to improve the quality, design and value of American manufactured products.

Thus, the partnership has been firmly rooted in mutual interests. And even though each side is currently making adjustments to take account of changing eco-

nomie and political circumstances, these mutual national interests are likely to prevail in the decades to come.

A Foundation of Common Values

The rational dictates of shared interests do not always carry the day in international relations, however. What is required to make a relationship work is a sense of shared destiny — an optimistic view of the future in which both sides can see themselves as winners. European history is replete with examples where nations



The 1989 Suzuki Swift GTi, a high-performance, high-economy subcompact



mitment to the U.S. consumer with its expanded product line; each new vehicle comes with a low price tag along with high gas mileage.

The Sidekick sells for a beginning manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$8,995 and features up to 28 miles per gallon in the city and up to 29 mpg on the highway. The Swift GTi offers a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$8,995 and up to 29 mpg in the city and 36 mpg on the highway. The Swift GLX sells at a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$7,495, with 31 mpg in the city and 34 mpg on the highway.

Mazza believes it is a company's fundamental responsibility to share its success with the members of the community in which it operates. "By investing in the present with quality products, and in the future with a commitment to the community, existing and potential customers know we're here to stay," Mazza says. "If people understand the commitment, and the company's interest in fulfilling significant community needs, it goes a long way in positioning the company for the future."

"The basis for American Suzuki's corporate philosophy is that government should not be solely responsible for improving the quality of life of the people," says Mazza. "From the corner store to the international corporation, all of us have an opportunity to become 'partners in prosperity' with the American people."

can consumer by offering an expanded line of quality vehicles. Since the company makes a donation to the Foundation for Life for every Suzuki vehicle sold in the U.S., donations will grow as sales increase.

Along with a new model of its flagship vehicle, the Samurai, American Suzuki is introducing three new vehicles for 1989: The Sidekick, a unique, upscale sport-utility vehicle; the Swift GTi, a high-performance subcompact car; and the Swift GLX, a four-door passenger car with hatchback.

Each of Suzuki's new vehicles is designed to fill a previously unfilled niche in the U.S. automotive market-

place. The Sidekick, which features a wide range of creature comforts not usually found on sport-utility vehicles in its price range, is designed for men and women who are about 25-49 years of age and looking for a practical vehicle that is sporty and stylish. The Swift GTi, American Suzuki's first passenger car entry in the U.S. and one of the world's least expensive high-performance, high-economy cars, is designed primarily for young drivers looking for performance at a reasonable price. The Swift GLX, which features roominess and affordability, is expected to appeal to young families.

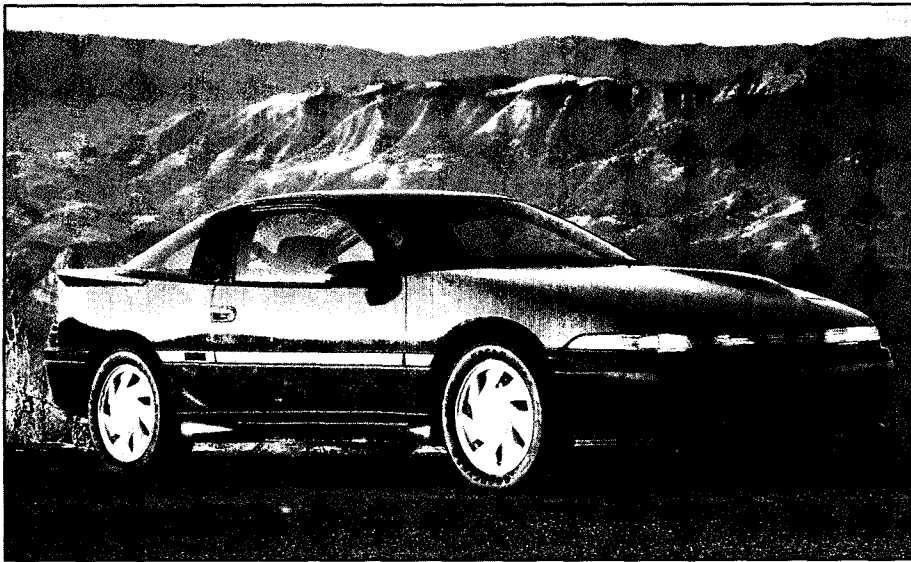
American Suzuki shows its com-

allowed emotional nationalism to separate them from each other at a time when rational reckoning of national interest would have brought them together. How have the Americans and Japanese, once bitter enemies, managed to maintain these human relationships without permitting rising nationalism to interfere?

The first point to make is that, despite all our differences, Japanese and Americans share certain deeply rooted values. These include respect for hard work, a strong belief in the equality of all human beings and in the dignity of every individual. We also believe that honesty in personal and business relationships counts a great deal even though we sometimes violate that

precept. We agree on free enterprise and market economies tempered by compassionate government intervention when necessary. We enjoy success. Most of all, unlike some of our European counterparts, we more easily accept innovation in the workplace, and in society as a whole. Each in its own different ways, Japanese and American societies and lifestyles have changed more drastically than in any of the other advanced industrial nations over the past four decades, and we continue to change.

Changes in Japan have included a vast movement away from the farms into the cities; a lengthening of life; an enormous increase in per capita income which is



The 1990 Mitsubishi Eclipse GS Turbo, MMSA's first U.S.-built production vehicle



Mitsubishi: Moving Ahead With Diamond-Star

In the flat fields near Normal, Illinois, Mitsubishi is bringing together a venture that will set a course for product excellence into the next century: Its new manufacturing company Diamond-Star Motors.

At Diamond-Star Motors Corp., Mitsubishi Motors is building the Eclipse, a two-plus-two, front-wheel drive sports car priced at approximately \$10,300. Four hundred robots and other technological wizardry make the Diamond-Star plant one of the most technologically advanced assembly plants in the world. When fully operational, the factory will produce 120,000 vehicles annually: First the new Eclipse and later in 1989, the four-door Mirage sedan also will begin

rolling off the assembly line.

In addition to the Eclipse, Mitsubishi sells cars in the U.S. in virtually every segment: The subcompact Mirage, the compact Galant, the racy Starion and the luxurious Sigma, as well as mini-vans, two and four-wheel drive pick-up trucks, the rugged, four-wheel drive Montero and the subcompact Precis, which is made in Korea.

Mitsubishi Motor Sales of America (MMSA) is a distributor of Mitsubishi Motors Corp., which is part of the Tokyo-based Mitsubishi group of companies, Japan's largest industrial, trading and banking conglomerate. MMC produced 1.3 million vehicles in 1987, ranging from 550cc mini-cars

to 32-ton dump trucks. But the company was not well-known in the United States until 1981, when MMSA was formed. The following year, the first Mitsubishi was sold in the U.S. and the company has grown rapidly since, restrained only by the voluntary import quotas and the company's ability to expand its dealer network in an orderly fashion.

With the debut of the Eclipse, Mitsubishi expects to expand its dealer network across America. About 125,000 Mitsubishi cars will be sold in the U.S. this year, up from 5,214 in 1982.

Numerous recent awards by the major car magazines provide testimony to Mitsubishi's devotion to quality and to its engineering excellence, notes Richard Recchia, executive vice president and chief operating officer of MMSA. Mitsubishi's Galant won car of the year honors in Japan this year and the Mirage won honors in Germany with the Golden Steering Wheel Award. Earning such accolades "isn't an accident," Recchia says. "It's engineering."

MMSA expects its growing reputation for excellence in the United States to propel it forward in 1989. The company has just moved its offices to a new complex in nearby Cypress where the company's service training center, parts distribution, design studio and test laboratory are located. MMSA also has parts distribution and service training centers in Bridgeport, NJ; an additional center is scheduled to open in Atlanta in 1989.

reasonably well-distributed throughout society; a shift from labor-intensive industry to capital and high-tech industry; a total revision of the political system growing out of the occupation reforms; the development of a strong and opinionated mass media and the rise to the status of world superpower in the economic sense. For Americans, changes in the last four decades have been no less traumatic but somewhat different: The civil rights movement; the sexual revolution; a similar shift from farms to cities; the assassination of a president and the loss of the Vietnam war; political scandals; triumphs and setbacks in the space program; a vast influx of immigrants from different cultures including Hispanics

and Southeast Asians, as well as Koreans and Canadians; an upsurge of crime and drug abuse; a baby boom; and a threat of serious environmental deterioration. At the same time, Americans have made sacrifices to deter the advance of communism throughout the world and are today witnessing an extraordinary transformation of two nuclear-armed nations — the Soviet Union and China — which once seemed threatening to our survival as a free people. In short, containment has succeeded.

Despite all the dislocations that these changes have brought about, one could argue that Japan and the United States have learned to cope with change better



Ricoh Chairman Keiji Endoh in the company's showroom surrounded by Ricoh copiers

RICOH

manufacturing facilities here."

Ricoh has long been a leader among multinationals in investing in local manufacturing. In 1976, it expanded its production in Irvine, Calif. to include office copiers, thereby becoming the first foreign manufacturer to produce such machines domestically. Today, Ricoh exports copier sub-assemblies built in Irvine to Europe and Japan.

Ricoh has produced more than 375,000 copiers and facsimiles domestically, which, according to the company, is more than any foreign manufacturer. It is the only foreign office equipment company that locally produces all the copier and fax consumable products sold in the U.S.

Additionally, Ricoh last year purchased a 250,000 sq. ft. facility in Tustin, Calif. Along with Irvine and Santa Ana, this provides Ricoh with more than 700,000 sq. ft. of total manufacturing space.

Ricoh's most recent addition is a 69-acre site in Lawrenceville, Ga. the company's fourth major domestic facility. This new site is expected to accommodate up to six buildings totaling approximately 600,000 sq. ft. and employing more than 2,000.

All in all, since Endoh's tenure, Ricoh has multiplied its copier production capacity by three times and has doubled its facsimile machine capacity. The chairman projects a total U.S. manufacturing investment of more than \$160 million in the next two years.

A Call For Autonomy At Ricoh

"The U.S. is the decisive market. Ricoh's success overall depends on our success in the U.S." This is the perspective of Ricoh Corporation Chairman Keiji Endoh as he seeks to establish "another Ricoh," a more autonomous U.S.-based organization designed to better serve its customer base.

Assigned here two years ago by parent company, Ricoh Company, Ltd. of Tokyo, Endoh moved swiftly by announcing a major restructuring, combining all of the Ricoh U.S. opera-

tions including sales, research and development and manufacturing into a single organization. Today, with more than 3,400 employees nationwide, Ricoh Corporation accounts for 25% of the \$5.4 billion reported for the company worldwide.

Ricoh, however, is not new to the American scene; 1987 marked its 25th anniversary in the U.S. "And we also have reached our 15th year in manufacturing," Endoh proudly points out. "The company was one of the first Japanese companies to establish

than any two societies in the world. Our partnership has tended to cushion the shocks.

Mutual Appreciation

Even the enormous differences between our two societies and cultures can bring us together. When Japanese businessmen or students come to America, they are amazed by the openness and freedom of our society. After spending several years here, some of them even suffer from the problems of trying to adjust to the more confining and strictly observed social requirements of Japanese society. Japan is bound up in a series of personal relationships in a "vertical society" in which customs must be strictly observed, gifts exchanged, honorific titles carefully used and various rituals observed. These can amount to a crushing burden upon individual creativity and freedom. The Japanese language itself becomes a kind of confining straitjacket; the Chinese characters and compounds carry a heavy load of Confucian ethical freight.

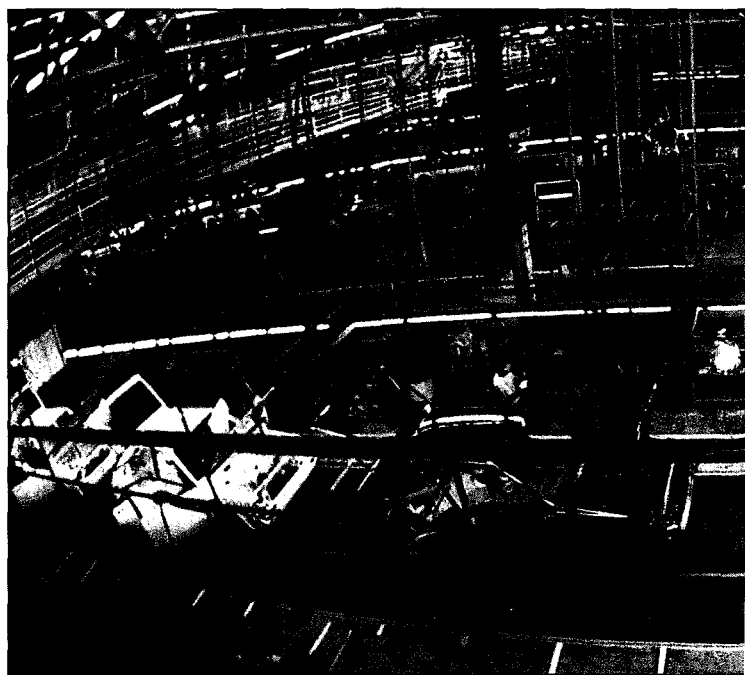
According to Professor Saeki Shoichi of Chuo University, "I would not hesitate to tell anyone who asked that American college campuses have far more vitality than their Japanese counterparts and in general offer a more congenial environment.

"The lively, direct response of my American university students put to shame anything one could expect in Japan. Questions, comments, arguments and counter-arguments fly. In Japanese universities even considerable effort on the teacher's part usually fails to elicit any response or reaction. When the teacher solicits the students' opinions, they sit in stony silence, many of them casting their eyes downward lest they be called on."

Saeki continues: "Japanese media all too easily convey the impression of an America helplessly watching its own decay with an irritation bordering on hysteria. Yet the frank, open-minded and dispassionate attitudes of the younger generation, the bottomless crucible of a society that day after day, month after month absorbs countless new immigrants, and the presence of an extraordinary religious hunger and moralistic impulse are forces to be reckoned with."

Americans who spend time in Japan, on the other hand, become fascinated with Japan's sense of courtesy, thoughtfulness, cleanliness and order; its history and continuity; its spirit of perseverance; its pride in its aesthetic designs, art and architecture; its quest for perfection in the provision of services; its concern for harmonious personal relationships; its crafts and theatre; its ancient sports such as sumo, judo and karate, to mention just a few of the attractions. Those who remain for a time learn about the often hidden side of the Japanese mind in which individuals escape from rigid social demands by developing talents for writing poetry, reciting songs and ballads, performing calligraphy and dance, flower-arranging or the tea ceremony.

According to Yamaichi's Scott E. Pardee, "In these many endeavors in which American and Japanese political, business and scientific people are working together, the personal relationships are much better

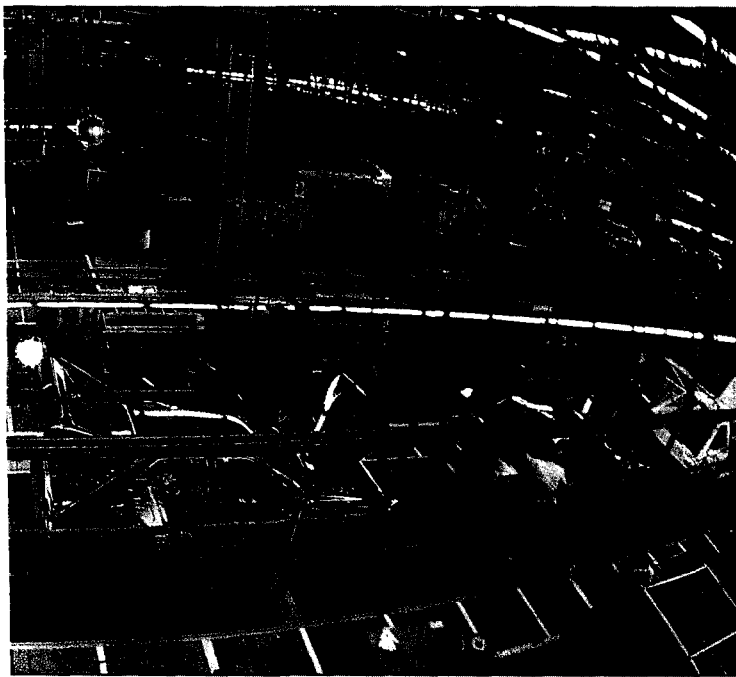


than usually recognized. We are fascinated with each other's cultures. The Japanese are the only foreigners from industrial countries we Americans can talk to about baseball. Golf is played and discussed with equal fervor in both countries. Of course, differences exist. I feel uncomfortable with a microphone in my hand singing solo in a *karaoke* bar. A Japanese businessman feels uncomfortable with a 16-pound bowling ball in his hand in an American bowling alley."

Our shared values extend also into the area of education. For most Japanese, a solid education is the route to upward social mobility and success. That process begins in the pre-kindergarten years, rising in intensity to the college admission "examination hell" during the last year of high school. Americans also view education as the route to success in the world, mortgaging their homes to put children through college at ever-higher tuition rates. Both nations are undergoing periods of educational reform. The Japanese are seeking to open up their more rigid primary and secondary schools to enhance creativity and individualism, while American reformers are seeking to instill basic values and a core curriculum and to restore discipline in the classroom. Overall, however, both nations place education in a position of paramount value. Only by acquiring the greatest possible degree of knowledge, we jointly believe, can individuals, nations and democracies achieve their highest potential.

Competitors and Partners

Another shared trait is our assumption that the future can be manipulated and will be better than the past or the present. This was, of course, a deeply ingrained assumption of the first settlers who came to America and the frontiersmen who moved ever-westward. It was something of a new thought for the Japanese of the Meiji era (1868-1912), who had been accustomed to



living in a more or less static Confucian society. Thus, when an American college president, Dr. William S. Clark, made his famous farewell speech in 1876 and used the expression, "Boys, be ambitious," his words were immortalized in Japanese textbooks.

The Japanese caught our frontier spirit and today their "can-do" energy is the wonder of the world. They are building longer tunnels and bridges, larger engineering projects — which include moving mountains into the sea to become new islands for expanding cities like Kobe — and are even considering the incredible possibility of moving their national capital outside of Tokyo, although this would take years and billions of dollars. They stand poised to enter outer space, and welcome the challenge.

We Americans understand and recognize this adventuresome spirit. When former Prime Minister Nakasone spoke in 1983 of a "shared destiny" of Japan and America, he was not talking about two nations content with the status quo. He envisioned two nations standing at the frontiers of knowledge, science, technology and discovery. While the competitive skills of the Japanese are formidable and even frightening to some Americans, which of us would choose a more exciting and stimulating partner or ally than Japan? As competitors, we challenge each other to take greater strides for each of our nations; as partners, we profit together.

According to Kazuo Nukazaewa, director of the International Economic Affairs Department of the Kedanren (the Japan Federation of Economic Organizations), writing in the *Harvard Business Review* last May, "This mutual penetration of investments, goods, services and business cultures can save societies from self-suffocation.

"We Japanese have complained over the years that Americans drag their moral universe behind them wherever they go, disregarding different value standards, advising all and sundry with missionary zeal to

discard irrational practices. Some have called that arrogance. Maybe. But I cannot help feeling that the American 'can-do' belief in progress has done the world a great service.

"We found cultural interaction to be a source more of strength than of weakness. It is a lesson we need to remember as we deal with what seemed to be more pressing problems."

Another feature that makes dealing with Japanese attractive to American business leaders is the fact that trust, once established, is total and seemingly inviolable. "What I like about our joint ventures with Japan," says Manuel J. Monteiro, executive vice president, International Operations, for the 3M Corporation, "is that we can have complete trust in each other. In doing business with the Sumitomo Corporation, we have found you don't even need a piece of paper. Their word is better than gold."

Why do Japanese and Americans continue to form joint ventures in record-breaking numbers each year? There can be a great variety of motives on each side, but usually joint ventures rest on one of the following strategies:

- A joint venture can spread risk of failure in an acceptable fashion where a single corporation might hesitate to take the plunge.
- It may achieve economies of scale and rationalization of production in ways not available to a single corporation in a single nation.
- A joint venture may enable two firms on different sides of a national boundary to combine their technologies and patents so that the whole will be greater than the sum of the parts.
- Or the venture may be aimed at avoiding protectionist legislation by one country or another and by gaining secure access to a market which would otherwise be closed.

Joint Ventures for the "Triad" Market

Kenichi Ohmae, managing director of the Tokyo office of McKinsey and Company, has written extensively on what he calls "the triad world view." He argues that there has come into existence a new "triad" market of 630 million buyers in Japan, the United States and Western Europe and that, in fact, these three areas are a single market with common needs. He argues further that "product and service strategies targeted only for the domestic population are less and less likely to be successful. It is essential to have networks that can deliver a newly developed product almost simultaneously to scores of different points on the globe." This leads, in turn, to all kinds of new joint ventures. One emerging strategy is to team up with a foreign corporation to meet domestic threats. And he believes that high technology firms in the 21st century will be unable to ignore the triad market as they attempt to gain market share for new products.

How can these new joint ventures be successful, given the language and culture barriers that divide the West and Japan? "There are no shortcuts to establishing deep

and long-lasting personal relationships, to sitting down and working out disagreements and to being present in the market," according to Keith R. Bovetti, minister counselor for commercial affairs in the American Embassy in Tokyo. "Everything in the business relationship depends on close and continuous human relationships at the top."

One long-time observer of U.S.-Japanese business relations, Vernon R. Alden, writing in the *Harvard Business Review* last year, believes there are huge payoffs for American companies which are successful in penetrating Japanese markets, and that there is no innate reason why they should not be able to do so. But he warns that a great deal of patience and persistence is required. Alden's secrets to success are as follows:

- Keep probing the distribution system.
- Find the best partners possible.
- Don't be afraid to end-run the system.
- Be prepared to modify your products to conform with local culture and conditions.
- Emphasize quality.
- Forge long-term links with the Japanese.

If they are as willing to be creative and tenacious as they were in developing their domestic markets and as the Japanese have been in exploiting the American marketplace, U.S. companies can succeed in Japan, Alden believes, and the best way to start is to move past the outmoded assumptions many Americans have about the Japanese marketplace.

Secrets of Success

U.S. companies that have gained market share in Japan have done so in large measure by doing their homework, setting long-term goals and operating in the same common sense way that made them successful in the United States. "It's pretty basic stuff," says Alden, "but it sure beats moaning and groaning like losers."

Some winners among American companies who have been able to penetrate the Japanese market are Equitable Life Assurance, Allied-Signal, Kodak and Kellogg. These firms have learned that they must persist over many years in seeking to enter the Japanese market and that Japanese consumers are suspicious of outsiders and slow to switch brands. But persistence pays off and attention to quality is the absolute essential to success.

"These relations are never a piece of cake, and you always have to work at them, with the understanding that some work better than others," according to Jack Lewis, chairman of the board of the Amdahl Corporation in California, in which Fujitsu Limited has a minority stake. "You must take time to develop personal trust and rapport at senior levels or nothing will work. The Japanese want to know if they can trust you. The second key element," he says, "is to make sure that each partner in a joint venture has the same goals. If not, you're through before you start. And don't bring the lawyers into negotiations unless you absolutely have to," Lewis warns. "They change the whole tenor of negotiations from positive to negative, and they are not well accepted in Japan."

"The rewards of a successful partnership are great," Lewis continues. "I enjoy the personalities and sense of humor of our partners. They are very proud. I have never seen a group of people that feel more elated about a project that works well. I count them as good friends."

Almost every Japanese and American who has participated in a successful joint venture stresses that both parties must take a long view of the relationship. American business executives, accustomed to keeping an eye on quarterly earnings statements and the price of stock, will send all the wrong signals to their potential Japanese partners if they seem to be in too much of a hurry.

Another ingredient of successful joint ventures is that the personal commitment of the most senior executives in each corporation must be constant and well-understood by subordinates on both sides. When a problem arises, it is far better to jump on a plane and have a one day, face-to-face meeting than to send any number of memoranda or letters. Still another ingredient of success is to maintain mutual respect for the customs of the other nation. Americans sometimes adopt an overly informal attitude as they enter negotiations and make the mistake of calling their Japanese counterpart by a first name or by becoming too familiar during the endless rounds of entertainment that always take place in Tokyo when the two sides are getting to know each other. On the other hand, Japanese sometimes infuriate their potential American partners by taking forever to reach decisions. They expect that Americans will understand their *ringisei* for this type of consensus-formation process, whereas many Americans find it inefficient and frustrating.

Another reason for successful joint ventures is the recent appearance on the business scene of young Americans who have learned to speak Japanese. There is absolutely no substitute for this kind of "culture broker," who buffers between the two different systems. Many banks and investment houses have turned to older Japan experts in universities who have this ability as well. They bring with them one priceless ingredient to success in Tokyo: Access. A well-trained American expert on Japan can open doors and meet top Japanese executives in situations that would take five years to achieve for a firm coming into Tokyo using only interpreters.

Americans and Japanese One-to-One

There is a whole host of other problems between the two cultures, but successful businessmen on both sides agree that patience, firmness and strength of character count heavily in the process. And perseverance can drive away many of the misunderstandings, if fundamental goals are shared.

"It is my belief that a good relationship between countries is not necessarily the alliance of political leaders temporarily in power but always the total sum of reliable personal relationships between individuals." These were the words of Shijuro Ogata, deputy governor of the Japan Development Bank. Behind all the statistics on trade and investment, it really comes down to



the web of personal relationships — the Japanese who live and work in America and the Americans who live and work in Japan — as to whether joint ventures and business partnerships can succeed in the long term. On this point, the evidence is encouraging.

In the town of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, a town of 8,000 people 30 miles south of Lexington, a dozen Japanese executives are living in America for the first time. Several of their children play on the local school basketball team or in the school band. One young Japanese couple moved into an apartment complex and virtually adopted a Kentucky couple in their mid-eighties, cooking for them almost daily and tending to their needs. In another case, an elderly Kentucky woman who was ill with cancer and a young Japanese housewife became close friends even though they could not speak one word of the other's language. The American taught the Japanese wife to knit and when the American woman eventually died, the Japanese woman asked her husband to find out how she could pay her last respects. Her husband inquired of the local banker, who advised that a visit to the funeral home for a viewing would be the right thing to do. She did it.

"It is remarkable how these friendships take place," says Gene Royalty, secretary of economic development of Kentucky. Royalty recalls the moment when a Japanese firm was about to break ground for a new plant in Kentucky, and according to custom, the local head of the firm brought along the ritual *sake* to a little ceremony at which only he, Royalty and a local bulldozer operator were present. When the *sake* was poured, the native Kentuckian sitting in the bulldozer demurred, saying he was a teetotaler. After a few tense moments, in which the Japanese did his best to explain in broken English how the whole venture rested upon this ceremony, the 'dozer operator relented and took a sip, and the plant is now up and running.

Royalty notes that 62 members of a National Guard tank company from Harrodsburg were present at Bataan and only 38 survived to tell about it. One of them, an active veteran and a leader of the Veterans of Foreign Wars was upset when he heard a Japanese plant was coming to Kentucky and possibly to Harrodsburg. After a talk with Royalty, the veteran satisfied himself that if the plant did not come to Harrodsburg, it would be located elsewhere in Kentucky. He changed his mind: "If they're coming to Kentucky, let it be here, because we need the jobs," he said.

Royalty says that the workers in the new Japanese plant in Harrodsburg are enjoying their work and seem to have no problem in wearing the company uniform. "The most positive benefit, beyond jobs, is the opportunity for people to learn a new culture," he says. There are arts and crafts fairs. The Japanese children go to local schools and excel in mathematics. The executives, and even their wives, join the country clubs and play golf. Of the 2,000 or so Japanese who now reside in Kentucky, Royalty knows of no major incidents of hostility or friction and Kentucky continues to welcome further Japanese investment in the state.

Strong Educational Exchange

Perhaps the most amazing indicator of the depth to which the new U.S.-Japan partnership is sinking its roots is taking place in schools and colleges. Today, more than 15,000 Japanese at all levels are studying in the United States and about 1,000 Americans are studying in Japan. The Japanese language is taught in over 200 school systems throughout America, compared with 61 in 1982. About 25,000 Americans are studying Japanese at the college level.

The Indiana State Department of Education and Earlham College have recently entered into a unique program to bring teaching about Japan to Indiana students. Under this three-year program, funded by





appropriations of \$525,000, community school systems in such places as South Bend, Anderson, Gary, Elkhart, Lafayette, Tippecanoe and West Lafayette this year sent 25 educational team members to Earlham for two weeks of intensive study of Japan and to several prefectures in Japan for three weeks of firsthand experience in classrooms. These educators will develop personal projects into courses that will begin in their classrooms next year. In addition, a Japanese-language teacher will be employed in five school systems beginning next fall and the project will eventually involve 15 school systems throughout Indiana over its three year duration. One of its long-range goals is to set up a student exchange relationship between schools in Indiana and Japan. The teachers in the program range from elementary to high school levels and include administrators and librarians. Professor Jackson Bailey, a specialist on Japanese history at Earlham, is optimistic about the program. "We're doing well. It's off to a good start. We are hoping to prepare the schoolchildren of Indiana for the world they will have to live in, and not only does this involve learning about Japan, but also the entire international horizon."

Looking Ahead

In a major article on the U.S. and Japan, *The Economist* featured a cartoon of two dogs, one with the face of Reagan and one with the face of Prime Minister Takeshita tugging at a piece of cloth and growling. The caption said, "Forget the growl, look at the tails." The tails were wagging. *The Economist* concluded that, "Japan and America share values and interests that make them the most natural of allies. Japan will remain firmly linked to the West. But it needs a new role there. The trouble is that nobody, least of all the Japanese, has more than a fragmentary idea of what their role ought

to be." This situation is changing rapidly as Americans and Japanese, in their new friendships, begin to level with each other on the kind of world they wish to create in the 21st century.

Jiro Ushio, vice chairman of the Japan Federation of Corporate Executives (Keizai Doyukai), believes that the two nations should establish a common market and that national trading borders will eventually disappear. He adds, "Japan will be in serious trouble if the U.S. economy runs aground, because our economies are closely tied." Another observer, Yoh Kurosawa, deputy president of the Industrial Bank of Japan, can imagine a scenario which, by 1997, would make Japan the world's largest economy, pushing the United States into second place. He believes that, "there is simply no way Japan can avoid the world's demand that it modify its behavior to reflect its status as an enormously rich country." Having spent seven years in West Germany, he notes, "Unlike today's Germany, Japan has no true friends abroad." Kurosawa notes that in South Korea, Japan's nearest neighbor, opinion polls ranked Japan and North Korea as the two countries people hate most. In China as well, Japanese statements and actions on sensitive issues frequently come under fire. Japan has just one military ally, the United States, but as former West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt once put it, "The United States is not our friend but our boss." All of this leads Kurosawa to believe that Japan should admit workers from other nations on a controlled basis just as West Germany has done.

A Partnership for the Future

It is possible today to see a new relationship developing in which the Japanese will be firm allies and tough competitors but, as in the British-American case, loyal friends as well. The world is facing several entirely novel situations in the history of international relations, including the gradual transformation of the Soviet empire and economic system and the changeover in China from harsh Maoism to a new mix of socialism and free enterprise. There is no precedent for the kind of close East-West relations that are now enjoyed by Japanese and Americans, and no precedent for power sharing which is mutually agreeable over the long haul. We are thus facing new and uncharted territory. But by almost any indicator the seeds of the new partnership have been planted in fertile ground and, with enough work and commitment, they will flourish and prosper in ways that today cannot even be imagined.

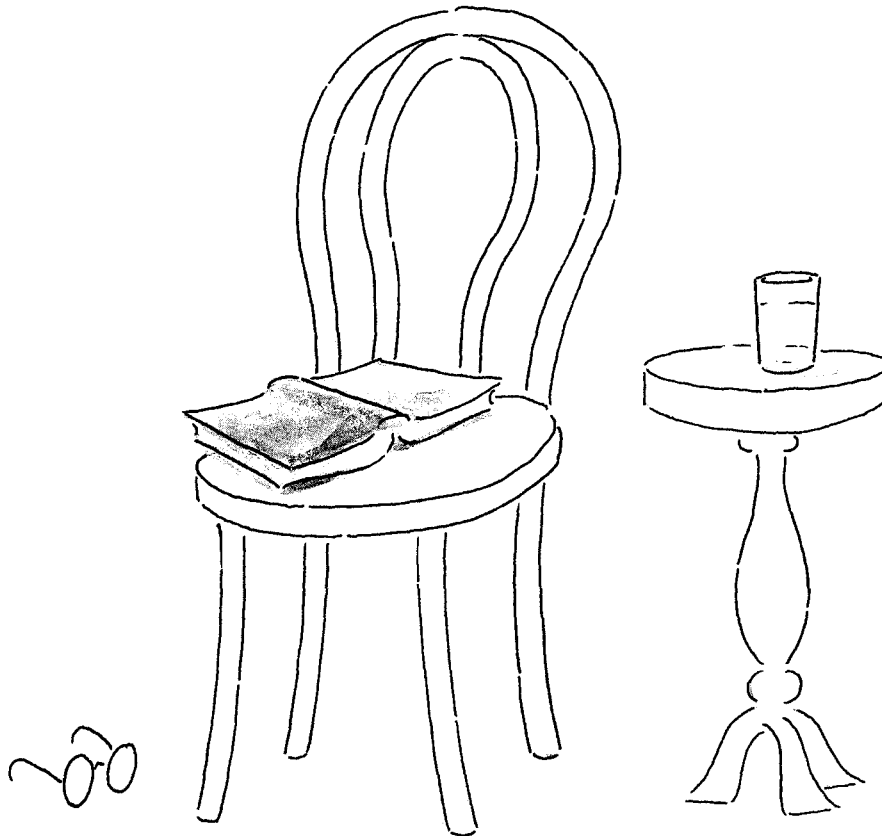
"Partners in Prosperity" was prepared in cooperation with the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, New York. The editorial for this advertising supplement was produced by George R. Packard, dean of the School of Advanced International Studies of the Johns Hopkins University, director of the Edwin O. Reischauer Center for East Asian Studies and chairman of the Advisory Council to KRC Pacific Partners, Ltd., a consulting firm for Japanese and American corporations. He, and not the editors of this magazine, is solely responsible for the editorial material in this supplement.

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"Heard melodies are sweet," Keats said. Not only that—they are a great way to be surprised by meaning

POETRY OUT LOUD

BY RICHARD BROOKHISER



FOR MUCH OF ITS HISTORY LITERATURE WAS ORAL. Illiterates, naturally, had no choice but to recite. But even the literate read aloud. Julius Caesar's ability to read correspondence silently struck his contemporaries as noteworthy.

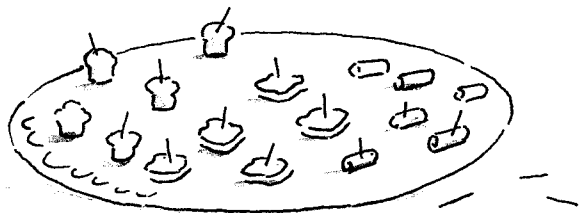
Authors still revert to the oral tradition for private or public performance. William Wordsworth read *The Prelude*, a poem of more than 7,000 lines, to an audience of one, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in January of 1807 (this may tell us as much about Coleridge's weak ego as it does about Wordsworth's robust one), whereas Robert Frost could fill Carnegie Hall, and lesser poets often fill the back rooms of bookstores. But reading other people's poems aloud, for entertainment or for edification, has become a rare practice. The idea seems solemn and absurd, conjuring up Victorian children declaiming verses for dinner guests. The nature of high modern poetry, the nearest landmark in the

literary past, reinforces our reluctance. *The Waste Land* has notes. How can you read notes?

When I decided recently to hold some poetry readings for friends, I foresaw that I would have to overcome this and other, practical difficulties. I went ahead, partly for a selfish reason—liking to hear the sound of my own voice—but also because I suspected that there is a dimension of pleasure and understanding that we miss by reading classic poems only to ourselves. The decision proved sound on both counts.

The most basic preliminary question of any reading is who reads. One answer would be to ask everyone to prepare one or two poems, and to go around the room. This gives everyone something to do, and it exposes everyone to a variety of tastes and interpretations.

An alternative is to let one ham run the show. The ability to read aloud, like any other talent, is unevenly distrib-



uted; it's probably better not to hear a poem at all than to hear it mangled. Reading aloud is also a mental and, to a degree, a physical effort. If only one person does it, then everyone else can enjoy the unalloyed pleasure of listening. If it's not a pleasure, the reader will have no guests for his second reading.

I thought it was only fair to my listeners to reward them for their attention with food and drink, but only fair to me to withhold it until I had finished. Realizing I was no Wordsworth, I limited the reading to about an hour.

I started off thinking that I would provide no commentary whatsoever; this was supposed to be a reading, not a class; the poems would speak for themselves. This turned out to be unworkable. There are great—and dense—poems that without some explanation would be totally wasted, even for the purpose of a first acquaintance, and in fact the most plainspoken poems sometimes need a word. “Frost at Midnight,” one of Coleridge’s loveliest, depends on knowing that “stranger” was a folk word for a glowing fleck of soot in a grate, which was supposed to foretell the appearance of visitors. Even the effect of such a straightforward sob as Walt Whitman’s “Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking” is deepened if you know that though mockingbirds range pretty far north nowadays, to have heard one on Long Island in the early nineteenth century, as Whitman remembers doing, would have been extraordinary. Still, I tried to keep the chat short. When that which was to be explained was boring or absurd—such as Yeats’s theosophy—I kept it as short as possible.

The most important question facing a reader is, of course, what to read. In my anxiety to avoid dullness, I made the program of the first reading as varied as possible: Sappho and Cole Porter, Matthew Arnold and Ezra Pound. (The only common denominator was that every poem had to be sad.) But in this, too, I went overboard. One poet can provide variety enough, and in the next three sessions I spent an hour each on Philip Larkin, Eliot, and Yeats.

The main criterion for picking the poems is that they be good; almost no other limits are needed. The only good poet I would never touch is Milton, the reason being that while what Milton did is splendid, it really isn’t English. Anyone who wants to tackle his endless sentences and his numbing syntax is welcome to them.

My guests keep coming back, so either they’re getting something out of it or the food is *very* good. What have I gotten? Like many teenagers, I wrote pages of undernourished verse; as an English major, I covered the circuit from

“Pearl” to “Prufrock”; when I walk into a thrift shop today, I’m as likely to come out with a book as with a necktie. What is new in this aural encounter with poetry?

I appreciate technique more than I did. The New Critical approach to poetry, which was still hanging on when I was in college, focused on the meanings of words: their allusions and their resonance. It scanted the problem of timing—that if the words do not fall together in certain ways, they don’t make music, which means they fail to be poetry.

When a poem is read aloud, the quality of its music is inescapable. Sometimes the quality is a surprise. What seems hard may become softer; what looks easy may grow harder. Reading Yeats aloud, especially because I read poems from every phase of his career, was a revelation. When you realize that the man who wrote,

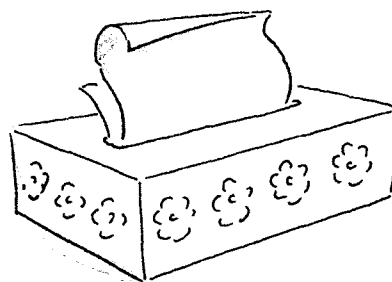
Old iron, old bones, old rags, that raving slut
Who keeps the till

was the same man who had written,

. . . our shades will rove,
When eve has hushed the feathered ways,
With vapoury footsole by the water’s drowsy blaze

you realize—you *hear*—that the older poet was not writing roughly out of incapacity or indifference, and that his harshness was as calculated as his delicacy.

A good example of hidden difficulties is Samuel Johnson’s “The Vanity of Human Wishes,” a minefield of shifting stresses and oddly placed verbs. On the page it lies in



heroic couplets, as neat and boxy as anything in Dryden or Pope. In the mouth it turns knottier than Johnson’s most gnarled prose.

From ev’ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok’d in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold. . . .

The thing can be read, I’m sure, but not without being marked up like a score first.

The greatest discovery was the emotional content of poems that had almost been wrung dry by years of treating them as schoolwork. Take Wordsworth’s “Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey.” It was one of the star poems of the 1798 edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, his collaboration with Coleridge (the other was “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner”). I first studied it as a freshman in

high school, and I last studied it as a senior in college. I sought it for clues to Wordsworth's theory of nature, of memory, of perception. One of the three or four teachers who led me through it pointed out that the speaker of the poem is engaged in a long, and perhaps losing, debate with his own fears and uncertainties. But I never truly listened to that debate until I listened to it out loud.

The structure of the poem is simple. Wordsworth is making a second trip to the Wye River, which he had first visited five years earlier, and wonders what the beauty of the scene has meant to him. In 160-odd lines he recalls his sensations then and compares them with his attitude now, and ends with a prayer that his younger sister, who is at his side, will draw comfort in later years from her memories of the place and of him.

It seems as plain as an op-ed piece. Except that this plain exposition, as the reader-aloud can't help noticing, is riddled with negatives. "These beauteous forms . . . have *not* been to me / As is a landscape to a blind man's eye"; "That time is past. . . . *Not* for this / Faint I, *nor* mourn, *nor* murmur"; "Nature *never* did betray / The heart that loved her"; "*Nor*, perchance . . . wilt thou then forget / That on the banks of this delightful stream / We stood together" (emphasis added). Wordsworth is a man not thinking of white bears. Aloud, "Tintern Abbey" becomes a poet's eloquent and desperate attempt to talk himself into something.

(Some advice: always have tissues handy. If you can read the last fifty lines of "Tintern Abbey" with dry eyes, you are more tough-minded than I am.)

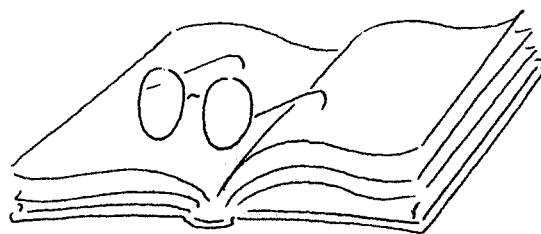
I had never wrung *The Waste Land* dry, exactly. The details are too lush for that. But reading it aloud was even more surprising than reading "Tintern Abbey." What about the notes? It's true that they come at the end and that Eliot added them, in part, to bring the poem to book length. But there they are. What was to be done?

I decided to read them at the beginning. This had the effect of highlighting one of the poem's little-remarked qualities—that it can be very funny. Dry, sly, and funny.

The first note directs the reader to a book on the legend of the Holy Grail, Jessie L. Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*, which, Eliot wrote, "will elucidate the difficulties of the poem much better than my notes can do; and I recommend it (apart from the great interest of the book itself) to any who think such elucidation of the poem worth the trouble." Now, Eliot was making a point here—that anthropology was important to him. But he was also—that plummy "great," that prissy "worth the trouble"—pulling our leg. And so he continued, playing the don: "I do not know the origin of the ballad from which these lines are taken: it was reported to me from Sydney, Australia." If they make a movie of *The Waste Land*, the notes should be given to John Cleese.

The notes, and the quotations and allusions in the poem itself, prompted the earliest interpreters of *The Waste Land* to see it as a meditation on the decline of the West—Spengler in ten pages instead of two volumes. In recent years there has been a shift: the poem also strikes us as being about Eliot's problems with his first wife, Vivien—"a personal, and wholly insignificant, grouse against life," as Eliot himself once remarked (more leg pulling?). Without getting into biography, it is impossible, reading *The Waste Land* aloud, to avoid hearing in it a lament over the agonies of undisciplined sex.

It's not that I had ignored the high life—low life bad marriages in the section called "A Game of Chess," or the



loveless coupling of the typist and the clerk in "The Fire Sermon." But I had taken them as instances of social decay, held up for our consideration by a cultural Sherlock Holmes. Eliot's note on the androgynous seer Tiresias, who describes the typist's encounter, encourages this impression. "What Tiresias *sees*, in fact, is the substance of the poem." But in the poem Tiresias says something more: "I Tiresias have foresuffered all / Enacted on this same divan or bed." Suffering is more than analytical inspection, and suffering is what you get when these scenes—two of them in dialogue—are spoken.

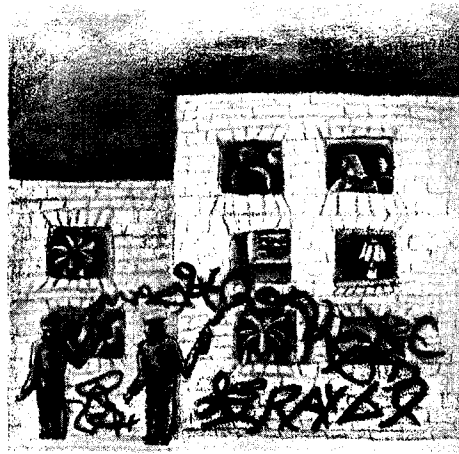
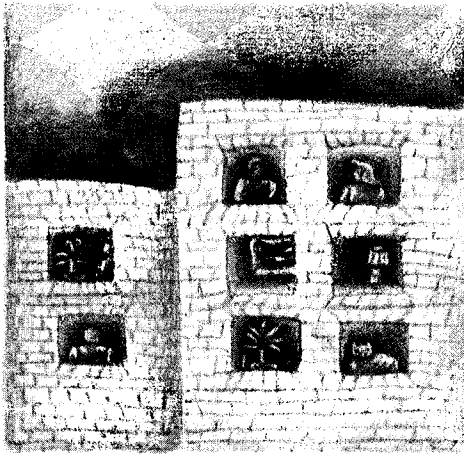
In the last section, "What the Thunder Said," Eliot offers, without—shades of Wordsworth—perhaps fully believing it, a spiritual answer (give, sympathize, control), taken from an Indian text. But the sexual questions still linger. That, at least, is what

The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract

suggests, when uttered in a living room.

What lasts beyond the living room? What good do a sharpened ear and a supply of emotional cud do you?

That is a big question, almost as big as What good does poetry do you? I've gotten the pleasure of refreshing a couple dozen stand-bys—scraping off the faded paint and wallpaper, uncovering hidden woodwork—and maybe that is good enough. Keats was right: Heard melodies are sweet. Look into your old books and clear your throat. You may find things you never knew were there. □



*Sometimes "fixing broken windows" does more
to reduce crime than conventional "incident-oriented" policing*

MAKING NEIGHBORHOODS SAFE

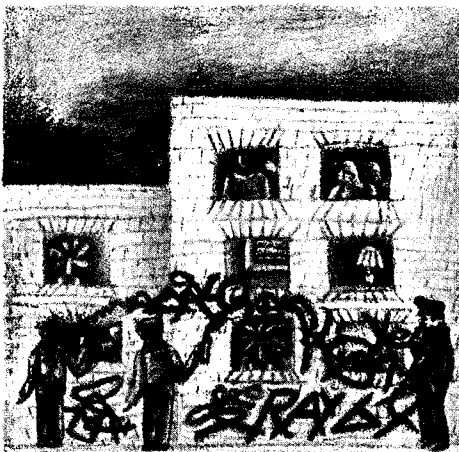
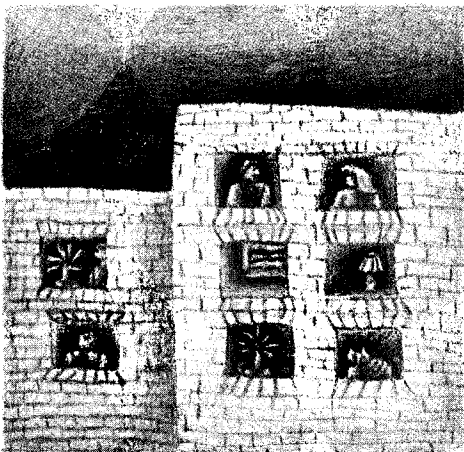
BY JAMES Q. WILSON AND GEORGE L. KELLING

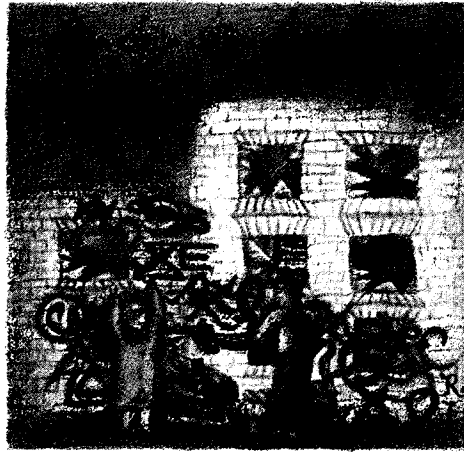
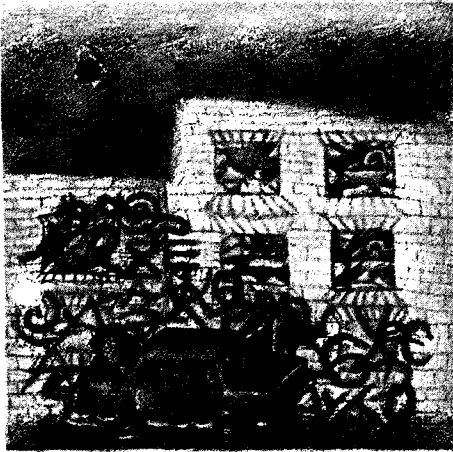
NEW BRIARFIELD APARTMENTS IS AN OLD, RUN-DOWN collection of wooden buildings constructed in 1942 as temporary housing for shipyard workers in Newport News, Virginia. By the mid-1980s it was widely regarded as the worst housing project in the city. Many of its vacant units provided hiding places for drug users. It had the highest burglary rate in Newport News; nearly a quarter of its apartments were broken into at least once a year.

For decades the police had wearily answered calls for assistance and had investigated crimes in New Briarfield. Not much came of this police attentiveness—the buildings went on deteriorating, the burglaries went on occurring, the residents went on living in terror. Then, in 1984, Detective Tony Duke, assigned to a newly created police task force, decided to interview the residents of New

Briarfield about their problems. Not surprisingly, he found that they were worried about the burglaries—but they were just as concerned about the physical deterioration of the project. Rather than investigating only the burglaries, Duke spent some of his time investigating the *buildings*. Soon he learned that many city agencies—the fire department, the public-works department, the housing department—regarded New Briarfield as a major headache. He also discovered that its owners were in default on a federal loan and that foreclosure was imminent.

The report he wrote to Darrel Stephens, then the police chief, led Stephens to recommend to the city manager that New Briarfield be demolished and its tenants relocated. The city manager agreed. Meanwhile, Barry Haddix, the patrol officer assigned to the area, began working with members of other city agencies to fix up the project, pend-





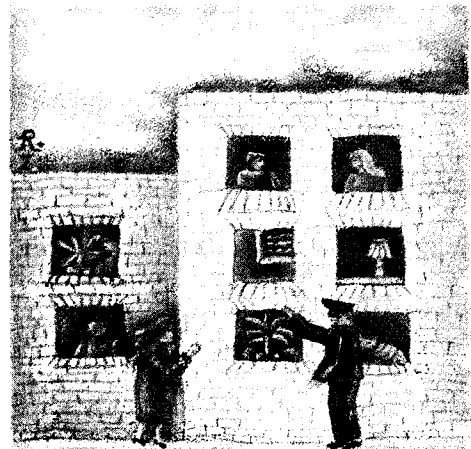
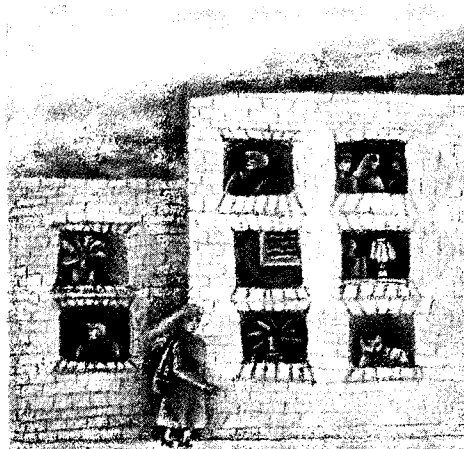
ing its eventual replacement. Trash was carted away, abandoned cars were removed, potholes were filled in, the streets were swept. According to a study recently done by John E. Eck and William Spelman, of the Police Executive Research Forum (PERF), the burglary rate dropped by 35 percent after Duke and Haddix began their work.

Stephens, now the executive director of PERF, tells the story of the New Briarfield project as an example of "problem-oriented policing," a concept developed by Professor Herman Goldstein, of the University of Wisconsin Law School, and sometimes also called community-oriented policing. The conventional police strategy is "incident-oriented"—a citizen calls to report an incident, such as a burglary, and the police respond by recording information relevant to the crime and then trying to solve it. Obviously, when a crime occurs, the victim is entitled to a rapid, effective police response. But if responding to incidents is all that the police do, the community problems that cause or explain many of these incidents will never be addressed, and so the incidents will continue and their number will perhaps increase.

This will happen for two reasons. One is that a lot of serious crime is adventitious, not the result of inexorable social forces or personal failings. A rash of burglaries may occur because drug users have found a back alley or an abandoned building in which to hang out. In their spare time, and in order to get money to buy drugs, they steal

from their neighbors. If the back alleys are cleaned up and the abandoned buildings torn down, the drug users will go away. They may even use fewer drugs, because they will have difficulty finding convenient dealers and soft burglary targets. By the same token, a neglected neighborhood may become the turf of a youth gang, whose members commit more crimes together in a group than they would if they were acting alone. If the gang is broken up, former members will still commit some crimes but probably not as many as before.

Most crime in most neighborhoods is local: the offenders live near their victims. Because of this, one should not assume that changing the environmental conditions conducive to crime in one area will displace the crime to other areas. For example, when the New York City police commissioner, Ben Ward, ordered Operation Pressure Point, a crackdown on drug dealing on the Lower East Side, dealing and the criminality associated with it were reduced in that neighborhood and apparently did not immediately reappear in other, contiguous neighborhoods. Suburban customers of the local drug dealers were frightened away by the sight of dozens of police officers on the streets where these customers had once shopped openly for drugs. They could not—at least not right away—find another neighborhood in which to buy drugs as easily as they once had on the Lower East Side. At the same time, the local population included some people who were willing to



aid and abet the drug dealers. When the police presence made drug dealing unattractive, the dealers could not—again, at least not for the time being—find another neighborhood that provided an equivalent social infrastructure.

The second reason that incident-oriented police work fails to discourage neighborhood crime is that law-abiding citizens who are afraid to go out onto streets filled with graffiti, winos, and loitering youths yield control of these streets to people who are not frightened by these signs of urban decay. Those not frightened turn out to be the same people who created the problem in the first place. Law-abiding citizens, already fearful, see things occurring that make them even more fearful. A vicious cycle begins of fear-induced behavior increasing the sources of that fear.

A Los Angeles police sergeant put it this way: "When people in this district see that a gang has spray-painted its initials on all the stop signs, they decide that the gang, not the people or the police, controls the streets. When they discover that the Department of Transportation needs three months to replace the stop signs, they decide that the city isn't as powerful as the gang. These people want us to help them take back the streets." Painting gang symbols on a stop sign or a storefront is not, by itself, a serious crime. As an incident, it is trivial. But as the symptom of a problem, it is very serious.



IN AN EARLIER ARTICLE IN *THE ATLANTIC* (MARCH, 1982) we called this the problem of "broken windows": If the first broken window in a building is not repaired, then people who like breaking windows will assume that no one cares about the building and more windows will be broken. Soon the building will have no windows. Likewise, when disorderly behavior—say, rude remarks by loitering youths—is left unchallenged, the signal given is that no one cares. The disorder escalates, possibly to serious crime.

The sort of police work practiced in Newport News is an effort to fix the broken windows. Similar projects are under way in cities all over America. This pattern constitutes the beginnings of the most significant redefinition of police work in the past half century. For example:

- When a gunfight occurred at Garden Village, a low-income housing project near Baltimore, the Baltimore County police responded by investigating both the shooting and the housing project. Chief Cornelius Behan directed the officers in his Community Oriented Police Enforcement (COPE) unit to find out what could be done to

alleviate the fears of the project residents and the gang tensions that led to the shooting. COPE officers worked with members of other agencies to upgrade street lighting in the area, trim shrubbery, install door locks, repair the roads and alleys, and get money to build a playground. With police guidance, the tenants organized. At the same time, high-visibility patrols were started and gang members were questioned. When both a suspect in the shooting and a particularly troublesome parole violator were arrested, gang tensions eased. Crime rates dropped. In bringing about this change, the police dealt with eleven different public agencies.

- When local merchants in a New York City neighborhood complained to the police about homeless persons who created a mess on the streets and whose presence frightened away customers, the officer who responded did not roust the vagrants but instead suggested that the merchants hire them to clean the streets in front of their stores every morning. The merchants agreed, and now the streets are clean all day and the customers find the stores more attractive.

- When people in a Los Angeles neighborhood complained to the police about graffiti on walls and gang symbols on stop signs, officers assigned to the Community Mobilization Project in the Wilshire station did more than just try to catch the gang youths who were wielding the spray cans; they also organized citizens' groups and Boy Scouts to paint over the graffiti as fast as they were put up.

- When residents of a Houston neighborhood became fearful about crime in their area, the police not only redoubled their efforts to solve the burglaries and thefts but also assigned some officers to talk with the citizens in their homes. During a nine-month period the officers visited more than a third of all the dwelling units in the area, introduced themselves, asked about any neighborhood problems, and left their business cards. When Antony Pate and Mary Ann Wycoff, researchers at the Police Foundation, evaluated the project, they found that the people in this area, unlike others living in a similar area where no citizen-contact project occurred, felt that social disorder had decreased and that the neighborhood had become a better place to live. Moreover, and quite unexpectedly, the amount of property crime was noticeably reduced.

These are all examples of community-oriented policing, whose current popularity among police chiefs is as great as the ambiguity of the idea. In a sense, the police have always been community-oriented. Every police officer knows that most crimes don't get solved if victims and witnesses do not cooperate. One way to encourage that cooperation is to cultivate the good will of both victims and witnesses. Similarly, police-citizen tensions, over racial incidents or allegations of brutality or hostility, can often be allayed, and sometimes prevented, if police officers stay in close touch with community groups. Accordingly, most departments have at least one community-relations officer,

who arranges meetings between officers and citizens' groups in church basements and other neutral locales.

But these commonplace features of police work are additions, and rarely alter the traditional work of most patrol officers and detectives: responding to radio calls about specific incidents. The focus on incidents works against a focus on problems. If Detective Tony Duke had focused only on incidents in New Briarfield, he would still be investigating burglaries in that housing project; meanwhile, the community-relations officer would be telling outraged residents that the police were doing all they could and urging people to call in any useful leads. If a tenant at one of those meetings had complained about stopped-up drains, rotting floorboards, and abandoned refrigerators, the community-relations officer would have patiently explained that these were not "police matters."

And of course, they are not. They are the responsibility of the landlord, the tenants themselves, and city agencies other than the police. But landlords are sometimes indifferent, tenants rarely have the resources to make needed repairs, and other city agencies do not have a twenty-four-hour emergency service. Like it or not, the police are about the only city agency that makes house calls around the clock. And like it or not, the public defines broadly what it thinks of as public order, and holds the police responsible for maintaining order.

Community-oriented policing means changing the daily work of the police to include investigating problems as well as incidents. It means defining as a problem whatever a significant body of public opinion regards as a threat to community order. It means working with the good guys, and not just against the bad guys.

The link between incidents and problems can sometimes be measured. The police know from experience what research by Glenn Pierce, in Boston, and Lawrence Sherman, in Minneapolis, has established: fewer than 10 percent of the addresses from which the police receive calls account for more than 60 percent of those calls. Many of the calls involve domestic disputes. If each call is treated as a separate incident with neither a history nor a future, then each dispute will be handled by police officers anxious to pacify the complainants and get back on patrol as quickly as possible. All too often, however, the disputants move beyond shouting insults or throwing crockery at each other. A knife or a gun may be produced, and somebody may die.

A very large proportion of all killings occur in these domestic settings. A study of domestic homicides in Kansas City showed that in eight out of ten cases the police had been called to the incident address at least once before; in half the cases they had been called *five times* or more. The police are familiar with this pattern, and they have learned how best to respond to it. An experiment in Minneapolis, conducted by the Police Foundation, showed that men who were arrested after assaulting their spouses were much less likely to commit new assaults than those who were merely pacified or asked to leave the house for a few

hours. Research is now under way in other cities to test this finding. Arrest may prove always to be the best disposition, or we may learn that some kind of intervention by a social agency also helps. What is indisputable is that a domestic fight—like many other events to which the police respond—is less an "incident" than a problem likely to have serious, long-term consequences.

Another such problem, familiar to New Yorkers, is graffiti on subway cars. What to some aesthetes is folk art is to most people a sign that an important public place is no longer under public control. If graffiti painters can attack cars with impunity, then muggers may feel they can attack the people in those cars with equal impunity. When we first wrote in these pages about the problem of broken windows, we dwelt on the graffiti problem as an example of a minor crime creating a major crisis.

The police seemed powerless to do much about it. They could arrest youths with cans of spray paint, but for every one arrested ten more went undetected, and of those arrested, few were punished. The New York Transit Authority, led by its chairman, Robert Kiley, and its president, David Gunn, decided that graffiti-free cars were a major management goal. New, easier-to-clean cars were bought. More important, key people in the Authority were held accountable for cleaning the cars and keeping them clean. Whereas in the early 1980s two out of every three cars were covered with graffiti, today fewer than one in six is. The Transit Police have played their part by arresting those who paint the cars, but they have been more successful at keeping cars from being defaced in the first place than they were at chasing people who were spraying already defaced ones.



WHILE THE PHRASE "COMMUNITY-ORIENTED POLICING" comes easily to the lips of police administrators, redefining the police mission is more difficult. To help the police become accustomed to fixing broken windows as well as arresting window-breakers requires doing things that are very hard for many administrators to do.

Authority over at least some patrol officers must be decentralized, so that they have a good deal of freedom to manage their time (including their paid overtime). This implies freeing them at least partly from the tyranny of the radio call. It means giving them a broad range of responsibilities: to find and understand the problems that create disorder and crime, and to deal with other public and private agencies that can help cope with these problems. It

means assigning them to a neighborhood and leaving them there for an extended period of time. It means backing them up with department support and resources.

The reason these are not easy things for police chiefs to do is not simply that chiefs are slaves to tradition, though some impatient advocates of community-oriented policing like to say so. Consider for a moment how all these changes might sound to an experienced and intelligent police executive who must defend his department against media criticisms of officer misconduct, political pressure to cut budgets, and interest-group demands for more police protection everywhere. With decentralized authority, no one will know precisely how patrol officers spend their time. Moreover, decentralized authority means that patrol officers will spend time on things like schmoozing with citizens, instead of on quantifiable tasks like issuing tickets, making arrests, and clearing cases.

Making the community-oriented officers generalists means letting them deal with other city agencies, a responsibility for which few officers are well trained and which cuts across sensitive questions of turf and public expectations.

If officers are left in a neighborhood, some of them may start taking money from the dope dealers and after-hours joints. To prevent that, officers are frequently moved

around. Moreover, the best people are usually kept in the detective squad that handles the really big cases. Few police executives want their best people settling into a neighborhood, walking around the bus stops and shopping malls.

The enthusiasts for community-oriented policing have answers for all these concerns, but sometimes in their zeal they forget that they are contending with more than mere bureaucratic foot-dragging—that the problems are real and require thoughtful solutions. Many police executives get in trouble not because the crime rate goes up but because cops are accused of graft, brutality, laziness, incivility, or indifference.

In short, police management is driven more by the constraints on the job than by the goals of the job. You cannot cope with those constraints without understanding them. This may be why some of the biggest changes toward community-oriented policing have occurred in cities where a new chief has come in from the outside with a mandate to shake up a moribund department. Lee Brown brought a community orientation to the Houston Police Department under precisely those circumstances—the reputation of the department was so bad that almost any change would have been regarded as an improvement.

What can we say to the worried police chief who is al-

SAVING MEMORY

Summer nights we put pennies on the track.
Even the station was quiet enough for crickets.
Mountains surrounded us, middling high and purple.
No matter where we stood they protected us
with perspective. People call them gentle mountains
but you can die in there; they're thick
with creeper and laurel. Like voodoo,
I drew pictures with a sparkler. A curved line
arcked across the night. Rooted in its slope,
one laurel tree big as the mountain holding it.

You can hear the train in the rails.
They're round, not flat, as you'd expect,
and slick. We'd walk the sound, one step, two,
slip, on purpose, in the ballast, hopscotch
and waltz on the ties, watching the big round eye
enter the curve and grow like God out of the purple,
the tracks turning mean, molten silver blazing
dead at us. We'd hula. Tango. And the first
white plume would shoot up screaming long, lonely,
vain as Mamma shooping starlings from her latticed pies.

Sing Mickey Mouse, the second scream rising long, again,
up and up. Stick our right hip out, the third
wailing. Give it a hot-cha wiggle, the fourth
surrounding us. And bidding each other fond adieux,
we'd count to three, turn our backs, flash it a moon,
and materialize, fantastic, run over with light,
the train shrieking to pieces, scared, meaning it,
short, short, short, short, pushing a noise
bigger than the valley. It sent us flying,
flattened, light as ideas, back on the platform,
the Y6B Mallet compound rolling through
southbound, steamborne, out of Roanoke.

It wasn't to make the train jump the track
but to hold the breath-edged piece of copper
grown hot with dying, thin with birth,
wiped smooth of origin and homilies.
To hold such power. As big as the eye
of the train, as big as the moon burning
like the sun. All the perspective
curved and gone.

—Mary Stewart Hammond

ready running a pretty good department? Start with corruption: For decades police executives and reformers have believed that in order to prevent corruption, you have to centralize control over personnel and discourage intimacy between police officers and citizens. Maybe. But the price one pays for this is very high. For example, many neighborhoods are being destroyed by drug dealers, who hang out on every street corner. The best way to sweep them off the streets is to have patrol officers arrest them for selling drugs and intimidate their customers by parking police cars right next to suspected drug outlets. But some police chiefs forbid their patrol officers to work drug cases, for fear they will be corrupted. When the citizens in these cities see police cars drive past scenes of open drug dealing, they assume the police have been paid off. Efforts to prevent corruption have produced the appearance of corruption.

Police Commissioner Ben Ward, in New York, decided that the price of this kind of anti-corruption strategy was too high. His Operation Pressure Point put scores of police officers on the streets to break up the drug-dealing bazaar. Police corruption is no laughing matter, especially in New York, but some chiefs now believe that it will have to be fought in ways that do not require police officers to avoid contact with people.

Consider the problem of getting police resources and managing political pressures: resources can be justified with statistics, but statistics often become ends in themselves. One police captain we interviewed said that his department was preoccupied with "stacking widgets and counting beans." He asked his superior for permission to take officers out of radio cars and have them work on community problems. The superior agreed but warned that he would be watching to see what happened to "the stats." In the short run the stats—for example, calls answered, average response time—were likely to get worse, but if community problems were solved, they would get better as citizens had fewer incidents to report. The captain worried, however, that he would not be given enough time to achieve this and that the bean counters would cut off his program.

A better way to justify getting resources from the city is to stimulate popular demand for resources devoted to problem-solving. Properly handled, community-oriented policing does generate support for the department. When Newark police officers, under orders from Hubert Williams, then the police director, began stopping city buses and boarding them to enforce city ordinances against smoking, drinking, gambling, and playing loud music, the bus patrons often applauded. When Los Angeles police officers supervised the hauling away of abandoned cars, onlookers applauded. Later, when some of the officers had their time available for problem-solving work cut back, several hundred citizens attended a meeting to complain.

In Flint, Michigan, patrol officers were taken out of their cars and assigned to foot beats. Robert Trojanowicz,

a professor at Michigan State University, analyzed the results and found big increases in citizen satisfaction and officer morale, and even a significant drop in crime (an earlier foot-patrol project in Newark had produced equivalent reductions in fear but no reductions in crime). Citizen support was not confined to statements made to pollsters, however. Voters in referenda twice approved tax increases to maintain the foot-patrol system, the second time by a two-to-one margin. New Briarfield tenants unquestionably found satisfaction in the role the police played in getting temporary improvements made on their housing project and getting a commitment for its ultimate replacement. Indeed, when a department experiments with a community-oriented project in one precinct, people in other precincts usually want one too.



POLITICIANS, LIKE POLICE CHIEFS, HEAR THESE VIEWS and respond. But they hear other views as well. One widespread political mandate is to keep the tax rate down. Many police departments are already stretched thin by sharp reductions in spending that occurred in the lean years of the 1970s. Putting *one* additional patrol car on the streets around the clock can cost a quarter of a million dollars or more a year.

Change may seem easier when resources are abundant. Ben Ward could start Operation Pressure Point because he had at his disposal a large number of new officers who could be thrown into a crackdown on street-level drug dealing. Things look a bit different in Los Angeles, where no big increases in personnel are on the horizon. As a result, only eight officers are assigned to the problem-solving Community Mobilization Project in the Wilshire district—an economically and ethnically diverse area of nearly 300,000 residents.

But change does not necessarily require more resources, and the availability of new resources is no guarantee that change will be attempted. One temptation is to try to sell the public on the need for more policemen and decide later how to use them. Usually when that script is followed, either the public turns down the spending increase or the extra personnel are dumped into what one LAPD captain calls the "black hole" of existing commitments, leaving no trace and producing no effects.

What may have an effect is how the police are deployed and managed. An experiment jointly conducted by the Washington, D.C., Police Department and the Police Foundation showed that if a few experienced officers con-

concentrate on known repeat offenders, the number of serious offenders taken off the streets grows substantially. The Flint and Newark experiences suggest that foot patrols in certain kinds of communities (but not all) can reduce fear. In Houston problem-oriented tactics seem clearly to have heightened a sense of citizen security.

The problem of interagency cooperation may, in the long run, be the most difficult of all. The police can bring problems to the attention of other city agencies, but the system is not always organized to respond. In his book *Neighborhood Services*, John Mudd calls it the "rat problem": "If a rat is found in an apartment, it is a housing inspection responsibility; if it runs into a restaurant, the health department has jurisdiction; if it goes outside and dies in an alley, public works takes over." A police officer who takes public complaints about rats seriously will go crazy trying to figure out what agency in the city has responsibility for rat control and then inducing it to kill the rats.

Matters are almost as bad if the public is complaining about abandoned houses or school-age children who are not in school. The housing department may prefer to concentrate on enforcing the housing code rather than go through the costly and time-consuming process of getting an abandoned house torn down. The school department may have expelled the truant children for making life miserable for the teachers and the other students; the last thing it wants is for the police to tell the school to take the kids back.

All city and county agencies have their own priorities and face their own pressures. Forcing them to cooperate by knocking heads together at the top rarely works; what department heads promise the mayor they will do may bear little relationship to what their rank-and-file employees actually do. From his experiences in New York City government Mudd discovered that if you want agencies to cooperate in solving neighborhood problems, you have to get the neighborhood-level supervisors from each agency together in a "district cabinet" that meets regularly and addresses common concerns. This is not an easy task (for one thing, police district lines often do not match the district boundaries of the school, housing, traffic, and public-works departments), but where it has been tried it has made solving the "rat problem" a lot easier. For example, Mudd reports, such interagency issues as park safety and refuse-laden vacant lots got handled more effectively when the field supervisors met to talk about them than when memos went up the chain of command of one agency and then down the chain of command of another.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS ALONG THE LINES OF Neighborhood Watch programs may help reduce crime, but we cannot be certain. In particular, we do not know what kinds of communities are most likely to benefit from such programs. A Police Foundation study in Minneapolis found that getting effective community orga-

nizations started in the most troubled neighborhoods was very difficult. The costs and benefits of having patrol officers and sergeants influence the delivery of services from other city agencies has never been fully assessed. No way of wresting control of a neighborhood from a street gang has yet been proved effective.

And even if these questions are answered, a police department may still have difficulty accommodating two very different working cultures: the patrol officers and detectives who handle major crimes (murders, rapes, and robberies) and the cops who work on community problems and the seemingly minor incidents they generate. In every department we visited, some of the incident-oriented officers spoke disparagingly of the problem-oriented officers as "social workers," and some of the latter responded by calling the former "ghetto blasters." If a community-service officer seems to get too close to the community, he or she may be accused of "going native." The tension between the two cultures is heightened by the fact that in many departments becoming a detective is regarded as a major promotion, and detectives are often selected from among those officers who have the best record in making major arrests—in other words, from the ranks of the incident-oriented. But this pattern need not be permanent. Promotion tracks can be changed so that a patrol officer, especially one working on community problems, is no longer regarded as somebody who "hasn't made detective." Moreover, some police executives now believe that splitting the patrol force into two units—one oriented to incidents, the other to problems—is unwise. They are searching for ways to give all patrol officers the time and resources for problem-solving activities.

Because of the gaps in our knowledge about both the results and the difficulties of community-oriented policing, no chief should be urged to accept, uncritically, the community-oriented model. But the traditional model of police professionalism—devoting resources to quick radio-car response to calls about specific crime incidents—makes little sense at a time when the principal threats to public order and safety come from *collective*, not individual, sources, and from *problems*, not incidents: from well-organized gangs and drug traffickers, from uncared-for legions of the homeless, from boisterous teenagers taking advantage of their newfound freedom and affluence in congested urban settings.

Even if community-oriented policing does not produce the dramatic gains that some of its more ardent advocates expect, it has indisputably produced one that the officers who have been involved in it immediately acknowledge: it has changed their perceptions of the community. Officer Robin Kirk, of the Houston Police Department, had to be talked into becoming part of a neighborhood fear-reduction project. Once in it, he was converted. In his words, "Traditionally, police officers after about three years get to thinking that everybody's a loser. That's the only people you're dealing with. In community policing you're dealing with the good citizens, helping them solve problems." □

A Short Story



TWO KINDS

BY AMY TAN

MY MOTHER BELIEVED you could be anything you wanted to be in America. You could open a restaurant. You could work for the government and get good retirement. You could buy a house with almost no money down. You could become rich. You could become instantly famous.

"Of course, you can be prodigy, too," my mother told me when I was nine. "You can be best anything. What does Auntie Lindo know? Her daughter, she is only best tricky."

America was where all my mother's hopes lay. She had come to San Francisco in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. Things could get better in so many ways.

WE DIDN'T IMMEDIATELY PICK THE RIGHT KIND OF prodigy. At first my mother thought I could be a Chinese Shirley Temple. We'd watch Shirley's old movies on TV as though they were training films. My mother would poke my arm and say, "*Ni kan*. You watch." And I would see Shirley tapping her feet, or singing a sailor song, or pursing her lips into a very round O while saying "Oh, my goodness."

"*Ni kan*," my mother said, as Shirley's eyes flooded with tears. "You already know how. Don't need talent for crying!"

Soon after my mother got this idea about Shirley Temple, she took me to the beauty training school in the Mission District and put me in the hands of a student who could barely hold the scissors without shaking. Instead of getting big fat curls, I emerged with an uneven mass of crinkly black fuzz. My mother dragged me off to the bath-



room and tried to wet down my hair.

"You look like Negro Chinese," she lamented, as if I had done this on purpose.

The instructor of the beauty training school had to lop off these soggy clumps to make my hair even again. "Peter Pan is very popular these days," the instructor assured my mother. I now had hair the length of a boy's, with curly bangs that hung at a slant two inches above my eyebrows. I liked the haircut, and it made me actually look forward to my future fame.

In fact, in the beginning I was just as excited as my mother, maybe even more so. I pictured this prodigy part of me as many different

images, and I tried each one on for size. I was a dainty ballerina girl standing by the curtain, waiting to hear the music that would send me floating on my tiptoes. I was like the Christ child lifted out of the straw manger, crying with holy indignity. I was Cinderella stepping from her pumpkin carriage with sparkly cartoon music filling the air.

In all of my imaginings I was filled with a sense that I would soon become perfect. My mother and father would adore me. I would be beyond reproach. I would never feel the need to sulk, or to clamor for anything.

But sometimes the prodigy in me became impatient. "If you don't hurry up and get me out of here, I'm disappearing for good," it warned. "And then you'll always be nothing."

EVERY NIGHT AFTER DINNER MY MOTHER AND I WOULD sit at the Formica-topped kitchen table. She would present new tests, taking her examples from stories of amazing children that she had read in *Ripley's Believe It or Not* or *Good Housekeeping*, *Reader's Digest*, or any of a dozen other magazines she kept in a pile in our bathroom. My

mother got these magazines from people whose houses she cleaned. And since she cleaned many houses each week, we had a great assortment. She would look through them all, searching for stories about remarkable children.

The first night she brought out a story about a three-year-old boy who knew the capitals of all the states and even of most of the European countries. A teacher was quoted as saying that the little boy could also pronounce the names of the foreign cities correctly. "What's the capital of Finland?" my mother asked me, looking at the story.

All I knew was the capital of California, because Sacramento was the name of the street we lived on in Chinatown. "Nairobi!" I guessed, saying the most foreign word I could think of. She checked to see if that might be one way to pronounce *Helsinki* before showing me the answer.

The tests got harder—multiplying numbers in my head, finding the queen of hearts in a deck of cards, trying to stand on my head without using my hands, predicting the daily temperatures in Los Angeles, New York, and London. One night I had to look at a page from the Bible for three minutes and then report everything I could remember. "Now Jehoshaphat had riches and honor in abundance and . . . that's all I remember, Ma," I said.

And after seeing, once again, my mother's disappointed face, something inside me began to die. I hated the tests, the raised hopes and failed expectations. Before going to bed that night I looked in the mirror above the bathroom sink, and when I saw only my face staring back—and understood that it would always be this ordinary face—I began to cry. Such a sad, ugly girl! I made high-pitched noises like a crazed animal, trying to scratch out the face in the mirror.

And then I saw what seemed to be the prodigy side of me—a face I had never seen before. I looked at my reflection, blinking so that I could see more clearly. The girl staring back at me was angry, powerful. She and I were the same. I had new thoughts, willful thoughts—or, rather, thoughts filled with lots of won'ts. I won't let her change me, I promised myself. I won't be what I'm not.

So now when my mother presented her tests, I performed listlessly, my head propped on one arm. I pretended to be bored. And I was. I got so bored that I started counting the bellows of the foghorns out on the bay while my mother drilled me in other areas. The sound was comforting and reminded me of the cow jumping over the moon. And the next day I played a game with myself, seeing if my mother would give up on me before eight bellows. After a while I usually counted only one bellow, maybe two at most. At last she was beginning to give up hope.

TWO OR THREE MONTHS WENT BY WITHOUT ANY mention of my being a prodigy. And then one day my mother was watching the *Ed Sullivan Show* on TV. The TV was old and the sound kept shorting out. Every time my mother got halfway up from the sofa to adjust the set, the sound would come back on and Sullivan would

be talking. As soon as she sat down, Sullivan would go silent again. She got up—the TV broke into loud piano music. She sat down—silence. Up and down, back and forth, quiet and loud. It was like a stiff, embraceless dance between her and the TV set. Finally, she stood by the set with her hand on the sound dial.

She seemed entranced by the music, a frenzied little piano piece with a mesmerizing quality, which alternated between quick, playful passages and teasing, lilting ones.

"*Ni kan*," my mother said, calling me over with hurried hand gestures. "Look here."

I could see why my mother was fascinated by the music. It was being pounded out by a little Chinese girl, about nine years old, with a Peter Pan haircut. The girl had the sauciness of a Shirley Temple. She was proudly modest, like a proper Chinese child. And she also did a fancy sweep of a curtsy, so that the fluffy skirt of her white dress cascaded to the floor like the petals of a large carnation.

In spite of these warning signs, I wasn't worried. Our family had no piano and we couldn't afford to buy one, let alone reams of sheet music and piano lessons. So I could be generous in my comments when my mother badmouthed the little girl on TV.

"Play note right, but doesn't sound good!" my mother complained. "No singing sound."

"What are you picking on her for?" I said carelessly. "She's pretty good. Maybe she's not the best, but she's trying hard." I knew almost immediately that I would be sorry I had said that.

"Just like you," she said. "Not the best. Because you not trying." She gave a little huff as she let go of the sound dial and sat down on the sofa.

The little Chinese girl sat down also, to play an encore of "Anitra's Tanz," by Grieg. I remember the song, because later on I had to learn how to play it.

THREE DAYS AFTER WATCHING THE *ED SULLIVAN Show* my mother told me what my schedule would be for piano lessons and piano practice. She had talked to Mr. Chong, who lived on the first floor of our apartment building. Mr. Chong was a retired piano teacher, and my mother had traded housecleaning services for weekly lessons and a piano for me to practice on every day, two hours a day, from four until six.

When my mother told me this, I felt as though I had been sent to hell. I whined, and then kicked my foot a little when I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Why don't you like me the way I am?" I cried. "I'm *not* a genius! I can't play the piano. And even if I could, I wouldn't go on TV if you paid me a million dollars!"

My mother slapped me. "Who ask you to be genius?" she shouted. "Only ask you be your best. For you sake. You think I want you to be genius? Hnnh! What for! Who ask you!"

"So ungrateful," I heard her mutter in Chinese. "If she had as much talent as she has temper, she'd be famous now."

Mr. Chong, whom I secretly nicknamed Old Chong, was very strange, always tapping his fingers to the silent music of an invisible orchestra. He looked ancient in my eyes. He had lost most of the hair on the top of his head, and he wore thick glasses and had eyes that always looked tired. But he must have been younger than I thought, since he lived with his mother and was not yet married.

I met Old Lady Chong once, and that was enough. She had a peculiar smell, like a baby that had done something in its pants, and her fingers felt like a dead person's, like an old peach I once found in the back of the refrigerator; its skin just slid off the flesh when I picked it up.

I soon found out why Old Chong had retired from teaching piano. He was deaf. "Like Beethoven!" he shouted to me. "We're both listening only in our head!" And he would start to conduct his frantic silent sonatas.

Our lessons went like this. He would open the book and point to different things, explaining their purpose: "Key! Treble! Bass! No sharps or flats! So this is C major! Listen now and play after me!"

And then he would play the C scale a few times, a simple chord, and then, as if inspired by an old unreachable itch, he would gradually add more notes and running trills and a pounding bass until the music was really something quite grand.

I would play after him, the simple scale, the simple chord, and then just play some nonsense that sounded like a cat running up and down on top of garbage cans. Old Chong would smile and applaud and say, "Very good! But now you must learn to keep time!"

So that's how I discovered that Old Chong's eyes were too slow to keep up with the wrong notes I was playing. He went through the motions in half time. To help me keep rhythm, he stood behind me and pushed down on my right shoulder for every beat. He balanced pennies on top of my wrists so that I would keep them still as I slowly played scales and arpeggios. He had me curve my hand around an apple and keep that shape when playing chords. He marched stiffly to show me how to make each finger dance up and down, staccato, like an obedient little soldier.

He taught me all these things, and that was how I also learned I could be lazy and get away with mistakes, lots of mistakes. If I hit the wrong notes because I hadn't practiced enough, I never corrected myself. I just kept playing in rhythm. And Old Chong kept conducting his own private reverie.

So maybe I never really gave myself a fair chance. I did pick up the basics pretty quickly, and I might have become a good pianist at that young age. But I was so determined not to try, not to be anybody different, that I learned to play only the most ear-splitting preludes, the most discordant hymns.

Over the next year I practiced like this, dutifully in my own way. And then one day I heard my mother and her friend Lindo Jong both talking in a loud, bragging tone of voice so that others could hear. It was after church, and I

was leaning against a brick wall, wearing a dress with stiff white petticoats. Auntie Lindo's daughter, Waverly, who was my age, was standing farther down the wall, about five feet away. We had grown up together and shared all the closeness of two sisters, squabbling over crayons and dolls. In other words, for the most part, we hated each other. I thought she was snotty. Waverly Jong had gained a certain amount of fame as "Chinatown's Littlest Chinese Chess Champion."

"She bring home too many trophy," Auntie Lindo lamented that Sunday. "All day she play chess. All day I have no time do nothing but dust off her winnings." She threw a scolding look at Waverly, who pretended not to see her.

"You lucky you don't have this problem," Auntie Lindo said with a sigh to my mother.

And my mother squared her shoulders and bragged: "Our problem worser than yours. If we ask Jing-mei wash dish, she hear nothing but music. It's like you can't stop this natural talent."

And right then I was determined to put a stop to her foolish pride.

A FEW WEEKS LATER OLD CHONG AND MY MOTHER conspired to have me play in a talent show that was to be held in the church hall. By then my parents had saved up enough to buy me a secondhand piano, a black Wurlitzer spinet with a scarred bench. It was the showpiece of our living room.

For the talent show I was to play a piece called "Pleading Child," from Schumann's *Scenes From Childhood*. It was a simple, moody piece that sounded more difficult than it was. I was supposed to memorize the whole thing. But I dawdled over it, playing a few bars and then cheating, looking up to see what notes followed. I never really listened to what I was playing. I daydreamed about being somewhere else, about being someone else.

The part I liked to practice best was the fancy curtsy: right foot out, touch the rose on the carpet with a pointed foot, sweep to the side, bend left leg, look up, and smile.

My parents invited all the couples from their social club to witness my debut. Auntie Lindo and Uncle Tin were there. Waverly and her two older brothers had also come. The first two rows were filled with children either younger or older than I was. The littlest ones got to go first. They recited simple nursery rhymes, squawked out tunes on miniature violins, and twirled hula hoops in pink ballet tutus, and when they bowed or curtsied, the audience would sigh in unison, "Awww," and then clap enthusiastically.

When my turn came, I was very confident. I remember my childish excitement. It was as if I knew, without a doubt, that the prodigy side of me really did exist. I had no fear whatsoever, no nervousness. I remember thinking, This is it! This is it! I looked out over the audience, at my mother's blank face, my father's yawn, Auntie Lindo's stiff-lipped smile, Waverly's sulky expression. I had on a

white dress, layered with sheets of lace, and a pink bow in my Peter Pan haircut. As I sat down, I envisioned people jumping to their feet and Ed Sullivan rushing up to introduce me to everyone on TV.

And I started to play. Everything was so beautiful. I was so caught up in how lovely I looked that I wasn't worried about how I would sound. So I was surprised when I hit the first wrong note. And then I hit another, and another. A chill started at the top of my head and began to trickle down. Yet I couldn't stop playing, as though my hands were bewitched. I kept thinking my fingers would adjust themselves back, like a train switching to the right track. I played this strange jumble through to the end, the sour notes staying with me all the way.

When I stood up, I discovered my legs were shaking. Maybe I had just been nervous, and the audience, like Old Chong, had seen me go through the right motions and had not heard anything wrong at all. I swept my right foot out, went down on my knee, looked up, and smiled. The room was quiet, except for Old Chong, who was beaming and shouting, "Bravo! Bravo! Well done!" But then I saw my mother's face, her stricken face. The audience clapped weakly, and as I walked back to my chair, with my whole face quivering as I tried not to cry, I heard a little boy whisper loudly to his mother, "That was awful," and the mother whispered back, "Well, she certainly tried."

And now I realized how many people were in the audience—the whole world, it seemed. I was aware of eyes burning into my back. I felt the shame of my mother and father as they sat stiffly through the rest of the show.

We could have escaped during intermission. Pride and some strange sense of honor must have anchored my parents to their chairs. And so we watched it all: The eighteen-year-old boy with a fake moustache who did a magic show and juggled flaming hoops while riding a unicycle. The breasted girl with white makeup who sang an aria from *Madame Butterfly* and got an honorable mention. And the eleven-year-old boy who won first prize playing a tricky violin song that sounded like a busy bee.

After the show the Hsus, the Jongs, and the St. Clairs, from the Joy Luck Club, came up to my mother and father.

"Lots of talented kids," Auntie Lindo said vaguely, smiling broadly.

"That was somethin' else," my father said, and I won-

dered if he was referring to me in a humorous way, or whether he even remembered what I had done.

Waverly looked at me and shrugged her shoulders. "You aren't a genius like me," she said matter-of-factly. And if I hadn't felt so bad, I would have pulled her braids and punched her stomach.

But my mother's expression was what devastated me: a quiet, blank look that said she had lost everything. I felt the same way, and everybody seemed now to be coming up, like gawkers at the scene of an accident, to see what parts were actually missing.



When we got on the bus to go home, my father was humming the busy-bee tune and my mother was silent. I kept thinking she wanted to wait until we got home before shouting at me. But when my father unlocked the door to our apartment, my mother walked in and went straight to the back, into the bedroom. No accusations. No blame. And in a way, I felt disappointed. I had been waiting for her to start shouting, so that I could shout back and cry and blame her for all my misery.

I HAD ASSUMED THAT MY talent-show fiasco meant that I would never have to play the piano again. But

two days later, after school, my mother came out of the kitchen and saw me watching TV.

"Four clock," she reminded me, as if it were any other day. I was stunned, as though she were asking me to go through the talent-show torture again. I planted myself more squarely in front of the TV.

"Turn off TV," she called from the kitchen five minutes later.

I didn't budge. And then I decided. I didn't have to do what my mother said anymore. I wasn't her slave. This wasn't China. I had listened to her before, and look what happened. She was the stupid one.

She came out from the kitchen and stood in the arched entryway of the living room. "Four clock," she said once again, louder.

"I'm not going to play anymore," I said nonchalantly. "Why should I? I'm not a genius."

She stood in front of the TV. I saw that her chest was heaving up and down in an angry way.

"No!" I said, and I now felt stronger, as if my true self had finally emerged. So this was what had been inside me all along.

"No! I won't!" I screamed.

She snapped off the TV, yanked me by the arm and pulled me off the floor. She was frighteningly strong, half pulling, half carrying me toward the piano as I kicked the throw rugs under my feet. She lifted me up and onto the hard bench. I was sobbing by now, looking at her bitterly. Her chest was heaving even more and her mouth was open, smiling crazily as if she were pleased that I was crying.

"You want me to be someone that I'm not!" I sobbed. "I'll never be the kind of daughter you want me to be!"

"Only two kinds of daughters," she shouted in Chinese. "Those who are obedient and those who follow their own mind! Only one kind of daughter can live in this house. Obedient daughter!"

"Then I wish I weren't your daughter. I wish you weren't my mother," I shouted. As I said these things I got scared. It felt like worms and toads and slimy things crawling out of my chest, but it also felt good, that this awful side of me had surfaced, at last.

"Too late change this," my mother said shrilly.

And I could sense her anger rising to its breaking point. I wanted to see it spill over. And that's when I remembered the babies she had lost in China, the ones we never talked about. "Then I wish I'd never been born!" I shouted. "I wish I were dead! Like them."

It was as if I had said magic words. Alakazam!—her face went blank, her mouth closed, her arms went slack, and she backed out of the room, stunned, as if she were blowing away like a small brown leaf, thin, brittle, lifeless.

IT WAS NOT THE ONLY DISAPPOINTMENT MY MOTHER felt in me. In the years that followed, I failed her many times, each time asserting my will, my right to fall short of expectations. I didn't get straight As. I didn't become class president. I didn't get into Stanford. I dropped out of college.

Unlike my mother, I did not believe I could be anything I wanted to be. I could only be me.

And for all those years we never talked about the disaster at the recital or my terrible declarations afterward at the piano bench. Neither of us talked about it again, as if it were a betrayal that was now unspeakable. So I never found a way to ask her why she had hoped for something so large that failure was inevitable.

And even worse, I never asked her about what frightened me the most: Why had she given up hope? For after our struggle at the piano, she never mentioned my playing again. The lessons stopped. The lid to the piano was closed, shutting out the dust, my misery, and her dreams.

So she surprised me. A few years ago she offered to give

me the piano, for my thirtieth birthday. I had not played in all those years. I saw the offer as a sign of forgiveness, a tremendous burden removed.

"Are you sure?" I asked shyly. "I mean, won't you and Dad miss it?"

"No, this your piano," she said firmly. "Always your piano. You only one can play."

"Well, I probably can't play anymore," I said. "It's been years."

"You pick up fast," my mother said, as if she knew this was certain. "You have natural talent. You could be genius if you want to."

"No, I couldn't."

"You just not trying," my mother said. And she was neither angry nor sad. She said it as if announcing a fact that could never be disproved. "Take it," she said.

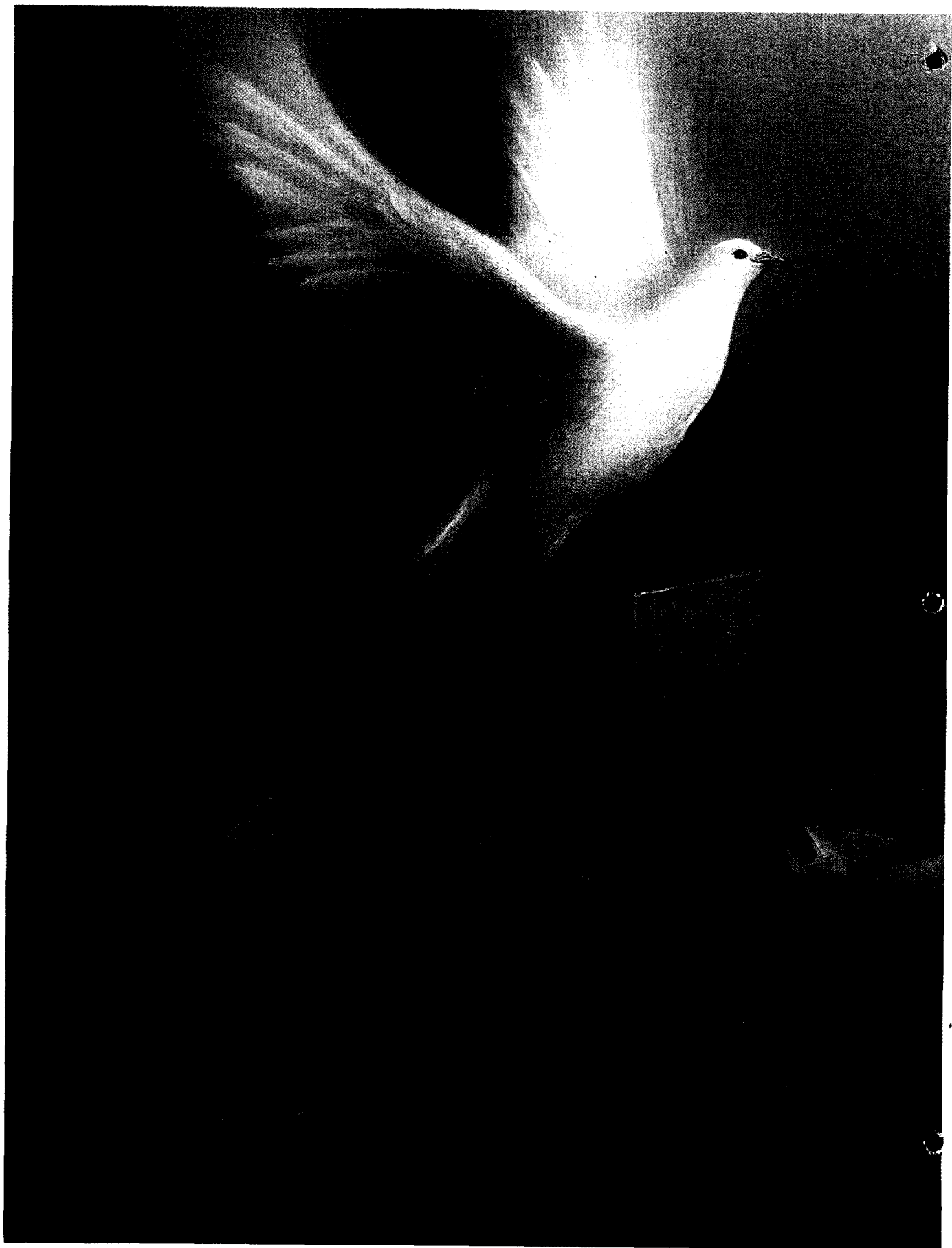
But I didn't, at first. It was enough that she had offered it to me. And after that, every time I saw it in my parents' living room, standing in front of the bay window, it made me feel proud, as if it were a shiny trophy that I had won back.

LAST WEEK I SENT A TUNER OVER TO MY PARENTS' apartment and had the piano reconditioned, for purely sentimental reasons. My mother had died a few months before, and I had been getting things in order for my father, a little bit at a time. I put the jewelry in special silk pouches. The sweaters she had knitted in yellow, pink, bright orange—all the colors I hated—I put in moth-proof boxes. I found some old Chinese silk dresses, the kind with little slits up the sides. I rubbed the old silk against my skin, and then wrapped them in tissue and decided to take them home with me.

After I had the piano tuned, I opened the lid and touched the keys. It sounded even richer than I remembered. Really, it was a very good piano. Inside the bench were the same exercise notes with handwritten scales, the same secondhand music books with their covers held together with yellow tape.

I opened up the Schumann book to the dark little piece I had played at the recital. It was on the left-hand page, "Pleading Child." It looked more difficult than I remembered. I played a few bars, surprised at how easily the notes came back to me.

And for the first time, or so it seemed, I noticed the piece on the right-hand side. It was called "Perfectly Contented." I tried to play this one as well. It had a lighter melody but with the same flowing rhythm and turned out to be quite easy. "Pleading Child" was shorter but slower; "Perfectly Contented" was longer but faster. And after I had played them both a few times, I realized they were two halves of the same song. □



Interviews with well over a hundred senators, congressmen, former high government officials, and leading opinion-makers in security policy suggest that George Bush should move early in his term to complete a strategic-arms-reduction treaty with the Soviet Union

REAGAN'S GIFT

BY JACK BEATTY

RONALD REAGAN HAS LEFT GEORGE BUSH A GIFT, THE kind of inheritance that a new President dreams of but rarely gets. Reagan's gift to Bush is the chance to make history, to crown his first term with success, perhaps even to win the Nobel Peace Prize. After a campaign for the White House built around a ferociously negative philippic against Michael Dukakis, Bush needs to cut the figure of a statesman. He needs to make a fresh start. In a coincidence that no relisher of bad puns could pass by, Reagan's gift just happens to be known by the acronym START, which refers to the strategic-arms-reduction treaty that the United States and the Soviet Union have been working on at Geneva for the past few years.

START would halve the number of strategic-range nuclear weapons—the type targeted on Minsk and Minneapolis—in the arsenals of both superpowers. That prospect is one reason why the public, according to the most sophisticated recent poll on the subject, overwhelmingly approves of the broad formula of START, 55 percent being “strongly” in favor of it and 27 percent “somewhat” in favor, which comes to a politically intimidating 82 percent. To be sure, public support even of this order does not guarantee that START will be ratified by the Senate, two thirds of whose members must vote for the treaty in order for it to become law.

That is why I and my colleagues in The Annapolis Group, a bipartisan organization of policy and political professionals interested in security policy, have sought out a more precise form of intelligence to guide the new administration. Over the past year we have interviewed more than 125 members of the national-security-policy community. They include twenty senators who are bellwethers on treaty ratification, and thirteen members of the House of Representatives who are influential in shaping the relevant debate. In addition, we have talked to former high government officials, academic experts, leading active and retired general officers, and others whose views might sway votes in the Senate. In short, with tape recording and pencil we have explored the political geography of arms control. What we found was Reagan's gift. “There is keen interest in arms control,” says Henry Hyde, a Republican congressman from Illinois, voicing a widespread sentiment. “The new President will have to step in where President Reagan has been.” John McCain, the Republi-

can senator from Arizona, put the same thought this way: Bush “will inherit some very high expectations for progress on arms-control issues.” As these quotations suggest, with his success on the intermediate-nuclear-forces (INF) treaty, Reagan imparted a political momentum to progress on nuclear-arms reduction that, if Bush moves to exploit it, could yield a high-profile political victory early in his term, perhaps by the end of the year.

IF THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN INCAUTIOUS CLAIM TO MAKE for an enterprise as spiny with difficulty as completing a major arms treaty with the Soviets and steering it round the wrecks and reefs of the Senate, then compare START with a few of its competitors for primacy of place on the new President's agenda.

President Bush will be under pressure in 1989 to match what President Reagan did in 1981 and come up with a big political victory, but there just don't seem to be any candidates for that role this year in domestic policy. There is, in short, no “economic Dunkirk” on the visible horizon from which dramatic legislation painless to politically articulate classes, like the tax and budget cuts of 1981, can save us. As for the environment, education, health care, drugs, they are all worthy but long-term issues.

In foreign affairs START's competitors for the top of the agenda fall into a narrow band of possibility between the merely imponderable and the unquestionably disastrous. Events might thrust crises before President Bush from which he could try to extract a “win.” But this Micawberesque vision of foreign policy—something might turn up—is a formula for drift, not mastery. Moreover, the something that might turn up, whether in the Middle East, Eastern Europe, or Central America, is more likely to cost political capital than to provide an occasion to gain it.

This glance at the other contenders, brief and tendentious as it is, suggests that START, looked at strictly from a political point of view, is in a class by itself. Finishing START won't be easy. Complicated policy issues are at stake, issues directly affecting not only the security but also the survival of the republic. After much hard work on them, however, our negotiators at Geneva have reached the “end game” of their negotiations—when a deal is in

sight but when, also, the toughest questions remain to be tackled.

Overshadowing these negotiations are the domestic politics of treaty ratification. These are themselves so complicated and exigent that the administration must always have one eye on them. Indeed, it must frame its proposals to the Soviets with a criterion of dual negotiability in mind: How will this play with the Soviets, and how will it play in the Senate? Peoria it can take for granted. For ease of exposition we will discuss the Soviet negotiation first. But what we are separating in analysis, the policy from the politics, will be continually interacting in reality.

Trust, But Verify

AT REYKJAVIK, PRESIDENT REAGAN AND GENERAL Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev reached a momentous agreement in principle to cut by about half the superpowers' arsenals of weapons with a range of 5,500 or more kilometers—that is, strategic weapons. The Soviet total would be shaved from approximately 11,000 warheads to 6,000, and the U.S. total from approximately 13,000 to 6,000 as well. In addition, the two leaders agreed to cut the number of launchers—the bombers, submarine-launched missiles, and land-based missiles that carry nuclear warheads—from some 2,500 on the Soviet side and 2,000 on the American to 1,600 on each side. How 6,000 warheads can be divided up among 1,600 launchers is what the subsequent negotiations have been all about. Under a later agreement struck by Paul Nitze, the senior adviser to the President and the Secretary of State on arms control, and his Soviet counterpart, each side's 6,000 warheads will include 4,900 ballistic-missile warheads—those to be fired into the atmosphere by either land- or submarine-based systems—and 1,100 warheads to be carried by strategic bomber aircraft.

At Geneva, at the close of the Reagan Administration, the chief remaining disputes were over three issues: land-based mobile missiles; sea-launched cruise missiles; and the relation, if any, between the reductions in offensive forces agreed to at Reykjavik and the status of the strategic-defense initiative (SDI), President Reagan's problematic plan to protect the United States and its allies with a space-based defensive shield that could shoot down incoming Soviet missiles.

The dispute over mobile missiles is the least serious of the three. Whereas the Soviets have deployed roughly a hundred SS-25 mobile missiles carrying one warhead apiece and ten SS-24 missiles with ten warheads apiece, the United States has no land-based mobile missiles. Its official negotiating position is that such missiles should be banned, because their mobility makes their numbers worrisomely hard to verify. This position, however, is widely thought to be a two-pronged ploy, aimed both at the Soviets, from whom Washington hopes to extract a good verification agreement, and at Congress, which has dithered over "mobiles" for years. Democrats mostly favor a coun-

terpart to the SS-25 called Midgetman, which is to be based on a "hardened" launch vehicle; Republicans want a counterpart to the SS-24, the MX, which is to be based on "rail garrisons" in the remote West. Unable to choose between the two, and knowing that there will be money for the full-scale deployment of only one, Congress last year passed the buck to the new President. He has until February 15 to choose between the Midgetman and the MX or pick some combination of the two. (Interestingly, the consensus of the general officers we interviewed was that he should choose Midgetman.)

Alternatively, he could decide against both. The case against mobiles—and almost no one The Annapolis Group talked to was strongly against them on strategic grounds—hinges on their relative exorbitance at a time when the Pentagon will be trying to fit the \$400 billion in spending that it was counting on two years ago into a \$300 billion annual budget. Paul Warnke, President Jimmy Carter's chief arms-control negotiator, put the matter this way: "If in fact you're going to get a fifty-percent cut in the Soviet counterforce-capable weapons [the SS-18s, the multi-warhead heavy missiles that make our land-based missiles vulnerable], then the question is, Is Midgetman worth the cost? Now, that's not an arms-control problem; it's a budget problem. There's nothing wrong with Midgetman. Mort Halperin wrote an article some years ago in which he classified programs as the good, the bad, and the wasteful. Something like the B-1 is not bad, but as a taxpayer I resent it."

The reason the Soviets have mobiles and we do not, Warnke explained, has to do with the different land and character of the two countries. "Just because of geography, mobile missiles are a better bet for them than for us. We'd find a hell of a lot of difficulty having a genuinely road-mobile system."

Interviewer: "I can see it going through Manhattan now."

Warnke: "That's right. Nobody is going to give it a party when it comes to town."

As a result, Warnke said, "we could probably deploy mobiles only on military bases, where they'd be inherently more vulnerable, while the Soviets have lots more room for mobiles to roam. And you're not going to have peace groups demonstrating against them, either." In any case, Warnke said, we already have mobile missiles, only they are based at sea, on submarines, not on land. "Submarines are not as good an option for the Soviets as they are for us," he said, "because they just don't have the ready access to the open sea that we do. So it doesn't bother me that they are going to mobile missiles."

Robert McNamara, the former Secretary of Defense, believes that spending the money for a land-mobile system—cost estimates run as high as \$36 billion—could be avoided by getting the right terms from the Soviets on START. He advised the next President to give the Soviets two propositions: "Either we're going to reduce the ratio of your accurate missiles to our vulnerable missile silos or

we're going to change the vulnerability of our missiles." In other words, if the Soviets do not agree to a missile-to-silo ratio such that a successful first-strike attack would be utterly inconceivable, then we will begin to change the nature of our land force—which is currently made up of 950 Minuteman missiles and 50 MX missiles—away from the fixed positioning that prevails today and toward mobility. Such a force would be inherently less vulnerable to a first-strike attack because it would be harder to target.

Vulnerability haunts the advocates of Midgetman. A nuclear Pearl Harbor troubles their sleep. They are afraid that in a crisis the Soviets would be powerfully tempted to launch a pre-emptive strike against our bombers and our fixed land-based missiles. What about our submarines? Wouldn't they deter the Soviets from such apocalyptic rashness? "The good thing about a small mobile ICBM [the Midgetman] together with submarines," said R. James Woolsey, who was undersecretary of the Navy under President Carter and is, with Lieutenant General (Ret.) Brent Scowcroft, President Bush's National Security Adviser, one of the leading proponents of Midgetman, "is that it's belts and suspenders in a way. The Soviets would have to do two completely different kinds of things in order to pursue them or engage them." Thirty-six billion dollars may seem a stiff price to pay for suspenders, especially if you're already wearing a belt, but it is still billions less than the price of SDI, which almost everybody except Ronald Reagan now believes can, at least in the short term, work only as a kind of suspenders—an adjunct to deterrence based on the threat of retaliation, not a replacement for it.

Woolsey said, taking the long view, "If you look at offensive limitations since 1969, when all this got started, and ask, Have we been able to accomplish our main objective? Have we accomplished, through arms control, or are we about to accomplish, through the START agreement [with the ban on mobiles in place], the massive objective of preserving the survivability of fixed ICBMs? You've got to say, Absolutely not; it's been a complete failure." Going mobile, he said, would re-

With his success on the INF treaty, Reagan imparted a political momentum to progress on nuclear-arms reduction that, if Bush moves to exploit it, could yield a high-profile political victory.

deem the failure of this aspect of arms control, securing deterrence in an age of highly accurate missiles.

Woolsey disagrees with the Warnke argument that mobiles would themselves be vulnerable because they would be based on known Western military reservations. In order to target the mobiles successfully, he said, "it would take the entire throw weight of the Soviet ballistic-missile force.

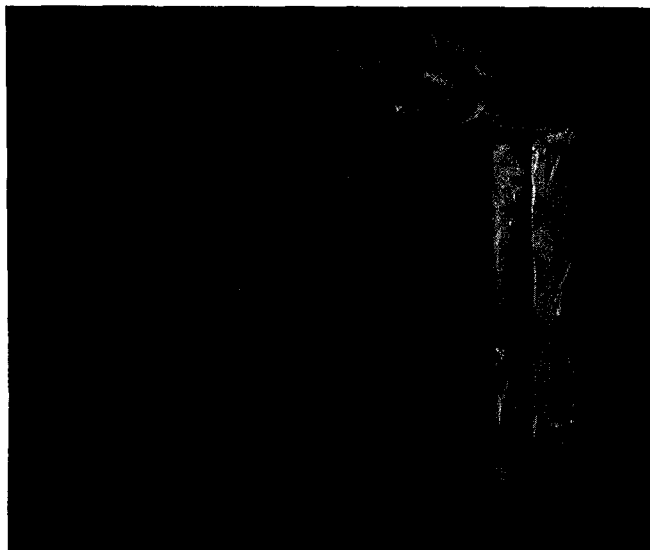
Once you're charging that high a price, that method of attack looks silly." So relax, Nevada.

Strategically, the Woolsey program—he'd like 3,600 ballistic-missile warheads to be allotted to our submarines and the remaining 1,300 that START allows to be split up among 200 to 700 Midgetmen and 50 to 100 MX missiles—would not be necessary if, in the climactic START negotiations, the Soviets went along with McNamara's first proposition. Politically, however, our interviews suggest that a START treaty would have a stronger chance of being ratified by the Senate if it allowed the United States to go mobile. It irresistibly reinforces a senator's convictions to be able to support "peace" (START) and "strength" (mobile missiles) at one and the same time.

PRESS ACCOUNTS GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT SDI IS the main impediment to START, but in fact it is sea-launched cruise missiles, or SLCMs, that have become the eleventh-hour "treaty-blocker, if not treaty buster," according to Strobe Talbott, who has written a report on the Geneva negotiations for *Foreign Affairs*.

The cruise missile is a flat-trajectory weapon on the model of the German V-1 flying drone. It comes in two demeanors—conventional and nuclear—and, as we will see, that ambiguity is a bedeviling one. The Navy won't say how many SLCMs, nuclear or conventional, it has at sea now, but it plans on a total of nearly 4,000 of these missiles, pending the results of the START talks.

At Geneva the Soviets proposed that each side be allowed 400 nuclear and 600 non-nuclear SLCMs. The United States has rejected the Soviet proposal. But the debate is not really over numbers. It is over verification.



Even up close experts can't tell the difference between the two kinds of SLCMs. Faced with an analogous problem in the INF negotiations—what to do about land-based conventionally armed cruise missiles—the two sides recognized the difficulty of verifying a treaty that kept conventional cruise missiles but banned nuclear ones, and agreed to abolish all land-based cruise missiles. The Navy would regard the abolition of SLCMs with horror. Surface-ship warfare has come to depend on cruise missiles, and the Navy does not want to go backward, especially since SLCMs are used today by the navies of countries that would not be signatories to START.

Privately, some Navy people say that they could accept a ban on nuclear-armed SLCMs; their presence has caused the Navy no end of diplomatic trouble in nuclearphobic countries such as New Zealand, the Philippines, and Japan. Yet when Paul Nitze floated the notion of just such a partial ban early last year, Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci and the Joint Chiefs of Staff vetoed the idea on the grounds that the United States needed nuclear-armed SLCMs to buttress deterrence in Europe, especially now that the INF treaty has officially eliminated midrange U.S. missiles from the Continent.

An argument for banning, or strictly limiting, nuclear-armed SLCMs under START which should commend itself to the Bush Administration is this: allowing them would make a mockery of Reagan's vision of SDI. The Soviets, according to a recent article in the U.S. Naval Institute's *Proceedings*, have deployed three classes of submarines equipped with new SS-NX-21 and SS-NX-24 nuclear-tipped cruise missiles. "The SSNX-21's cruise speed and its low altitude capability," said *Proceedings*, "make it practically invulnerable to current anti-missile defense"—or, we might add, to anything envisioned by SDI, which is to be a shield against ballistic, not cruise, missiles. If nuclear-armed SLCMs are not banned or heavily limited by START, and if we move ahead with SDI, then there will be nothing to stop the Soviets from shifting their nuclear assets to SS NX-21s and -24s, leaving us in multi-billion-dollar chagrin, having spent a fortune on a defense that was outmoded at birth.

Any partial ban will be extremely difficult to implement. Indeed, some of the experts we talked to think the conundrum of telling one kind of SLCM from another so serious that the two sides should leave them out of START and hope to make progress on them in the future, when a breakthrough in verification technology might have radically changed the picture. Others think you can't have a meaningful strategic-arms-reduction treaty that leaves this form of weapon unregulated. They argue that the gains in stability brought about by START could be undermined by a rapid proliferation of SLCMs. To exchange a cut in verifiable land-based missiles for an increase in *unverifiable* SLCMs seems to them a doubtful bargain.

They pin their hopes, instead, on verification schemes of fatiguing ingenuity aimed at preventing conventionally armed SLCMs from being converted into their more lethal

twins. If the verification agreed to under INF was "intrusive," calling for Soviet inspectors to take up residence outside the Utah factory that makes cruise missiles, the SLCM schemes would take "intimate" verification, with Soviet inspectors monitoring production inside U.S. defense plants and being frequent visitors on U.S. warships. The price of Reagan's gift, it appears, could be greater transparency, greater openness, between two rivals inured to secrecy. Trust, but verify, Reagan's dictum, requires no less.

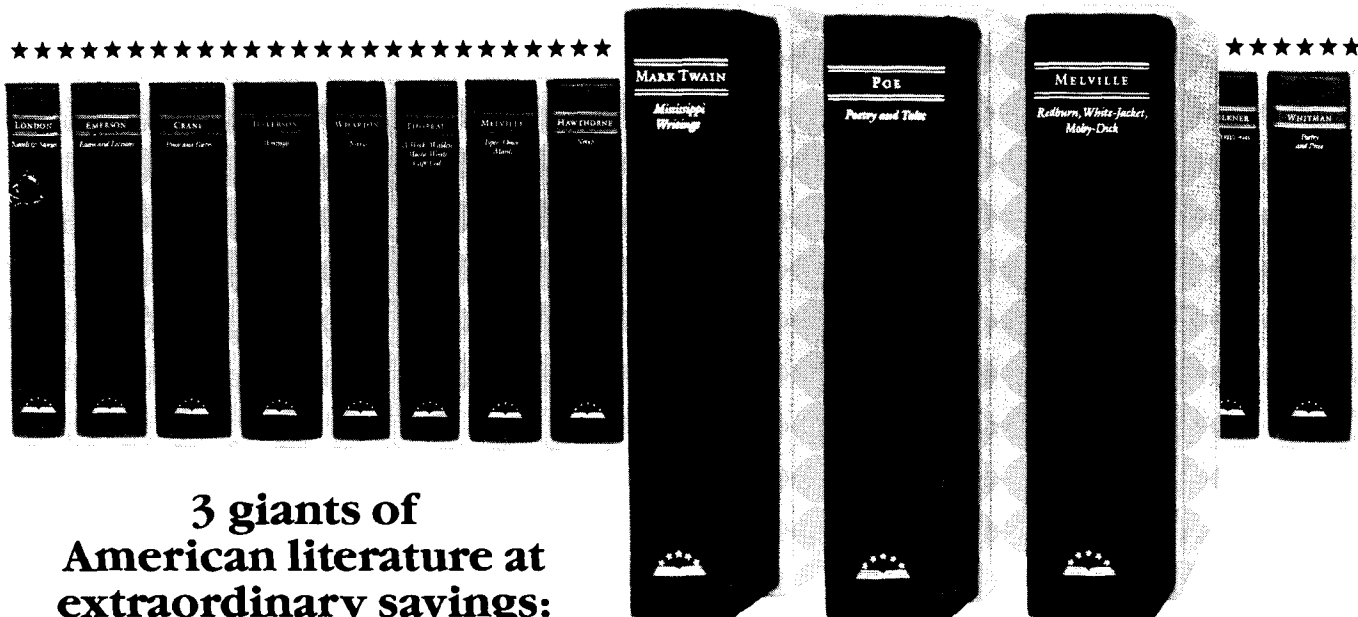
BECAUSE THEY EXIST, SLCMS ARE A HARD ISSUE OF substance. Because it does not exist and because senators have staked out positions on the shape it would take if it did, SDI is an equally hard issue of symbolism. Since the START talks resumed, in 1985, the Soviets, according to one expert, "have been backing up toward the American position on SDI at sixty miles an hour." President Bush's challenge will be to give the impression that they have backed all the way.

They don't have far to go. The United States, they say, can't have a START treaty unless it agrees to abide by the 1972 anti-ballistic-missile treaty for ten years; the United States, which currently specifies no time period, has in the past proposed seven years. A compromise looks eminently attainable.

The thorny part has to do with what the ABM treaty interpreted to mean. The Soviets say that they want to adhere to a "strict" interpretation of the treaty, which would limit the testing of mechanisms capable of destroying a missile in flight. The Reagan Administration adopted a "broad" interpretation, under which such testing would be allowed. However, because the Democratic Senate favors the strict interpretation, the Reagan Administration seemed prepared to live with face-saving ambiguity.

Several sources reminded us that the germ of a compromise on testing was introduced by Ronald Reagan, of all people, in his second presidential campaign debate in 1984 with Walter Mondale. Asked if he was serious about sharing the research and technology of SDI with the Soviets, he replied, "Why not? What if we did? . . . Why not do what I have offered to do and asked the Soviet Union to do? Say, 'Look, here's what we can do. We'll even give it to you. Now, will you sit down with us and once and for all get rid . . . of these nuclear weapons, and free mankind from that threat?'"

The President's suggestion was widely derided at the time as an old man's chimera, but a spectrum of experts we interviewed thought that he was really on to something. If the United States agrees to exchange testing plans with the Soviets, if we embark with them on a mutual monitoring regime to realize Reagan's goal of open laboratories, and if we agree not to test space-based missile-killing devices for the period specified by the ABM treaty, as it is understood by both parties to it, then a compromise on



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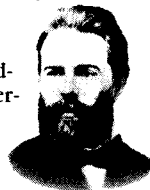


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SDI can be had, one that would not hinder robust research on, and even testing of, SDI.

In a speech before the Philadelphia World Affairs Council in 1985, Paul Nitze laid down two criteria to help us judge the feasibility of technologies promising a breakthrough on strategic defense. First, the technologies "must produce defensive systems that are survivable; if not, then the defenses would themselves be tempting targets for a first strike." Second, the "new defensive systems must be cost-effective at the margin"—that is, they must be cheaper to deploy than would be the Soviet offensive missiles needed to overcome them.

The Nitze criteria constitute a lion in the path of Reagan's hope to render nuclear weapons "impotent and obsolete" by replacing deterrence with defense. The debate over SDI has moved away from Reagan's sweeping vision, but the terms of the debate are still his. Reagan's legacy to George Bush is not so much a specific program as it is the *idea* of defense. By cutting the Soviet offense in half, START would allow Bush to preserve that idea until, sometime in the future, it must keep its rendezvous with the Nitze criteria.

"Time Is Not a Free Good"

THE ABIDING POLITICS OF TREATY RATIFICATION IS center-right, because it takes the votes of at least sixty-seven senators to make a treaty into law. That should be good news for George Bush, as it would have been bad news for Michael Dukakis. The field Bush will be playing on, according to Daniel Evans, the just-retired Republican senator from Washington, may be divided into four parts. "If you could rate the Senate as it sits today," he told us, "you would have four types: the arms-control enthusiasts, the realists, the skeptics, and the blind opponents. You'll never get the opponents, but they're a small handful. The enthusiasts will be there for anything. They're larger than the opponents in terms of numbers, but it's the two center groups that are going

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achievement.**

ate credibility with the right wing that he might." That wing may not be decisive in the Senate, but it is overrepresented in the opinion industry, where it is exceedingly voluble, and, under the banner of maximalist verification, it will raise a rearguard din against START.

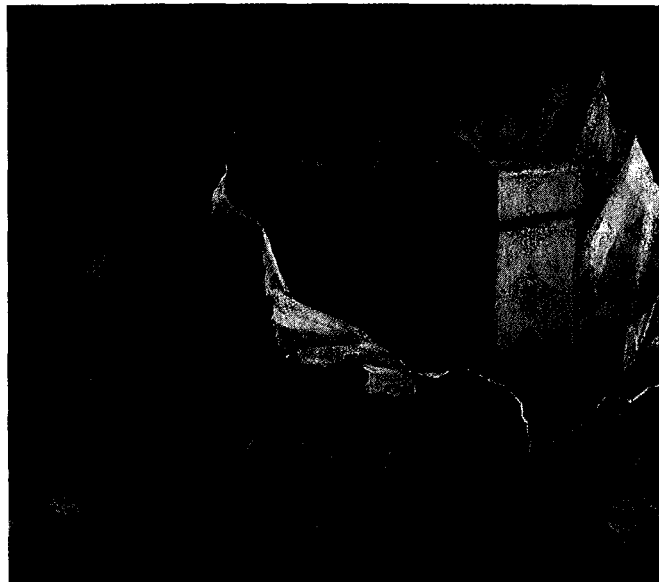
A senior Democratic staffer described the dilemma this din will create for Bush: "My own sense of it is that Bush will quickly realize he's in a box, because if he yields on either SLCM verification or SDI, he will be denounced by the conservative wing of his party, and they're going to be very nervous and vigilant—in the first few years, anyway. He's going to want to see his legislative agenda pretty far down the road before he risks alienating his conservative wing on such a fundamental point. And I think he's going to see no way out of that box, except to go slow."

This staffer predicts that Bush will disguise his politically motivated need to go slow on START by emphasizing conventional-arms control more than strategic reductions. "But that," he added, "can buy you only so much time, because conventional-arms control is going to take about thirty years to be realized." He thinks that Bush won't be able to make the "fundamental decision" about whether to compromise on SDI/ABM until the third year of his term.

That is the rationale for delaying START.

WHAT IS THE CASE for pushing ahead? It begins with the Soviet threat. Every day we stall on START, the threat is unconstrained. The unratified SALT II treaty having lapsed, the Soviets are not bound by treaty from increasing the number or improving the quality of their strategic offensive forces.

Second, there is Mikhail Gorbachev's political posi-



tion to consider. Yes, we should sign arms treaties only if they strengthen our security or serve our larger interests. But President Reagan gave a benediction to *perestroika*, Gorbachev's program of reform, as being in our interest, and George Bush has never really attempted to annul that benediction. If Gorbachev should lose his footing because of a politically motivated delay on START, and if a hard-line opponent of *perestroika* (a key component of which is arms reductions between the superpowers) should take his place, how will U.S. interests be served? Gorbachev, according to Robert Gates, the deputy director of the CIA, needs to "show success on the American account." He needs START.

Then there is Ronald Reagan's nimbus. It will be there in Bush's first year, casting a bright, warm, reassuring glow. But by his second year it will have begun to fade. By then START might seem much more like what one source called "an orphan treaty," its true parent cutting brush in Santa Barbara while its foster-parent neglects or ignores it.

Fourth, there are the Democrats. They control both houses of Congress, and President Bush can either try to govern with them or make his tenure a political Calvary by trying to govern against them. By pursuing a START agreement early in his administration, he can forge a bipartisan coalition on arms control and defense policy generally. The longer Bush delays with the bipartisan emphasis of START, the longer the normal attrition of party politics will have to erode the support that START currently enjoys among Democrats in the Senate. Angry over judicial appointments, budget cuts, Central America policy, or the price of Reagan's gift—ICBM modernization and, at the least, continued research on SDI—disaffected liberals could, in the name of cuts deeper than "deep," abandon START, and join with Daniel Evans's "opponents" to scuttle it.

START is a nexus at which the diverse groups that make security policy can meet. It has something for the advocates of "deep cuts": a 50 percent reduction. It has something for those concerned over vulnerability: a reduction in the ratio of Soviet warheads to our vulnerable silos. It has something to offer those who want SDI: a cut in the offensive threat that any U.S. defense would have to parry. It has something for the military: a bounded Soviet threat, a new clarity about the systems that the Pentagon needs to defend the United States, whether Midgetman, MX, or SDI. And finally, as we shall see, it has something for an emerging coalition of senators of both parties who want to see progress made in conventional-arms-reduction talks.

Just as progress on START would bring these diverse constituencies together in a common enterprise that would also allow them to advance their separate causes, so a delay would threaten to open up a civil war among them, with, to take the most salient example, advocates of Midgetman fighting backers of SDI for scarce Pentagon dollars. This is why one senior Republican senator cautioned us that "the

new administration can't afford to take a lot of time reassessing, because momentum . . . is critically important." Or, as Alton Frye, of the Council on Foreign Relations, put it, "For George Bush, time is not a free good."

Something on Conventional

AMONG KEY SOUTHERN DEMOCRATIC SENATORS, among their Republican colleagues generally, and in the ranks of former high government officials, we found widespread agreement with this statement of Robert McNamara's: "I'm not sure you could get the fifty-percent reduction through Congress unless some progress was made on the conventional forces." William Hyland, who was an adviser to President Gerald Ford, was even more emphatic: "I think you have to say there will or should be no START agreement unless simultaneously or during that process there is something on conventional."

The demand for "something on conventional" as a concomitant of START grows out of the situation in Europe that was created by the INF treaty. By eliminating our intermediate-range missiles from Europe, as we will do under the treaty, we have weakened deterrence there. To follow up the nuclear thinning of INF with the even greater thinning contemplated by START is to leave Europe exposed—more so than it has been in years—to the threat posed by the numerically superior conventional forces of the Warsaw Pact. Such is the argument we encountered again and again.

Those who want to link START to what we might call CART (a conventional-arms-reduction treaty) are searching for an equivalent to the two-track policy initiated by NATO in 1979, under which NATO negotiated with the Soviets to remove the intermediate-range missiles they had placed in European Russia in the mid-seventies, while simultaneously moving to deploy its own intermediate-range missiles on a "second track." INF seemed to vindicate that policy. If the two-track approach worked to pry Soviet missiles out of Europe, goes this line of thought, it should work to pry out Soviet tanks. But, William Hyland says, "the great tragedy of conventional-arms control is that we don't have the second track." A buildup of conventional forces in Europe is out of the question: there is neither the money nor the will. START appears to be the only candidate for the second track on the scene.

Putting CART before START, however, would be a formula for endlessly delaying START. Senator Richard Lugar, of Indiana, outlined one big reason why this is true: "There may be a possibility of conventional-arms reductions. But I would think that most of this [the call for conventional reductions before START] is simply mere chatter by people who are unaware of what has occurred in international arms negotiations for many years. For example, from the standpoint of NATO—even our friendly governments don't have a unified position on the subject. I'm not sure we have a negotiating position within our own government as to what would be desirable. So among those with

no responsibility, the thought is that somehow or other we've got to get at this. But finding out how to do it—that is a more complex issue than any other arms-control issue, and we really don't have a framework for thinking it through."

It was partly for want of such a "framework for thinking it through" (What would be the goal of conventional-arms reductions? What form would they take? What do we hope to gain by them and what might we lose?) that the last round of conventional-arms-reduction talks took fourteen years to go nowhere and establish nothing. A second reason was a lack of presidential focus on the issue. A third was that the bulk of the talks were conducted during the tenure of Leonid Brezhnev.

Brezhnev was not interested in limiting Soviet offensive forces in Eastern Europe, in part because—as Jack Snyder, a student of the Soviet military at Columbia University's Harriman Institute for the Advanced Study of the Soviet Union, has argued—he believed in the diplomatic uses of Soviet power: its latent capacity to intimidate Western European elites and governments. "Gorbachev," Snyder wrote in *International Security* last year, "now sees the offensive shadow of Soviet military capabilities as more a hindrance than a help to diplomacy." The reason is *perestroika*. "The hope for increased Soviet integration into the world economy plays a significant role in Gorbachev's domestic economic plans," Snyder wrote. "Unlike Brezhnev, he realizes that trade, credits, and technology transfers will be hindered if the Europeans perceive a looming military threat."

That is why Gorbachev has taken the initiative on conventional-arms reductions, proposing that fresh talks be held, in Vienna, on an "Atlantic to the Urals" basis, rather than restricting their focus to Central Europe, as in the past. The twenty-three NATO and Warsaw Pact countries were to have opened new talks on this new basis late last fall, but they were postponed until some time this year. At the level of rhetoric the general Soviet position is encouraging. "Our principle is simple," Gorbachev has said. "All armaments should be limited and reduced. If there is any imbalance, we must restore the balance not by letting the one short of some elements build them up, but by having the one with more of them scale them down."

April 4 will be the fortieth anniversary of NATO—a fitting occasion for President Bush and the other alliance leaders to probe the meaning of Gorbachev's rhetoric and to begin the search for Lugar's conceptual framework.

"Something on conventional" is, at bottom, a demand of symbolic politics. The senators raising it want to know that conventional-arms control has a presidential focus and that negotiations with the Soviets are well launched. Their interest sends a message to Gorbachev: if he wants START ratified, he must be as forthcoming in deeds as he has been in words. (Gorbachev's decision—announced, in December, in his speech at the UN—to cut Soviet forces in Eastern Europe is just the sort of deed the senators are looking for.)

A Good Start

WHAT IS THE LARGER VISION OF START? IF IT LEADS to no other arms treaty, if START marks a stop to the quest to contain the nuclear danger, then future generations can say of it that it bound the threat: it set limits to Soviet offensive nuclear forces. All by itself, that would be a historic achievement.

Experts estimate that it would take from six to eighteen months to finish the START negotiations, and the draft text of the treaty calls for another seven years for the weapons on both sides to be dismantled and destroyed. By 1996 or 1997, then, we would enter the post-START era, coincidentally just about the time when research and testing are expected to reveal the reach and feasibility of SDI. To work in any meaningful way, SDI requires a bound offensive threat. In that sense, START, which in some press accounts has been pictured as a barrier to SDI, is really its prerequisite: we can't even begin to think of deploying a strategic defense if Soviet offensive forces are unbound. So the first thing to be said of the world after START is that it would be one in which we could choose, with the Nitze criteria as our guide, whether or not we wanted to buttress deterrence based on offense with elements of strategic defense. Admittedly, Ronald Reagan's goal was to replace deterrence with defense, but if that is a feasible undertaking, it is one that remains over the horizon of time, in the twenty-first century.

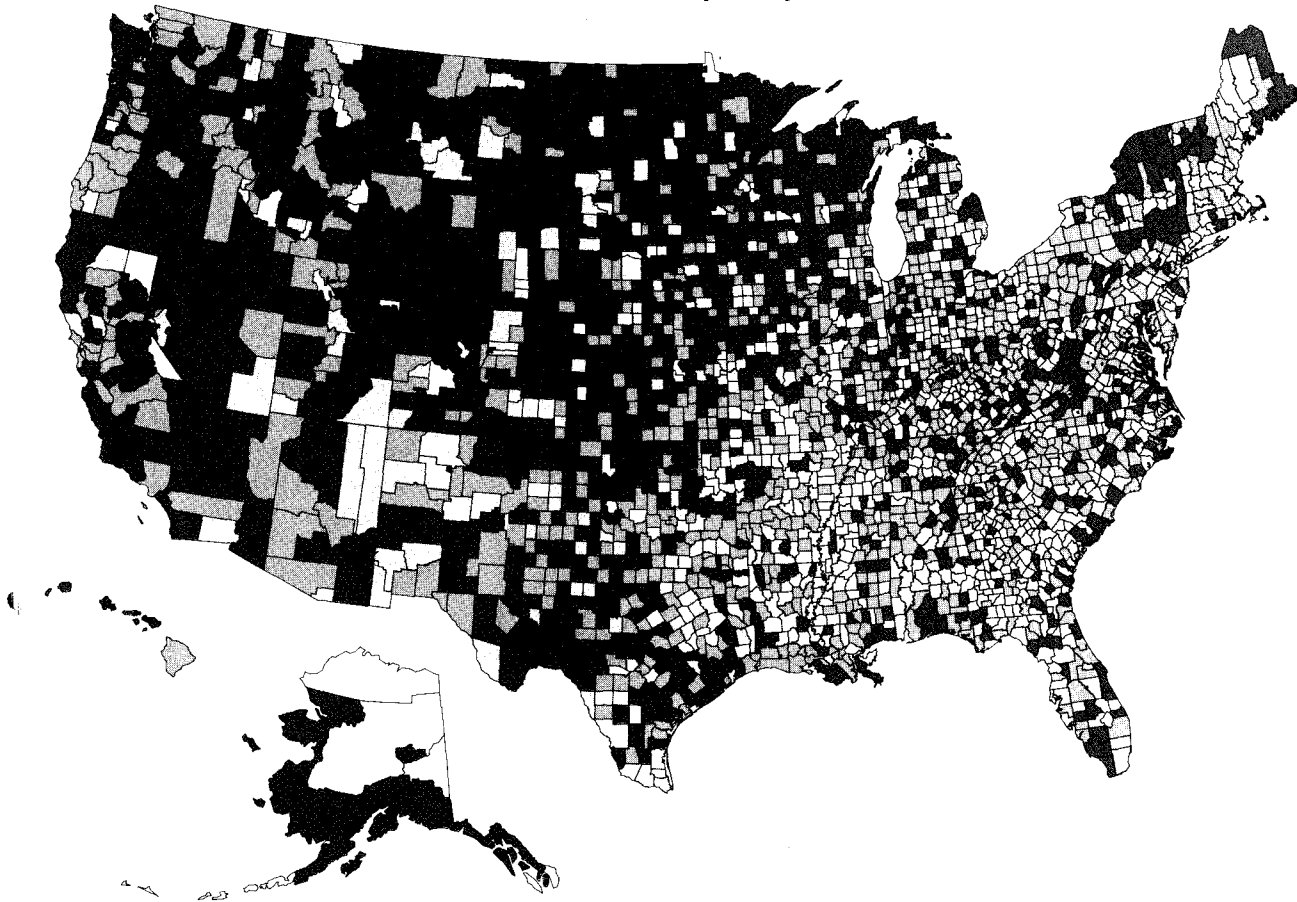
The second thing to be said about the world of 1996 or 1997 is that it would have witnessed—assuming that neither side breaks out of the treaty—a painstaking object lesson in peaceful coexistence. Founded in fear, conceived in suspicion, and executed in distrust, START might yet give us grounds for hope. If, in the lumbering dance of arms reductions and verification, the superpowers can help each other transform a world with 12,000 strategic-range warheads on each side into one with only 6,000, then why not into one with 3,000? And if 3,000, then why not 1,000, 500, 100, 10, or even 0?

Some fear that prospect, citing the failures of conventional deterrence in this century (better known as the First and Second World Wars) and positing insidious dangers like nuclear weapons smuggled in suitcases. Paul Nitze spoke to these fears in one long, eloquent sentence in his speech before the Philadelphia World Affairs Council. "Nothing is wholly risk-free," he said. "One must compare the alternative. It seems to me that the risks posed by cheating or suitcase bombs in a world from which nuclear arms had been eliminated from military arsenals would be orders of magnitude less than the risks and potential costs posed by a possible breakdown in the present deterrence regime based upon the ultimate threat of massive nuclear retaliation." START does not, of course, have to lead to the world Nitze describes. It merely makes possible the opening of a door that closed with a blinding flash on August 6, 1945. It is George Bush's historic opportunity to accept Ronald Reagan's gift and open that door. □

AT LAST COUNT

WHERE THE BOYS ARE

*Proportion of the 18-to-44 age group
that is male, by county*



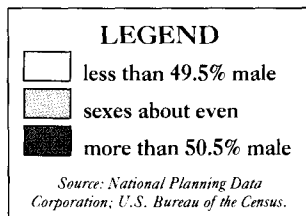
A GOOD MAN IS HARD to find in New York City. But San Diego is teeming with men, and so is Rock Springs, Wyoming. In most urban areas and the East young women are likely to outnumber young men. In rural counties and western states the opposite is true. A hundred years after the closing of the American frontier young men still go west (or stay there) to seek opportunity.

The vast majority of Americans choose a spouse when they are between the ages of 18 and 44. This map suggests that the male-female differential in certain regions could pose a problem for some people seeking marriage. There are 3,138 counties in America; the male-female ratio for the 18-to-44 age group falls within 10 percentage points of absolute equality (50:50) in almost all of them. A difference of a few percent may seem slight, but it is in fact quite significant. Think of the situation as a game of musical chairs. Each marriage removes one man and one woman from the game. In a county where eligible men are 48 percent of the target age group, there are 13 single women for every 12 seats. Counting out gay and incarcerated men

may remove another chair. All in all, then, there are no potential husbands in the target age group in such a county for as many as 15 percent of the women in the target age group.

There are at least two important reasons for the surplus of women in urban areas. First, cities are the best places for women to find jobs. Men account for 79 percent of the nation's farmers, 85 percent of miners, and 95 percent of loggers. But the service economy is urban and dominated by women. The second reason is the high death rate for young men in inner cities. The Bronx, for example, has only about 47 men for every 53 women in the target age group—the greatest disparity of any county in New York State. Higher male mortality also explains the female skew in some rural counties, such as many of those that include Indian reservations.

—Brad Edmondson and Blayne Cutler



COMPUTERS

CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF BYTES

The electronic Oxford English Dictionary

BY CULLEN MURPHY

I SPENT A STARTLING and enthralling couple of hours not long ago with two computer scientists in Canada who said, "Yes, it can do that," every time I asked if the software they had developed was capable of answering one of the questions I wanted to tease it with. Gaston Gonnet and Frank Tompa, who are members of the department of computer science at the University of Waterloo, in Ontario, are the authors of several programs that promise not only to facilitate the task of retrieving information from large bodies of text—often an ungainly procedure—but also to help ensure that *The Oxford English Dictionary* continues to enjoy pre-eminence as the English language's dictionary of record.

Gonnet, Tompa, and I all sat at a terminal linked to a Sun-3/160S work station so that I might see for myself what their system could do with the initial 35,000 or so entries—from *A* to *Chaytif*—of the *OED*'s first edition.

Can it make a list, I asked, of all the words that are homonyms and all the words that are palindromes? Can it give examples, from the citations, of sentences that have introduced more than one word to the language? Can it make a list of the words ending in *q*, and one of the words in which *q* is not followed by *u*? Can it identify the adverbs that don't end in *-ly*, and the words that contain all the vowels? Can it pick out the words for which there is a citation from Keats, and then determine what percentage of those words are Latinate in character and what percentage Germanic? Can it pick out the common prefixes and suffixes, and then determine which ones have become more popular over the centuries and which ones less? Can it use the dictionary as what is called a reverse dictionary—that is, can it locate a word if you know only the definition, such as the word that means a battle between frogs and mice, or the word that comes from the Greek for "ox-turning" and refers to writing that goes back and forth

from right to left and then left to right on the page?

The liturgical response was always "Yes, it can do that."

I asked Gonnet if he could find all the words for which *The Atlantic Monthly* provided a citation. He keyed in some instructions, and a few seconds later a list appeared, beginning,

Adrip
Affranchise
Angelus
Animistic
Anti-
Aphorism
Attitudinize
Avoir du pois
Bolter
Bummer . . .

Bummer? The citation was from 1865, and the meaning not entirely malign: "an idler." The electronic *OED* was certainly capable of making an idler out of me. After only a few minutes with it I began to experience the onset of serious addiction.

Computers will never replace the "harmless drudge" Samuel Johnson associated with dictionary-making. The combing of printed matter for new words or old words with new meanings, the tracing of etymologies, the writing of definitions—these chores are ever reserved for mortals. (Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary of the English Language*, defined the word *dull* thus: "Not exhilarating; not delightful; as, *to make dictionaries is dull work*.") Computers will also never make the intellectual decisions about purpose and function that underlie every dictionary. But computerizing the text of dictionaries—creating an electronic version that can be amended at will and set in type at any time—will make them easier to revise and produce. More important, a computerized dictionary is no longer just a dictionary. It becomes a data base, a source of new kinds of knowledge not only for those interested in language but for specialists of all kinds.

Apart from everything else, the Waterloo version of the *OED* is a wonderful toy. You can't yet buy the version that I saw, but an electronic *OED*, produced by Tri-Star Publishing and published by Oxford University Press and Tri-Star, did come on the market recently and is beginning to be publicized aggressively. The Oxford/Tri-Star edition can perform many of the feats I saw at Waterloo though by no means all of them. Its reverse-dictionary function is more limited, and it can't determine the frequency of word patterns. Also, it includes none of the words in the four volumes of the Supplement to the *OED*, which have been published since 1972. For the time being, however, the Oxford/Tri-Star edition of the *OED* will more than satisfy the linguistic voyeur. It is available, for \$950 on a CD-ROM disk, which requires a special drive. (For information, call 212-679-7300.)

The work done at Waterloo is but one part, albeit an essential part, of an ambitious publishing venture undertaken by Oxford University Press. Its first fruits will appear next month, not in electronic form but in print, with the publication of the second edition of *The Oxford English Dictionary*. This edition, which among other things integrates all the new words and meanings from the Supplement into the original text, is essentially a printout of a "master" electronic version that Oxford now maintains. An electronic form of the second edition, with software comparable to or based on the kind developed at Waterloo, should be available commercially in the early 1990s. No decision has yet been made about the formats in which it will be retailed.

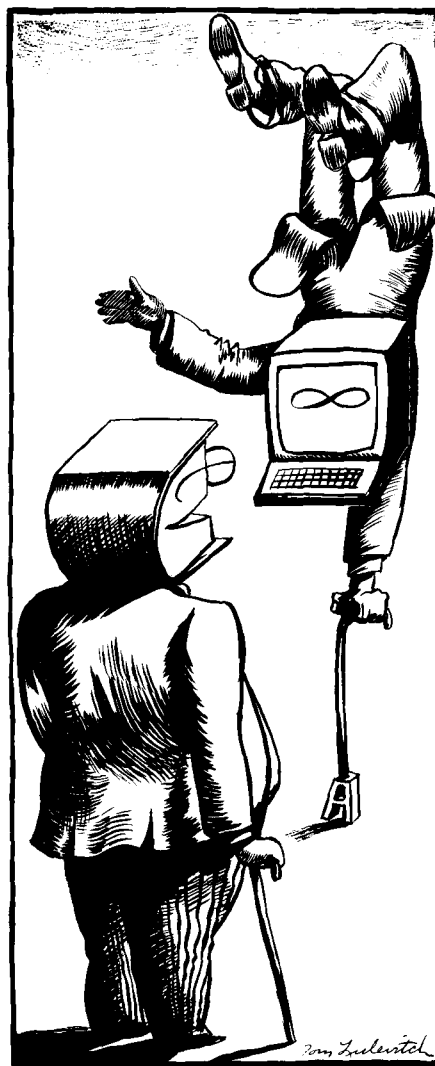
DICTIONARIES ARE a relatively young kind of book—no older than the novel—and neither what their purpose is nor what they can be used for is a settled issue. The first English dictionaries were simply lists and definitions of difficult words or of words that gentlemen of a certain station ought to know. The English dictionary that Dr. Johnson produced in 1755 was one of the first of a recognizably modern kind—an attempt to encompass and define the language as a whole—but its scholarship is fetchingly besmirched by personal prejudice, idiosyncrasy, and, as Johnson once confessed, "ignorance, madam. Sheer ignorance." A spur to higher standards was the *Greek-English Lexicon* (1843), by Henry George Liddell and Robert Scott, which not only provided defini-

tions but also used citations from classical literature to show the history and evolution of ancient Greek words. I obtained a first edition of the *Lexicon* by accident while I was in college—the two volumes seemed to have been stuffed into some boxes of old books that I had bought, to keep the books from rattling—and I remember being charmed by the ambition and fastidiousness of Liddell and Scott, who lucidly set out their aims in a preface. The *Greek-English Lexicon* was among the chief models on which the *OED* was based. Most of the work on the original *OED* was done under the direction of a single editor, Sir James A. H. Murray, who reigned from 1879 until his death, in 1915. (He had just crossed the Ts.) A complete first edition, in ten volumes, was not published until 1928. The story of this whole endeavor has been well told by Murray's granddaughter, K. M. Elisabeth Murray, in her book *Caught in the Web of Words*. The editorial process, one comes to appreciate, perfectly embodied that powerful mixture of pluck, steadfastness, optimism, foresight, inefficiency, and utter disregard for human misery that characterizes many of the most cherished Victorian achievements.

The making of *The Oxford English Dictionary* will go on indefinitely. The dictionary has had several editors since Murray; their work not only brought the first edition to completion but also yielded, after a hiatus, the four-volume Supplement. Robert Burchfield, as editor from 1957 to 1986, saw all the supplementary volumes into print; on the one occasion when I had a chance to talk with him he referred, jokingly, to their contents as “the apocrypha,” and won my heart. It was during his tenure that Oxford University Press, largely at the instigation of Richard Charkin, who was the head of reference, took the first steps into the computer age, and the journey continues under the current editors, John Simpson and Edmund Weiner.

The New Oxford English Dictionary Project was launched in 1984 with money from the British government and with hardware, software, and personnel donated by IBM–United Kingdom, Ltd. The International Computaprint Corporation, of Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, was assigned the task of “data capture”—keyboarding the entire *OED* and the Supplement, a job that consumed 120 people for about eighteen months. Oxford not only wanted to produce an

integrated print edition to be sold commercially and an electronic data base that its editors could use to annotate and update the text; it also wanted to develop special software that would enable the editors and the public alike to use the data base in novel ways. The University of Waterloo, which Timothy J. Benbow, the director of the *New Oxford English Dictionary*, describes as “Canada’s foremost university in the field of applications software,” was given the



job of software design, and the Canadian government and the university put up the money to create the Centre for the New Oxford English Dictionary. The University of Waterloo owns and controls all rights to the software that has been developed.

THE *OED* IS A data base composed mostly of words rather than numbers, and retrieving information from what is known as a text-dominated data base is notoriously difficult—especially

when the text consists of some 55 million words. (The *OED*'s entry for the word *set* alone, if published in standard book form, would run 150 pages.) Text-dominated data bases are hard to deal with because of the protean, fickle, and awesomely malleable nature of language itself. What made designing a retrieval program for the *OED* manageable was the fact that, for a piece of text, the *OED* is organized in a highly consistent way. The words are collected into individual entries, and every entry has standardized parts and subparts. There are the headwords, the pronunciations, the parts of speech, the variant forms, the etymologies. Every definition is supported by one or more citations and every citation has a date, an author, a work, a text. “It’s a good thing Murray was born when he was,” Gonnet said, “because had he been born today he would probably have been a computer scientist and would never have written the dictionary. The dictionary is so well structured that it allowed us to analyze it as a formal language.”

I know as much about computer programming as I do about space-time or DNA, which is to say that I can more or less understand what is going on if someone gives me an explanation suitable for a precocious child. Gonnet and Tompa gave it their best shot. First, they said, just preparing a document of this size so that an extraction program could begin to use it entails a lot of mundane, important, and often taxing chores; these took about three years and you don’t want to hear about them. In particular there was the job of “parsing” the text: chopping it up into logical pieces and making sure the individual elements were properly tagged and coded. This is what makes it possible to perform cross-indexing—finding, say, all the citations by a certain author from a certain year. The parsing and other preparatory computer-processing was carried out by a team at Oxford with assistance from Waterloo.

Besides helping with the parsing, Gonnet and Tompa created two programs, known as GOEDEL and PAT, that involve something called the algebra of semi-infinite strings. In information retrieval any unit that you can put your finger on is known as a string, and in conventional retrieval systems for text each string may consist of a single word. The text, then, is a big pile of these individual units, and it is possible to write programs that can dig out those units. You can demand, “I want to see every place

where *basketball* is mentioned,” and the computer will sift through the text and eventually point out, here, here, here, here, and here.

Gonnet and Tompa's system works differently. Their strings consist not of single words but of long trails of words. Consider a short piece of text such as the alphabet. In a conventional retrieval system the first string might consist of the letter *a*, the second string of the letter *b*. In the Waterloo system the first string would start at the letter *a* and include all the following text through the letter *z*; the second string would start at *b* and also run all the way to *z*. In the *OED*, of course, the strings, starting with the one that begins with the word's first word, may be hundreds of millions of characters long—hence, semi-infinite. When a text program uses strings this way, it is no longer searching for individual words—searching, say, for *basketball*. It is searching, rather, for strings that begin with that word. Tompa explained, “It's not saying, ‘Here's an instance of the word *basketball*. Here's the second instance of the word *basketball*.’ It's saying, ‘Here's the first instance of *basketball* and everything that comes after it. Here's the second instance of *basketball* and everything that comes after it.’ The strings go on from wherever they start to the end of the dictionary. That's the philosophical difference. The practical difference is that you can find things that you never could find before.”

THERE ARE MANY kinds of “search” software that can cross-index a text, retrieving information from it in seconds rather than the years that a person trying to do the same job would need. The Oxford/Tri-Star edition of the *OED*, for example, provides access to eight indexing categories. (The Waterloo system offers many more.) It is also not unusual for software to be able to conduct a “proximity search”—to find a specified word whenever it occurs within a certain range of another specified word. This is the basis of an effective reverse-dictionary capability, and it is something in which the Waterloo system is highly proficient.

Gonnet said, “Let's look for this word that means the battle of the frogs and the mice.” Remember, he said, that the word that begins any semi-infinite string is followed by everything that comes after it in the dictionary. So finding a word when you know the definition is easy. In this case you ask the computer

to find all the strings that begin with the word *battle*, because the definition of the word you're looking for should be located in one of those strings. (Gonnet keyed in some instructions.) Then all you have to do is ask, Of all the strings that begin with *battle*, in which ones do the words *frogs* and *mice* appear within the next five or ten words? (He typed another command.) Gonnet said, “Obviously, there aren't going to be many strings that meet this criterion.”

There were not. The definition we wanted appeared on the screen, and a few more commands brought up the complete entry under the headword *Batracho-*, including the subentry *Batrachomyomachy*. Gonnet followed the same procedure with the combination *write, right, left*, and came up with the word *Boustrophedon*, for writing that runs “alternately from right to left and left to right, like the course of the plough in successive furrows; as in various inscriptions in Greek and other languages.” Gonnet said, “Oh, it sometimes takes a little fiddling, but if you know what a word means you can usually find the word itself in a few seconds.”

The Waterloo system can do a lot of things conventional systems can't do at all, Gonnet said. One such thing is to discover whether several different meanings converge on a single word. Is there a word that can mean “without stakes” and “a kind of silk stuff” and “a game of chance”? Yes. The word is *love*. Another thing that semi-infinite strings enable you to do is to find repetitions. You could never do this with a conventional system or, unless you had several lifetimes, by reading through the entire text. Let's say you want to find the most frequently used four-word sequence that begins a definition. All you have to do, Gonnet said, is call up all the strings that start at the beginning of a definition (he hit a few keys) and then ask, In which of these are the first four words the same? (The winner turns out to be *of or pertaining to, with the quality of being close on its heels*.) The same procedure, Gonnet said, can find places where entire citations have been repeated, usually an indication that a single sentence supports two or more words. A variation on the procedure can answer a question like, Is *mothers and fathers* or *fathers and mothers* the more commonly used phrase? (*Fathers* comes first four times out of five.) Because the semi-infinite strings can be made to start not only at any word but also at any character within

a word, they permit a wide range of linguistic investigation. For example, Gonnet said, although prefixes have always been easy to study because dictionaries are arranged alphabetically, the study of suffixes has always been a chore. Indeed, just to make the study of suffixes possible, lexicographers once had to compile alphabetized lists of all the words in their dictionaries spelled backwards. The Waterloo system, however, can isolate suffixes with ease and correlate them with other variables. It can determine in moments that *-ic* and *-ism* have been rising dramatically in popularity since the sixteenth century, even as *-ish* and *-ful* have been in decline.

ROBERT BURCHFIELD has been fond of saying in recent years that North America is now the mint of the English language (“We in Britain still coin new words, but we don't export them anymore”). He told a meeting of New World lexicographers not long ago, “You are the owners. It is you who must produce the new Murrys. It is you who must convince the rest of the world that you are taking care of the language properly.” The work done at Waterloo suggests that North America is shouldering at least some of its responsibilities. The electronic *OED* will of course be a boon to lexicographers. It is likely, too, that scholars of other stripes, as they come to realize the many ways in which the electronic *OED* can be used, will make discoveries we will hear about. Oxford University Press itself will be relying on some of the software developed at Waterloo for a comprehensive updating of the *OED*—in advance of a third edition—that is scheduled to take place over the next fifteen years. A good amount of updating has, of course, been achieved in the second edition. Numerous definitions have been revised (the original definition of *collision*, for example, made no mention of cars), and the pronunciation keys have been converted to the international phonetic system. In the third edition many more definitions will be revised; the etymologies will be overhauled; and new citations will be inserted to supplement or replace many older ones. The *OED* data base will also be used to create “satellite” reference books—a thesaurus, for example, and various national dictionaries. There is, in sum, no shortage of serious uses for the electronic *OED*.

“But it is also nice,” Gonnet said, “to just sit here and play.” □

MUSIC

BLOWING IN FROM CHICAGO

Edward Wilkerson and his two jazz bands are set to arrive nationwide

BY FRANCIS DAVIS

“IN MY PROFESSION, nothing is more alienating than going to a smash hit and not being able to share the good time everyone seems to be having,” Robert Brustein says in *Who Needs Theatre*, a recent collection of his essays and reviews. I suspect that the feeling he describes is something that all critics experience from time to time, and not just those forced to endure bad popular theater. I know how alienated I generally feel when I’m obliged to attend a sold-out fusion concert—I look around, and I’m the only one the beat’s not reaching.

But jazz critics must be unique in feeling even more isolated and demoralized at performances that meet their highest standards—a quick head count is usually enough to remind us how few people share our appreciation for undiluted jazz. Not long ago I flew from Philadelphia to Chicago just to hear Edward Wilkerson, a local thirty-five-year-old saxophonist and composer who had released two impressive albums on his own label but had not yet performed on the East Coast with either of his bands—his twenty-plus-member orchestra Shadow Vignettes or his smaller group 8 Bold Souls. I heard 8 Bold Souls at a loft a few blocks west of the Sears Tower and the river. The concert was electrifying, as I expected it to be, but counting myself and the two small children of one of Wilkerson’s sidemen, there were exactly two dozen people there to enjoy it.

The audience for jazz is meager all over the country, and local performers are taken for granted everywhere, so the low turnout shouldn’t have surprised me. Maybe it did because I was feeling sentimental on this visit to Chicago, a city as necessary as New Orleans in the evolution of jazz from the blues, and as important as New York in determining the direction of the contemporary jazz avant-garde. The records that New Orleans émigrés made in Chicago in the twenties provide the best clue we have to what New Orleans jazz sounded like

at the beginning of the century. Over the decades since, Chicago has produced its own stylistic pacesetters, including, in the thirties, a clutch of boogie-woogie pianists and the white musicians associated with Eddie Condon and, in the fifties, the idiosyncratic big-band leader Sun Ra. But these Chicago musicians achieved widespread recognition only after establishing themselves in New York, and this is still the rule, despite an unexpected development of the sixties.

That was when the names Roscoe Mitchell, Lester Bowie, Joseph Jarman, Muhal Richard Abrams, and Anthony Braxton began to appear in *downbeat*, usually accompanied by the acronym AACM, which stands for the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. According to *downbeat*’s Chicago contributors, the musicians affiliated with the AACM represented the next logical step after Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane. What supposedly made the AACM’s music different from the “free” jazz being played elsewhere was its greater emphasis on dynamics, tex-

ture, sound color, and the soloist’s role within the ensemble.

At first many of us in the East read about these local heroes with amused skepticism. If they had so much to offer, the logic went, why were they still in Chicago, and why hadn’t they been recorded? They soon were, but it wasn’t until members of the AACM and its sister organization BAG (the Black Artists Group, of St. Louis) hit the road—touring Europe at the end of the sixties and, more to the point, visiting New York early in the next decade—that the significance of events in the Midwest in the late sixties was generally acknowledged.

ABOUT FIVE YEARS ago another unfamiliar name began to turn up in the dispatches of those Chicago critics who had been early advocates of the AACM. In his 1984 book *The Freedom Principle* John Litweiler described Edward Wilkerson, a younger AACM member, as a “remarkable saxophonist [who] takes the funky jump band tenor idiom into Free territory with infectious rhythms and a full, huge sound.” At that point Wilkerson had recorded three import albums with the Ethnic Heritage Ensemble, a trio led by the percussionist Kahil El’Zabar. These offered little to substantiate Litweiler’s praise, aside from a chuckling solo on Wilkerson’s own “A Serious Pun”—aptly titled, given the mock gravity of its etudelike saxophone unison theme. (It’s included on *Three Gentlemen From Chicago*, Moers Music 01076.) And when, in 1986, Wilkerson released his own album, *Birth of*



a Notion (Sessoms Records 0001), by his Shadow Vignettes, it offered no way to judge his prowess as a saxophonist, for he did not play on it—the tasks of conducting and writing for such a king-size ensemble apparently being all that he could handle. But the album, which Wilkerson produced at his own expense and released on his own label, marked him as a musician to be reckoned with for his writing, which was jocular, robust, eclectic, and deceptively improvisatory in tone.

Although independently produced albums by performers without New York credentials tend to be completely overlooked, *Birth of a Notion* started a buzz about Wilkerson outside Chicago. The reaction was not wholly favorable, for two tracks featuring vocals were stumbling blocks for some reviewers. The lyrics to “Quiet Resolution” are hopelessly banal—all about the power of love to keep the cosmos in one piece—and a British critic denounced Rita Warford’s poker-faced vocal as “some of the worst jazz singing” he had ever heard. The impossibly rich string writing behind the vocal (Wilkerson has described it as “Disneyland”) should have made clear that Warford and Wilkerson were just having fun, but the point was lost on anyone lacking a sense of humor himself. The actor John Toles-Bey narrates “Honky Tonk Bud,” the story of a small-time South Side drug dealer who becomes a folk hero when he’s nabbed in an FBI sting. Some reviewers dismissed the track as a middlebrow attempt at rap. The give-away that Wilkerson isn’t trying to top teenage rappers at their own game, as a commercially oriented jazz musician might, is the absence of a beat-box rhythm track. Besides, “Honky Tonk Bud” isn’t even a rap. It’s a “jailhouse toast”—an inmates’ rhymed equivalent of an urban legend—but few jazz critics knew enough about contemporary black vocal styles to perceive the difference.

BIRTH OF A NOTION made me eager to hear 8 Bold Souls, which my Chicago colleagues said was an even better showcase for Wilkerson than Shadow Vignettes. The release of *8 Bold Souls* (Sessoms 0002, available, as is *Birth of a Notion*, from Sessoms Records, P.O. Box 6812, Chicago, Illinois 60680) at the tail end of 1987 proved them right. Not only does Wilkerson actively participate as an instrumentalist, but also the group gives more conclusive testimony to his

resourcefulness as a composer, for he is able to draw comparable orchestral richness out of a smaller number of horns. In addition to playing clarinet (and the seldom-heard alto clarinet) on the ensemble passages, Wilkerson solos on both alto and tenor saxophone, offering the delightful paradox of short, brusque, exclamatory phrases delivered in what can only be described as a croon. His tenor solos are especially notable for their conjunction of imposing muscularity and cool deliberation—the sound of rhythm-and-blues gone abstract, which one also hears in the solos of Chicago tenor saxophonists as diverse as Gene Ammons, Von Freeman, John Gilmore, Johnny Griffin, Eddie Harris, and Joseph Jarman.

With the bassist Richard “Jess” Brown, the cellist Naomi Millender, and the tuba player Aaron Dodd in 8 Bold Souls’ rhythm section, Wilkerson can get as many as three bass lines going at once, and his music becomes deliriously heavy-bottomed when the versatile Mwata Bowden plays baritone saxophone. But part of the fun of listening to 8 Bold Souls is guessing where the tuba and cello will show up next. These instruments give Wilkerson two more capable “horns” to work with, and he frequently has one or both playing lead. There are six Wilkerson compositions on the album, each with something fresh and inventive, although the collective improvisation on the dirgelike “Through the Drapes” is a mite too careful to deliver its intended punch.

“Chapel Hill” is a beautifully sustained tone poem, with more than a hint of a march in its suspenseful ostinato rhythm. It’s also the track that, in artfully balancing composition and improvisation, most suggests Henry Threadgill, a former Chicagoan, who seems to be Wilkerson’s primary influence. “Favorite Son” successfully translates a funk afterbeat into a broken 7/4 meter, thanks to the aplomb with which the drummer Dashun Mosley underlines the alternating moments of buoyancy and constraint in Wilkerson’s alto solo. With their mulling preludes and explosive main themes, “The Hunt” and “Dervish” are enjoyable for their sheer variety. The latter, to give you some idea, overlaps what could pass for an Ennio Morricone spaghetti-western theme, a fast bebop theme with bass and cello counterpoint, a stop-time Wilkerson tenor solo violent with split tones and overblown notes, a blues riff that recalls Thelonious Monk’s “Straight, No Chaser,” and brass codas

by the trombonist Isaiah S. Jackson and the trumpeter Robert Griffin, which maintain the almost unbearable level of intensity reached in Wilkerson’s solo. The album’s boldest stroke is “Shining Waters,” which successfully updates Duke Ellington’s “jungle” sound with bush rhythms, baying tuba, and a growling Barney Bigard-style clarinet solo by Bowden. Like “The Names Have Been Changed,” from *Birth of a Notion*, “Shining Waters” resembles many of the pieces written by Muhal Richard Abrams, Wilkerson’s former teacher, in attempting to capture the “spark” (as Wilkerson has put it) of the big bands of the thirties and forties, without lapsing into period re-creation. To an even greater extent than Abrams, Wilkerson has realized this goal. It’s plain that he sees Ellington, Benny Carter, Fletcher Henderson, and Don Redman as experimentalists in addition to great showmen.

I HEARD 8 Bold Souls at Modalisque, a vintage-clothing store by day, which—with its window shades, exposed pipes, and clutter of forties and fifties kitsch (including sofas and love seats to stretch out on when the folding chairs get uncomfortable)—provided the sort of agreeably funky concert setting that hardly exists in New York anymore. Also playing in Chicago that night were the Leaders, an all-star sextet including the trumpeter Lester Bowie, the tenor saxophonist Chico Freeman, and the percussionist Don Moye—three AACM members with national reputations—and this competition for the jazz dollar may have been a factor in the poor turnout for 8 Bold Souls.

Beyond the lack of home-town support for Wilkerson, I found nothing to complain about at the concert. In *Who Needs Theatre*, Brustein calls theater, the symphony, opera, and dance “our last chance to see animate human beings engaged in a collective creative act.” What about jazz and pop? In addition to pieces from *8 Bold Souls*, the group played a few of Wilkerson’s more recent compositions, and even if these frequently seemed tentative in execution, it was satisfying to hear eight musicians feeling one another out on works in progress. In concert the pieces from the record were given more extended treatments, in which Wilkerson allowed the soloists, himself included, greater freedom. But in the improvised solos there was none of the gratuitous exercise of technique

that vitiates too much contemporary jazz. The relationship between Wilkerson's themes and even the lengthiest solo was clear. The small audience showed genuine sophistication in reserving its applause until the end of each piece, instead of clapping for individual solos as jazz audiences customarily do to pass the time while waiting for the next soloist to "get hot." The charter members of the AACM avoided the excesses of the New York "energy" players but substituted excesses of their own, in the form of long, unaccompanied solos and sometimes nearly inaudible percussion passages involving the entire band. In Wilkerson's music there's no wasted motion at all.

The only element missing was the theatricality that I'd read was an integral part of Wilkerson's live presentation. It is supposed to be what links him to a Chicago tradition epitomized by Sun Ra's flamboyant robes and the Art Ensemble of Chicago's face paint. Over lunch the next day Wilkerson told me that Shadow Vignettes is the more flamboyant of his two bands. "I like to use the whole auditorium, not just the stage," he said, explaining that during his performances of "Quiet Resolution," for instance, he often has the soprano saxophonist Light Henry Huff rise from the audience and pull his horn from beneath his overcoat at precisely the moment that Rita Warford exclaims, "Where's my cosmic lover?"

BORN IN INDIANA and raised in Cleveland and its affluent suburb Shaker Heights, Wilkerson began his affiliation with the AACM in 1971, when he enrolled at the University of Chicago. Although he earned a B.A. in music theory and analysis at the university, he considers his studies with the AACM's Mual Richard Abrams to have been of more practical value, because of Abrams's "hands-on" approach to music ("He would discuss a particular concept and then have his students write a short piece utilizing it") and his focus on "the principles underlying all music, regardless of idiom, period, or style."

Wilkerson himself now teaches at the AACM's school on the South Side and is a member of the organization's governing board. The size of his bands and the challenging nature of his music preclude the regular work in neighborhood lounges that has traditionally sustained stay-at-home musicians. It is his commitment to the AACM and the benefits

he derives in return that probably explain why Wilkerson hasn't already abandoned Chicago for New York. "You can always call on fellow AACM members to perform your music, and I appreciate that, because the greatest problem for any contemporary composer—and not just within jazz—is hearing his music performed," Wilkerson says.

"There's a change happening in music," he says. "You're going to have bands in cities all over the country achieving national and even international renown, just like the territory bands that every region of the country had in the twenties and thirties." Wilkerson has a point. What used to lure musicians (including many of the best from those territory bands) to New York was the promise of steady employment and even stardom represented by that city's nightclubs and independent jazz labels. But New York's nightclubs no longer provide enough work to go around, and most of those labels are no longer active. In 1989 a musician in another city isn't necessarily any worse off for staying put. Jazz is becoming decentralized, a process that was already in motion twenty years ago, when the AACM first asserted its independence from New York. Along with Wilkerson, the tenor saxophonist and composer Paul Cram (from Toronto) and the trumpeters Dennis Gonzalez (Dallas) and Paul Smoker (Cedar Rapids) deserve mention as musicians forging original styles in far-flung places.

There's just one problem: a handful of New York critics still shape the opinions of others around the country. If there's anything more depressing than the microscopic size of the jazz audience, it's the geocentricity of these New York tastemakers. Although Wilkerson has performed with his bands throughout the Midwest and taken them to European festivals, his lack of exposure in New York has prevented him from receiving his full share of acclaim. Happily, this might soon be changing: 8 Bold Souls finally made its New York debut last November, and Shadow Vignettes is scheduled to perform at New Music America 1989, an annual festival that will be held at the Brooklyn Academy of Music next fall. I suspect that we're going to be hearing a lot more about Edward Wilkerson. His combined skills as a bandleader, composer, and soloist put him on equal footing with Anthony Davis, David Murray, and Henry Threadgill—the best and most visible of his contemporaries in New York. □

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BOOKS



GAY HISTORY

BY JOHN BOSWELL

THE CONSTRUCTION OF HOMOSEXUALITY

by David F. Greenberg.

University of Chicago Press, \$29.95.

ALTHOUGH MANY OF the surviving writings from ancient Greece and Rome—the cultural foundations of the modern West—make casual and frank reference to homosexuality, during the half millennium from the close of the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century few of the scholars who studied this heritage were intrepid enough to write about the subject at all: it was risky to appear too interested in something that could not even be mentioned in polite company (“the unmentionable vice,” “the love that dare not speak its name”), and in many countries censorship would have obviated frank treatment, even if someone had been willing to attempt it.

From the mid-nineteenth century until the 1940s serious writing about homosexuality was largely limited to medical and penal studies, in which it appeared as either a pathology or a crime. The sudden prominence in academic circles of the social sciences in the late fifties and early sixties helped to reintroduce the subject to polite company. Since it was part of their job to study deviants, and since “deviance” could be understood as a statistical observation rather than a normative or judgmental one, social scientists could introduce homosexuality under the rubric of the history, an-

thropology, or sociology of deviance without displaying either unseemly enthusiasm or unscientific disapproval.

Not surprisingly, these early treatments were somewhat unsophisticated, either presenting homosexuality as a colorful detail of foreign cultures, comparable to initiation rites and foot-binding, or cataloguing the “famous and worthwhile homosexuals” of the Western tradition, often in tacit defense of modern homosexuality. Only in the seventies did a real scholarly literature on homosexuality begin to develop, with its own serious theoretical apparatus and concerns.

But the new approaches brought complications of their own. For nearly a decade the study of homosexuality in several disciplines—notably, history, anthropology, and sociology—has been both stimulated and to some degree paralyzed by an epistemological debate over what exactly homosexuality is. One school of thought, called social constructionism, opposes the general assumption of the twentieth century that homosexuality is a human attribute varying in its occurrence and manifestations from one person or culture to another (a position labeled “essentialist,” because it assumes that homosexuality is an ongoing “essence” of some number of individuals). Rather, social constructionists argue, it is an artifact (or “construct”) of particular social structures that have appeared in only a few times and places. Although, like any school, social constructionism has variations, it most commonly identifies the few times and places in question as the industrial capitalist societies of the modern West and maintains that in premodern cultures

(including those of Europe until the eighteenth or nineteenth century) even if same-sex erotic acts were performed, they did not constitute “homosexuality” in the sense of an erotic identity.

Most social constructionists identify themselves as such, but no modern specialists in any field call themselves essentialists, though many remain unpersuaded by the claims of constructionism. Social constructionism is thus not really so much one side of a debate as it is a critique of earlier approaches to the subject of homosexuality, retroactively labeled essentialist, and a reaction against a largely unquestioned popular assumption that the taxonomy “homosexual,” “bisexual,” “heterosexual” reflects something basic and permanent, or essential, about human beings.

More than epistemological accuracy is at issue: the underlying question is about who gay people are as much as it is about who they were. The idea that there are in all times and places some people who prefer their own gender locates gay people permanently in a minority ghetto, at least numerically and conceptually, if not socially. Positing that human beings are undifferentiated sexually except by particular circumstances and experiences seems more egalitarian and inclusive. In this view, only the particularities of certain societies divide us from one another: underneath we are all the same. And yet constructionism deprives gay people of history and heritage, in ways beyond the obvious. It is not only a question of whether they have a history as a minority—they would lack roots, as it were—if they did not exist in pre-industrial societies; constructionists might well ar-

gue that they have as much of a share as the rest of the human race in pre-industrial history, when human beings were not divided into homosexual and heterosexual categories. But if there are special sensibilities, insights, feelings, or experiences particular to gay people—as there might be to women, blacks, or Jews, for example—and if the essentialists are right, then the many gay people who have been prominent and influential in Western culture, from Socrates to Keynes, have introduced something of what is special about their outside status into the mainstream of culture, as “inside” contributors to the cultural heritage of their society. This fascinating inside-outside paradox in the history of homosexuality—if it has a history—is important not only to gay people but also to anyone interested in understanding the components of the culture in question.

BEING AWARE OF the outlines of this controversy will help readers understand the title, structure, and agenda of David Greenberg’s book, which is both an encyclopedic survey of the varieties of homosexuality in premodern cultures and the most elaborate statement to date of the constructionist position. The first half is called “Before Homosexuality,” a title that would certainly confuse readers unaware of social constructionism, since the section’s nearly 300 pages deal with precisely what most English-speakers understand by the word *homosexuality*: sexual interaction between persons of the same gender. (And Greenberg himself refers to this behavior as “homosexual” throughout. What else could he call it? But how then can it happen “before homosexuality”?) In this section he describes forms of what he regards as institutionalized homosexuality, which he believes to be entirely different from “modern homosexuality.” He divides them into four categories: “trans-generational homosexuality,” “trans-genderal homosexuality,” “egalitarian homosexuality,” and “class-structured homosexuality.”

By the first he apparently means “age-asymmetrical” relationships (a more accurate term employed by other partisans of this approach: a whole generation is at issue), in which an older man is involved with a younger man or a boy. He cites, as the classic example of this, tribes in New Guinea among which the older males all engage in homosexual relations with the younger ones as a

part of the developmental process of the latter. This is taken as the archetype for ancient Greek, Roman, and Islamic societies, or others in which there is a real or idealized age differential between homosexual partners. (The age differential in literary sources from these societies may be a cliché comparable to that of the country maid’s being debauched by the traveling salesman in modern melodrama.)

Transgenderal homosexuality involves the adoption by one of the partners of some aspect of the social role of the opposite gender—for example, cross-dressing. The archetype here is the American Indians, whose male *berdaches* often dressed and acted like women, and could have relations with or even marry other males without social stigma. Female *berdaches* dressed and acted like men. Class-structured homosexuality involves, basically, the buying and selling of favors across classes—as when, for example, prosperous Romans had slaves or poor Roman males as concubines.

Egalitarian homosexuality sounds rather like the modern relationships that are not supposed to have existed in the past, involving persons of comparable age and social status. Greenberg tries hard to minimize the similarities by dismissing egalitarian homosexual relationships as “not usually institutionalized . . . not recognized publicly . . . sometimes covert,” and pointing out that they “do not exclude heterosexual relationships or marriage” and “have no implications for gender identity”—all of which sounds to me *very much like* modern homosexual relationships.

The rest of part one of the book seeks to explain why some societies have these forms of homosexuality and others do not, and why some cultures are hostile to them and others are not. Greenberg sees transgenerational homosexuality as largely a consequence of boys’ being reared by women and needing intense and intimate relationships with adult males to establish male identities. The transgenderal form is explained as related to the high status of women in some cultures and as a part of complex psychoanalytic processes in others: “As the son secures himself against the threat of maternal loss by introjecting his mother, he also incorporates her punitive attitudes toward his own sexuality, so that they become part of his own superego” (of cult prostitutes in the ancient Near East). Class-structured ho-

mosexuality is linked to economic factors, and egalitarian homosexuality to warrior bonding and “male competitiveness,” although this position is much qualified in subsequent discussions of the subject.

SOME OF THE explanations are interesting; most implicitly assume that social organization works with exquisite uniformity and that human beings are utterly malleable, both of which assumptions I doubt. The biggest problem is that Greenberg must posit so many different mechanisms to explain the same small range of sexual behaviors in different societies. This leads one to wonder why the most obvious explanation is never considered. Eroticism and sexuality are stunningly absent from all the theories except as they relate to guilt or heterosexual marriage patterns. Would it not be more economical to hypothesize that a percentage of human beings in all societies prefer their own gender sexually, that they are sometimes able to institutionalize this preference, and that the majority of human beings are sufficiently flexible to be able to derive some sexual satisfaction from either gender under institutional pressure, whether or not that gender is their first choice?

Those unaccustomed to the study of homosexuality may think that Greenberg’s taxonomy sheds light on the subject on its own. They should consider how useful they would find a comparable taxonomy of heterosexual relationships. It would be entirely possible to categorize relationships between males and females in premodern societies along precisely the same lines: most were age-asymmetrical (in ancient Athens the idealized age difference between husband and wife was the same as that between male lovers), nearly all were transgenderal (in sociological parlance gender, a social role, is not the same as sex, a biological category), many were class-structured (not only in cases of wealthy males keeping poor women as concubines or resorting to them as prostitutes, but even in marriage: whether women or men marry “up” or “down” in a given society is a major preoccupation of the history and sociology of marriage), a few were egalitarian. Given the tautological parameters of Greenberg’s schema, every single heterosexual relationship in any culture could be placed in one or more of his categories. Does this show something

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■ Before deciding whether Zionism can be equated with racism, it's important to determine what Zionism really is. It's the philosophy and the movement whose purpose for almost 2000 years has been to restore Zion, the ancient land of Israel to the Jewish people, as its ancestral national homeland. Through centuries of wars, devastation, exile, dispersion and persecution, Zion never ceased to be the heart of Jewish yearning and survival. It was only as Eretz Israel, as Zion, that this land entered into the historical, cultural and spiritual consciousness of the world.

■ Jews have lived in the Holy Land since Biblical times and without interruption. They are the original and the oldest settlers. But it wasn't until late in the last century that this love for Zion found expression in a political movement. It was founded by Theodor Herzl, a totally "emancipated" Austrian Jew, a playwright and journalist. His intellect, vision and energy, his personal magnetism and organizational talents gave expression and action to the age-old Jewish longing for Zion. Modern political Zionism was born. The ingathering of the children of Israel into their ancestral homeland had begun.

■ Sparked by their ancient yearning and by Herzl's vision, tens of thousands of European Jews left for Palestine and transformed it into what Israel is today — a land of verdant fields, lush forests, productive industries and flourishing cities.

■ How about "racism"? It is a defamation of the Jewish faith to link it with this evil concept. It is incompatible with the doctrines of Jewish civilization, enunciated over 3000 years ago in the Holy Bible, in which all mankind is traced to a single human being, created by God in His own image. The two greatest sufferers from the plague of racism have been the Blacks and the Jewish people. It's only today that this cruel yoke

has been lifted from the Blacks. The fate of the Jews, as victims of racism, was even more cruel. Because wherever they lived in the Old World, it was only at the sufferance of their overlords — always subject to living in ghettos, having no access to education, being restricted to few and humiliating occupations, and always victims of persecution, murder, rape, confiscation and exile.

■ The suffering of the Jews as victims of racism reached its terrible climax during the Holocaust of the second World War, perpetrated by the German Nazi machine. The Jews of Europe were liquidated in the most horrible manner imaginable — six million of them altogether. The terms "Holocaust" and "Genocide" had to be coined to express this unprecedented disaster, this bizarre expression of hatred and racism.

■ Racism is totally contrary to Jewish philosophy and Jewish thinking. Jews have been and still are on the forefront of the fight for racial justice in the United States, in South Africa and all over the world. The state of Israel is founded on racial equality. And how could it be otherwise? Close to 60% of the population of Israel are what we would call "non-Caucasians". Can such a state be racist? The question is preposterous and the answer is obvious.

■ Israel has been and continues to be a leader in policies that attest to its "non-racism". It has pioneered a hugely effective development program in 31 Black African countries. Israel has organized similar development programs in such countries as Thailand, Burma, the Philippines and Singapore. It was among the first countries to take in Vietnamese boat people. Israel has absorbed into its society hundreds of thousands of refugees from all over the world and without any reference to their race. Among them are the Black Jews of India, Oriental Jews from all Arab countries, and most recently more than 10,000 Black Ethiopian Jews who were air-lifted to freedom in Israel, in a daring rescue operation.

The disgusting equation that "Zionism = Racism" was foisted on the General Assembly of the United Nations by the Arab nations and by the Soviet bloc. It has no basis in fact. Israel is a multi-racial society in which all races, including the resident Arabs and Druze, are treated equally, are represented in the Knesset (the Israeli Parliament), and hold important official and diplomatic positions. For instance, the Israeli Consul General in Atlanta is an Arab. Racism is totally contrary to the tenets of the Jewish religion and to the unwritten constitution of Israel. How does that compare to Israel's accusers? The Soviet bloc keeps its Jews in bondage by not allowing them to emigrate. The Arabs have for the most part expelled all Jews from their countries and don't even allow Jewish visitors. They were the slave masters of yesteryear and some are reported to practice slavery even today. They are mercilessly exploiting Black Africa and other developing countries by their inflated oil prices. For them to say that Zionism is racism is a travesty and an insult to the intelligence of the world.

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very interesting or informative about heterosexuality? That, for example, pre-modern heterosexuality was something entirely different from modern heterosexuality? That it was always institutional and had nothing to do with sexual identity? Does understanding that the white john has power over the poor black prostitute explain heterosexuality, or does it just make clear why this man is able to fulfill his heterosexual desires with this woman?

Of course, different cultures institutionalize human experience in different ways. Some establish major social customs around puberty, or childbirth, or menstruation, or death, or marriage. This does not mean that in cultures where such events are less publicly marked, people are unaware of or unaffected by them. It is interesting that while most human societies institutionalize heterosexual relations in various forms, few institutionalize homosexual relations, though not so few as is often supposed. But to confuse the institutions with the feelings is a gross misprision: the institution of marriage is no more an indication of individual personal involvement in or satisfaction with heterosexual eroticism than the legal grounds for divorce in, say, the State of New York are a reliable guide to the reasons marriages fail.

In many societies everyone must marry; in some every male must engage in homosexual relations. In modern democracies neither is true. In most cultures for which ample records survive, some people appear to prefer their own sex for erotic purposes, whatever the institutions are, and others do not. The former are what most Americans mean by "homosexuals" or "gay people." Again and again Greenberg dismisses the possibility that there were "modern homosexuals" in premodern cultures by pointing out that persons who appear from the records to have preferred their own sex were nonetheless married or that their interests were not "exclusive"—as if Oscar Wilde had not been married and a father, and as if all surveys did not indicate that a majority of American gay men have had heterosexual experiences.

THE SECOND HALF OF the book, "The Construction of Modern Homosexuality," describes the emergence of what are, in Greenberg's view, vol-untaristic homosexual subcultures and the creation of modern homosexual

identities, chiefly through four mechanisms: "repression," "market capitalism," "medical science," and "bureaucracy." Each of these is treated in a separate chapter. In brief, repression has the effect of causing homosexuals to define themselves by their sexual feelings as against a hostile heterosexual environment. Market capitalism encourages the development of an autonomous individual identity based on sexual orientation rather than the kind of identity centered on membership in a tribe or clan, which is supposedly more characteristic of premodern cultures. Medical science transformed, during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, what had been in premodern times a mere behavior—pederasty, sodomy—into a defining characteristic: homosexuality.

To this point the ideas in the book are not new, and Greenberg has done little original research, although he does review some of the sources on which other sociologists have based conclusions (with disastrous results, as will be discussed below). Some of these ideas have been in the literature on homosexuality for decades, though under other rubrics—for example, the idea that Greek homosexual relations were categorically different from most modern ones because they were age-asymmetrical. The rest is drawn from recent historical treatments. The "medicalization" of homosexuality, for example, is a common theme of current sexual historiography. Some of what Greenberg says is quite sensible, although I often feel that adherents of the medicalization approach overestimate the influence of scientific discourse on popular attitudes and fail to consider the extent to which scientists, who are brought up to have visceral prejudices of their own, are reflecting rather than shaping vulgar opinion. Some of Greenberg's specifics in this section are risible: he proposes that hostility toward femininity in males in eighteenth-century England occurred because "little boys typically wore girl's clothing until they were sent away to boarding school—undoubtedly a traumatic occasion," as if there were not ambivalence about male femininity in every known Western culture, whether or not boys were dressed as girls, whether or not they were sent off to boarding school.

The one real novelty, the idea that bureaucracy encourages hostile attitudes toward homosexuality, shows up in chapter ten. *Bureaucracy* is never clearly defined: Weber is cited, but his defini-

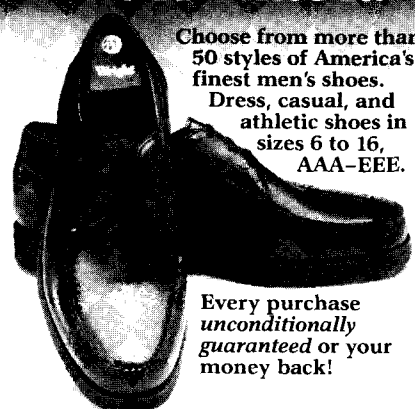
tion is then discounted as outdated. Whatever it is, the exact mechanism of its impact on attitudes toward homosexuality remained murky to me even after I had read the chapter twice. It has something to do with the impersonality of bureaucratic structures and with the way bureaucratic parents bring up their children. I have trouble imagining a mechanism that would work in American bureaucracies but not in the great civil-service societies of imperial Rome and classical Islam, in both of which homosexuality flourished. The connection is made more tenuous by the mistaken claim that "outside of government, bureaucracy was almost completely unknown" in premodern Europe, by problematic chronology (Greenberg himself shows that American culture was thoroughly homophobic *before* it was heavily bureaucratized), and by the fact that, according to studies Greenberg himself cites, the working classes tend to be more hostile to homosexuality than the professional classes—the stalwarts of bureaucracy (though the former also have more homosexual experience in adolescence, which may be a clue to their ambivalence).

IT IS EASY TO SEE from Greenberg's work why social constructionism has been both a stimulus and a hindrance to scholarship on homosexuality. It is thought-provoking and revealing as an epistemological strategy—a way of cross-examining concepts—but when taken for a description of reality, it proves vague, confused, and tautological.

Readers should not, however, equate the cogency or value of social constructionism as a school of thought with Greenberg's book, which has empirical and methodological defects quite apart from its analytical problems. To do it justice, the bibliography and the range of the material that is surveyed with reasonable accuracy are quite impressive. On the subject of homosexuality itself, I find very few significant omissions of secondary sources for any period of European history, which is quite an accomplishment, given that many are recalcitrant and that this literature has in the past two decades grown to immense proportions. (The list of references is itself more than a hundred pages long, taking up about a sixth of the book.) For non-Western cultures and history, in many cases the sources are inadequate, as is noted below.

It is very troubling, however, that

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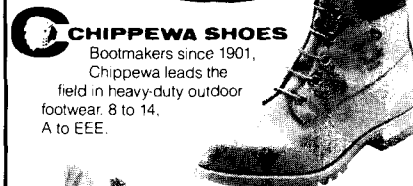
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by Steven Zak

Is man entitled to use animals as he sees fit? Do animals have rights? Questions like these are no longer of merely philosophical interest.



**THE SECRET OF
CARTWHEELS**

by Patricia Henley

"Aunt Opal's pale-green Cadillac was parked at an odd angle near the woodshed. I knew something was wrong." A short story.

Greenberg treats all this material as uncritically as he does, especially in a work claiming to articulate a more sophisticated analytical approach. Greenberg is too often indifferent to issues of credibility and authority. Although he acknowledges in an excursus the problem of bias in reporting and reading anthropological findings, he takes this into account only with modern interpretations, and makes few or no distinctions in using older accounts of premodern cultures by outside visitors: if someone wrote it down, it must be true. It does not occur to him, apparently, that someone who describes homosexuality as an "unnatural vice" or "horrid and disgusting crimes . . . against nature" might exaggerate the prevalence of the practice, fail to recognize it, or even deny its existence. (Greenberg himself on the same page as those quotations appear refers to a society as "free from homosexuality"—something one would have expected in an earlier era of writing on the subject.)

His lack of discrimination is even more disturbing in the treatment of modern sources. All points of view, no matter how well or ill informed, are given equal weight, as if *People* magazine were interviewing celebrities in a divorce case. Greenberg announces that "most authorities think [male homosexual prostitution] was practiced in the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem"; "most authorities" turn out to be two popular writers on sex, G. R. Taylor and Arthur Evans, neither of whom is even a professional historian, much less a biblical scholar; C. A. Tripp, a psychiatrist; and Samuel Terrien, an Old Testament expert. The notoriously unreliable study of Roman sexuality by Otto Kiefer is given equal weight with the recent research of noted specialists, like Ramsay MacMullen (and Greenberg never discloses that MacMullen's conclusions oppose his own). T. Vanggaard's idiosyncratic and general survey *Phallos* is juxtaposed with K. J. Dover's *Greek Homosexuality*, a meticulous and exhaustive study by one of the twentieth century's greatest classicists. Much of the material in the very poor treatment of Islamic homosexuality is derived from a single article in the newspaper *Gay Sunshine*, which consisted of extracts in English of several French articles by "Marc Daniel," the pseudonym of a French civil servant who did not read Arabic and relied entirely on French translations.

It is not particularly surprising that someone who is not a historian should

make many factual mistakes in writing about several thousand years of history in many cultures. Doubtless I would make many errors if I tried to write a compendious work of sociology. But it is particularly disappointing that Greenberg should make as fundamental an error about sociology, his own field, as his claim that the Kinsey scale measured only sexual acts—a misunderstanding of the legacy of the most influential figure in the history of American sexual sociology which is startling enough on its own, and doubly so in the context of the work in question. This raises doubts about Greenberg's understanding of ideas of sexuality other than his own.

It would be jejune to blame social constructionism for the shortcomings of this work, which would appear careless under any ideological banner. But it does not seem unfair to point out that even at its most elaborate, the constructionist theoretical framework engenders as many difficulties as it solves. I look forward to the next stage of conceptual development in the scholarship of homosexuality. □

**THE NELSON
TOUCH**

BY SANFORD SCHWARTZ

HORATIO NELSON

by Tom Pocock.

Alfred A. Knopf, \$22.95.

IN ITS FIRST HUNDRED pages or so, *Horatio Nelson* demands a powerful interest in its subject. This biography moves along like a stately British man-of-war of the late eighteenth century: it sails right by us, making no effort to tell us why we ought to be interested in the admiral. And Nelson becomes engaging as a subject—we begin to sense him as an individual—only in the last third or so of his life, when he begins to be famous.

Nelson's fame, which dates from the early part of the Romantic era (he died in 1805, at forty-seven), is based on the defeats he dealt to the French fleet. In a few major battles, fought over a period of years, he wiped out the very real possibility of Napoleon's invading England. And Nelson fought at sea in the same way, novel at the time, that Napoleon fought on land: he made rapid, incautious moves that caught the enemy off

guard. Nelson was incautious in his private life, too. In his mid-thirties, married yet childless, he took up with Emma, Lady Hamilton, the wife of William Hamilton, a British diplomat. Living and traveling together in the Mediterranean and England, Nelson, Emma, and Sir William appeared by turns courageous, wicked, and a joke. Their union provided a field day for the British press.

Pocock admires Nelson; he has written about the admiral many times before. (He was a naval correspondent in the Second World War.) But Pocock doesn't give much historical stature to Nelson's feats, and Nelson doesn't come across as a genius of military strategy. Many of his decisions feel as if they were wrong, or even botches (for example, he urged the King of Naples to attack Rome after the French had taken it). One of Nelson's greatest victories was the Battle of the Nile, in 1798, in which the British effectively destroyed the French fleet in the Mediterranean. As Pocock recounts it, Nelson isn't—surprisingly—the architect of the victory, and it isn't clear how much he had to do with his greatest triumph, at Trafalgar, where he died.

Nelson does rouse our real interest, though, and our affection, as the book progresses. The English public, perhaps in response to Napoleon, needed a hero, a valiant defender, and Nelson, who was essentially a man of unusual courage and physical daring, rose to the occasion.

The Royal Navy in the late eighteenth century was at its peak of glamour and importance. It was England's major political tool, not to mention one of its major industries. Nelson might be seen as a man who signed up to be one of the Navy's leading young executives and, in time, became its poet. Like Géricault, Kleist, Keats, and many other artists and writers of the period, Nelson thought a great deal about his fame and his posthumous reputation; he wanted to make his mark on the world with a single act. Pocock doesn't probe, and he's never witty, but he seems scrupulously fair, and his biography comes to resemble a trustworthy documentary. You watch a real-life version of the heroes of the Romantic poets, storytellers, and painters.

Nelson himself wrote lively and forceful letters and reports. (Editors later tidied his punctuation.) There is an immediacy to his recorded conversation, too. When he talked about himself in the third person, he could be revoltingly

vain, but many of his remarks make you smile. Telling Emma how much she meant to him, he capped it off with "... if there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons." When he asked Benjamin West why there weren't more paintings of military leaders fallen in battle, West answered that it was because there were so few real-life examples, and Nelson said, "Dammit, I didn't think of that."

Nelson's appearance was striking. He was painted and sculpted a great deal, and in the portraits that feel truest and most lifelike—in particular, a marvelous oil sketch by William Beechey in the National Portrait Gallery, in London—his face is at once haggard and confident. He was more youthful than most English military heroes (they were gen-

Pocock doesn't give us enough information (even after the mound that's here!) to decide what Nelson was. He had a sense of humor and irony, especially with the men who served under him and his fellow officers. Nelson was more of a teacher to his sailors than many captains were, and, in his warm understanding and grief when they suffered, he was something of a father and a lover to them too. Nelson's politics, though, were uncomplicated and reactionary; he saw himself as Saint George, a defender of the faith (he can resemble a less shrewd Oliver North). His guiding principle might be expressed as Death to all traitors—and may all monarchies be preserved. And Nelson certainly can't be compared to Napoleon, who, not forgetting his cruel exercises in power and



erally august and faceless personages to the English public, Pocock says). Nelson had lost his right arm in a battle—he wore the empty sleeve pinned across his chest—and, also from fighting, he had lost sight in one eye, which left it with a somewhat glazed look. He had light-colored hair and sensuous, creaselike dimples and a protruding lower lip. He was short, even by the standards of his time. And he loved medals; he liked to wear as many as he could fit on his uniform. He seems to have been alternately silly and stirring, a strutting puffball of vanity and a sensual, self-contained man of action.

LAURENCE OLIVIER says (in *On Acting*) that when he played Nelson in *That Hamilton Woman*, he went along with the moviemakers' idea of portraying Nelson as a "gallant yet gentle" hero—not the "neurotic" he found in his own research.

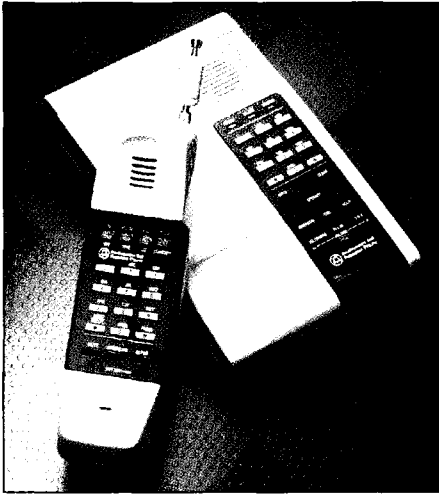
vanity, was, especially in his early years, a man of vision, a hero of many parts. Napoleon wrote a romance when he was a young officer, and he identified the new political and social liberties with science, history, education, the law. In their thinking and aspirations, Napoleon and Nelson were in different leagues.

Nelson treated his wife shamefully. Fanny Nisbet had a son from a previous marriage, but she and Nelson couldn't have a child, and Pocock infers that the problem was Fanny's. She was mousy, it seems, and Nelson grew impatient with and wearied by her anxiety over one thing or another in her letters to him. After Lady Hamilton came on the scene, Nelson grew colder to his wife. Essentially, he left her; he simply went to live with the Hamiltons when not at sea. On the job Nelson was genuinely fearless. Maneuvering his ships directly

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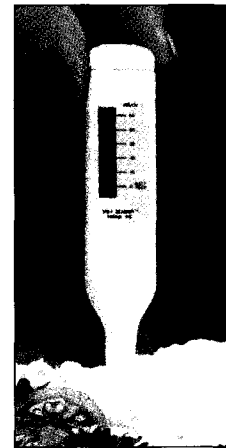


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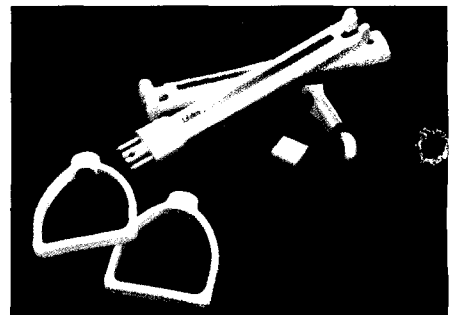


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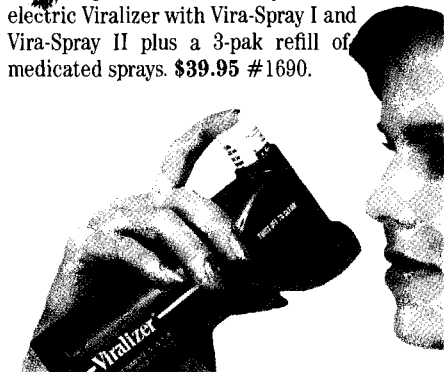
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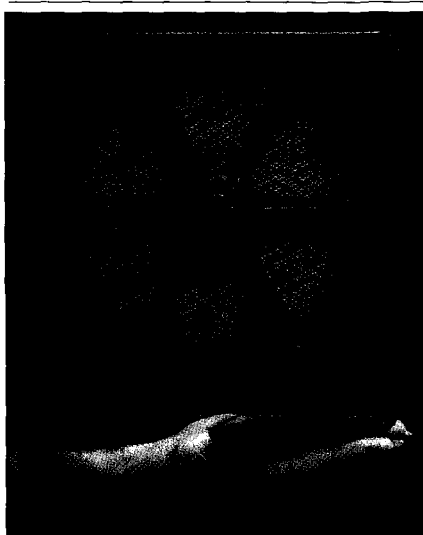
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into the enemy's line, spearheading the attack himself, he acted as if he literally didn't see an enemy out there before him. But after he took up with the Hamiltons, he was, Pocock says, fearful that he'd run into Fanny, who had only egoless good will for him. He didn't attend his father's funeral because he was afraid of running into her.

Maybe this Nelson is the neurotic figure that Laurence Olivier found. Nelson's involvement with the Hamiltons comes under this heading too. Perhaps because Pocock doesn't emphasize the affair, though, it is less the funny scandal, or less revealing psychologically, than one had expected. Sir William Hamilton was the English consul to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, whose capital was Naples. Hamilton wrote about archaeology and was an enthusiast and collector of ancient art. He was thirty-five years older than Emma, and had been married before, to a woman he was said to have loved a great deal and who died.

Emma, the subject of a recent biography by Flora Fraser, was an actress without a stage. She posed for many English and Continental artists, who represented her as the "spirit" of this or that. In a typical picture her mouth is open and her luxuriant mass of reddish hair flies behind her with careful abandon. George Romney made some paintings of her that remain attractive pieces of sheer confectionary brushwork, but most of the pictures she posed for appear slight. They're like First World War recruiting posters for nurses. Emma entertained guests in Naples and, later, in England, when she, Hamilton, Nelson, and their retinue were living outside London, with skits called "Attitudes." There would be costume changes and props, and she'd strike poses.

Pocock only touches on Emma's contemporary fame, and he does so long after she has been presented as an element in Nelson's life. The most vivid picture we're given of her (and of what life was like in the Nelson-Hamilton household) comes in a quote from Lord Minto, a friend. He wrote that the Hamiltons lived with Nelson at his expense, and went on: "She is in high looks, but more immense than ever. She goes on cramming Nelson with trowelfuls of flattery, which he goes on taking as quietly as a child does pap. The love she makes to him is not only ridiculous but disgusting; not only the rooms, but the whole house, staircase and all, are covered with

nothing but pictures of her and him, of all sizes and sorts, and representations of his naval actions, coats of arms, pieces of plate in his honour. . . ."

Nelson and Emma had a child, named Horatia. She was given the surname Thompson and lived, during the years when Nelson was alive, with a nanny in London. Nelson was crazy about her and recognized her as his child at Trafalgar. What was Sir William thinking in all this? Occasionally he felt crowded—Emma and Nelson liked to have family and friends around—and sometimes he complained. But we gather that the excitement in his life vanished when the boat taking his art treasures from Naples to England was shipwrecked and when, later, he realized that it would be politically impossible for him to return to Naples. He seems to have regarded Emma with a genial, fatherly affection and to have sincerely admired Nelson.

NELSON'S LIFE CHANGED after the Battle of the Nile. He began to live in expectation of a great fulfilling deed—and of his death—and Pocock's day-by-day account becomes absorbing. The last chapters have the momentum of the close of a Shakespeare play. Reading *A Portrait of Lord Nelson* by Oliver Warner, you learn that Nelson was well read in Shakespeare; his favorite play, it seems, was *Henry V*. Perhaps no period was as Shakespeare-mad as the decades before and after 1800. Keats, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Lamb, Coleridge, and many others quoted and wrote about Shakespeare as if he were the Bible, and many lived their lives as if they were characters in his plays. Wordsworth and Coleridge saw themselves as faced with Hamlet's dilemma of how to break out of thought into action, and at least one of Lamb's friends saw him as something of the Fool in *Lear*.

Hazlitt described Romeo as "Hamlet in love," and these words suit Keats and, to a degree, Nelson, too. For different reasons, Keats and Nelson were in love with immortality, and they grew in stature as they got closer to their deaths. In Aileen Ward's wonderful *John Keats: The Making of the Poet* (it was recently reissued) the final pages, which follow the twenty-five-year-old Keats to Rome, where he died of tuberculosis, are fairly overwhelming. Nelson's end is more of a fairy tale; we don't get the sense, as we do when we read about Keats, that we are looking at our own death.

Nelson apparently wanted to stand on deck during a battle and be an actual target—and in his own sacrifice be the inspiration for England's victory. Although he doesn't appear to have directly shaped government policy, or even Admiralty policy, Nelson personified the Navy—he personified England—in the period 1795 to 1805. He made it known that he hoped to "annihilate" the French fleet in a battle, and the French seem to have made their moves in direct response to his. Pocock doesn't say that there was anything suicidal about Nelson's end, at Trafalgar, but a reader can feel it. He led the attack with his ship, *Victory*, and was quite visible on deck during the battle—and he was fatally wounded within the first two hours. The naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison says that Nelson's death was due to, if anything, foolhardiness.

Keats was a teenager during the years after Trafalgar, when Nelson in his death became even more vivid to the English than he had been in life. His loss was coupled with his great victory, and this left people with a sudden vacancy, as if they had lost a member of the family. Lamb wrote Hazlitt, "Wasn't you sorry for Lord Nelson? I have followed him in fancy ever since I saw him walking in Pall Mall . . . looking just as a hero should look; and I have been very much cut about it indeed. He was the only pretence of a Great Man we had. Nobody is left of any name at all." Keats could never have idolized Nelson or what he stood for. Yet Keats, who gave himself at twenty to the goal of being a significant poet—who believed right from the start that the point of being a poet was to add to the tradition of English verse—breathed the new, charged atmosphere that Nelson (and Napoleon) helped create. Keats mentions Nelson; he talks excitedly about going to see one of Nelson's letters. He might have seen in Nelson's colloquial yet oddly formal and play-actory words something of his own way of talking in his letters.

Nelson is most alive as an image of a likable vanity. He expressed it best himself, in a note to Emma, written not long before Trafalgar. Nelson told about a meeting with his officers—he had just rejoined the fleet—and said, "When I came to explaining to them the *Nelson touch*, it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved—'It was new—it was singular—it was simple!'" □

BRIEF REVIEWS



CHURCHILL'S BLACK DOG, KAFKA'S MICE, AND OTHER PHENOMENA OF THE HUMAN MIND by Anthony Storr. Grove, \$19.95. The author, a British psychiatrist, examines, among other topics, people whose remarkable accomplishments in art (Kafka) or science (Newton) or politics (Churchill) have co-existed with periods of extreme depression. He does not offer the cliché notion that genius necessarily partakes of insanity, arguing merely that in some instances the exercise of talent serves as a defense against what might otherwise become active mental illness. Mr. Storr writes clearly and unpretentiously, and if his conclusions are less than earthshaking, the route by which he reaches them is always interesting.

UTZ by Bruce Chatwin. Viking, \$16.95. The hero of Mr. Chatwin's provocative short novel is a successful survivor. He is

part Jewish but has managed to survive Hitler. His family were wealthy minor gentry but he has managed to survive Stalin. Utz lives in a tiny flat in Prague with the love and reality of his life, which is the porcelain collection that he has contrived to maintain and preserve by lying meekly low through thirty-odd years of political upheaval. He is, however, required to bequeath the collection to the state, and what he does about that insult to his elegant eighteenth-century companions becomes his own peculiar final solution. Mr. Chatwin has created an intriguing proposition—that obedient passivity can amount to successful rebellion.

THIS BOY'S LIFE: A Memoir by Tobias Wolff. Atlantic Monthly, \$18.95. Mr. Wolff vividly describes his upbringing by a mother equipped with great charm and a most regrettable taste in men. The young Tobias had better sense than to emulate his dreadful stepfather, but his attempts to invent his own style of conduct bounced from absurdity to disaster and back again, usually hitting catastrophe on the way. Some of his brattish misdeeds are funny, some are pathetic, and all are amazing, because it seems so unlikely for the bewildered juvenile nuisance that he was to become the excellent writer that he is.

THE PAINTED CAT by Elisabeth Foucart-Walter and Pierre Rosenberg. Rizzoli, \$50.00. Considering that cats have limited symbolic value, the number of them that the authors have located in five centuries of European art is astonishing. All sorts of painters, it seems, have found cats enticing subjects and have therefore inserted them, with or without reason, into their work. Cat lovers will be charmed by this handsome picture book, and anyone with an interest in art should be pleased by both the informative text and the sheer variety of ways there are to paint a cat.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION by George Rudé. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, \$19.95. Professor Rudé considers the Revolution's "causes, its history, and its legacy after 200 years" with such scholarly detachment that one has trouble remembering that real people shed real blood in the name of liberty and have done so, at intervals, up to the present time and for the same reasons of social reform versus entrenched privilege. Revolutionary struggle has produced fierce and ingenious combatants. Professor Rudé makes the battle about as exciting as a sewing bee.

PASSION AND PREJUDICE by Sallie Bingham. Knopf, \$22.95. The sale of the

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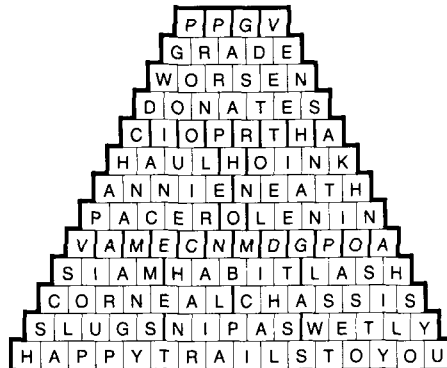
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"CRYPTIC SLALOM"

Across. 5. GRADE (homoph.) 6. WORS-EN (anag. - i) 7. DON-A-TES (rev.) 11. HAUL (anag.) 12. O(IN)K 13. ANNIE (even letters) 14. NEAT-H 15. PACER (rev.) 16. L-ENIN (rev.) 20. SI-AM (is rev.) 21. HA-BIT 22. L-ASH 24. CORNEAL (anag.) 25. CH-ASSIS(t) 26. SLUGS (double def.) 27. NIPAS (anag.) 28. WETLY (anag.) **Down.** 1. PRONOUN-CEMENT 2. PARAPHE(R)NALIA (anag. + r) 3. G-ASTRONOMICAL 4. VENETIAN GLASS (anag.) 7. DIA-NA (rev.); MAN(G)Y 8. SHIELD (anag.); THAI (homoph.) 9. CANE CHAIR (anag.) 10. AN-TIP-AS-TO 15. PAIR)UP 17. NOSIL-Y (anag. + Y) 18. VI-O-LA 19. ASSET (anag.) 20. SO-UP 23. HILO (hidden)



ACROSTIC NO. 42

"Sweet corn was our family's weakness. We were prepared to resist atheistic Communism, immoral Hollywood, hard liquor, gambling and dancing, . . . but if Satan had come around with sweet corn, . . . we would've had him in and given him a cup of coffee."

—Garrison Keillor, *Leaving Home*

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Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the center of the Bingham family's Kentucky communications empire, attracted much attention and raised a flood of ink. The tale was attributed to Sallie Bingham's insistence on selling her in fact minor stock holdings in the business. Ms. Bingham now offers, in the form of "A Family Memoir," her own account of the interlocking effects of wealth and southern tradition which culminated in her determination to take control of her inheritance regardless of the effect of that action on her relatives. It is a grim story, because it portrays a family in which spontaneous fun and affection seemingly did not exist, perhaps because the children were steadily pressured to conform to "a very old pattern, one that had suited a generation of Southern aristocrats who had never existed." Part of the pattern was acceptance by females of financial control by fathers and brothers. (Husbands did not count.) A tartly shrewd observer of society, a capable author, and an advocate of feminine independence, Sallie Bingham declined to put up with the system. It is astonishing that her minority rebellion should have blown the whole *Courier-Journal* empire apart.

COURBET RECONSIDERED by Sarah Faunce and Linda Nochlin. *The Brooklyn Museum—Yale*, \$40.00. Actually, six authors consider various aspects of Courbet's work in this book, based on a large exhibition, and their contributions vary considerably, from explaining Courbet's effect on his contemporaries to settling the question of who was buried at Ornans. Ms. Nochlin undertakes to elucidate the allegory underlying *The Painter's Studio*, but wanders off into feminist disapproval of Courbet's alleged male chauvinism and never gets back. Michael Fried argues for Courbet's "Femininity," holding that certain female figures actually represent the artist in the act of painting. These contributors, who bluntly denounce each other, no doubt enjoyed their argument, but it tells the reader more about the critics than about the artist. The notes to the generous illustrations in one case mention color that does not appear in the plate and in another specifically exclude objects that do. Altogether, this is a less than wholly satisfactory art book, but if one cannot get to the show in question, it is better than not seeing Courbet at all.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 43

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.

1	X	2	C	3	P		4	V	5	B	6	O	7	D	8	K		9	W	10	S	11	D	12	T	13	L	14	C	15	X	16	U	17	G		18	H	19	K	20	W	21	U		
22	F	23	Q			24	S	25	R	26	V	27	D	28	G		29	I	30	C	31	S		32	V	33	F	34	Q	35	N		36	P	37	D	38	T	39	S	40	R	41	K		
		42	D	43	O	44	L	45	C	46	G	47	B			48	U	49	H	50	J		51	Q	52	Y	53	T		54	M	55	J	56	Y	57	I	58	B	59	L		60	P		
61	T	62	X	63	Q	64	I			65	W	66	Y			67	F	68	G			69	W	70	N	71	T	72	M	73	A		74	Q	75	S	76	B		77	R	78	S	79	G	
		80	J	81	U	82	S	83	Q	84	M	85	X	86	D	87	A	88	N	89	Y	90	E		91	I	92	F	93	G	94	M	95	A	96	N	97	O	98	L	99	Y	100	X	101	P
102	D	103	B	104	Q			105	H	106	L	107	C			108	F	109	A	110	B		111	W	112	P	113	O	114	U	115	V	116	Q	117	X	118	E	119	S	120	I	121	N		
122	E	123	C			124	N	125	U	126	H	127	O	128	D	129	A	130	X	131	K		132	B	133	H	134	Y		135	E	136	V	137	N		138	O	139	P	140	U	141	Y		
142	L	143	M			144	F	145	T	146	H			147	C	148	S			149	W	150	A	151	I	152	M	153	K	154	G		155	U	156	R	157	B	158	V		159	E	160	J	
161	I			162	O	163	W	164	Y	165	M	166	A	167	G	168	J	169	K			170	V	171	T			172	B	173	U	174	J		175	A	176	F	177	O	178	P	179	V	180	E

The solution to Acrostic No. 42 appears on page 84.

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- W. *Arabian Nights* character (2 wds.) 111 69 65 20 163 149 9
- X. Orthodox Jewish school 130 117 85 100 1 62 15
- Y. Slivovitz, aquavit, or kirsch 134 164 52 66 56 99 89 141

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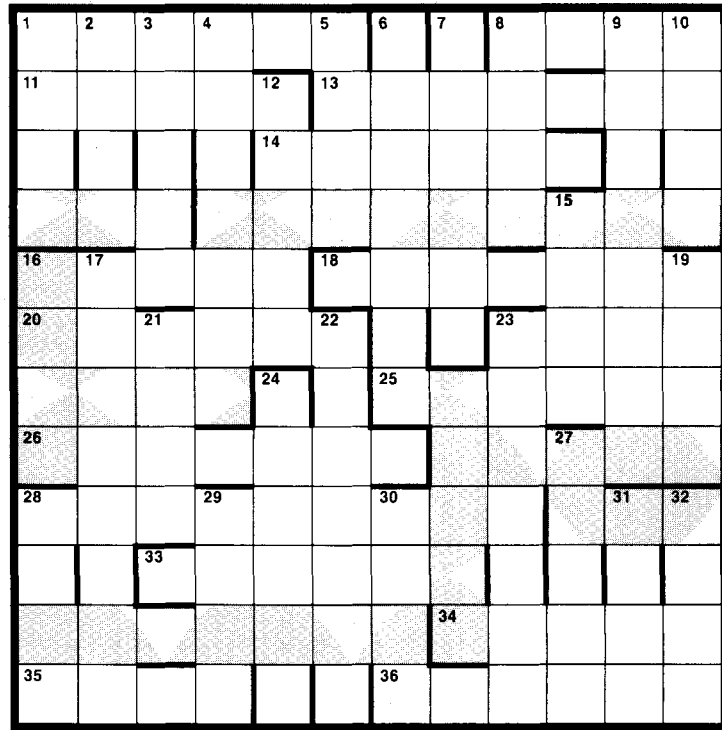
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

SOUNDING OFF

Shaded, unclued entries in the finished diagram, in their given order, can be pronounced to provide a gag definition (in the Acrosses) and the term it describes (in the Downs). Answers include seven proper words and a somewhat uncommon term at 7D.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 84.

ACROSS

1. Deliver curse, foul and empty (6)
8. *Mad* mania reviewed by *Time* (4)
11. Crashing luaus is customary (5)
13. Left in middle of Utah town, without words (7)
14. A court figure heading off a light show (6)
16. Opening of squeezed fruit yields goop (5)
18. America described by *Places in the Heart* and *Country* (7)
20. Laugh about a truck in West Indian capital (6)
23. Hold onto tree (4)
25. Hit butcher's stomach, grabbing pound (6)
26. High paths for a comet (7)
28. Vessel's side pipe down in drink (9)
33. I like being in bunk with a slant (6)

34. Mechanical device roves freely (5)
35. Live five years with large group (4)
36. He's a disturbed element! (6)

DOWN

1. Dennis the Menace's dog collar (4)
2. Sue a renegade man of the Bible (4)
3. Muslim guest house our gang erected (5)
4. Troglodyte has hail beginning to melt in fire (7)
5. Every second counts in next lurid case (4)
6. Common level still dropping one floor (7)
7. Finally makes company employ Liverpudlian (6)
8. Heard textile worker warning of disaster (4)
9. Force fate in complete article (8)
10. Kid gets into musty ketchup (4)
12. Shortened potential delay (5)
15. Split up for "catch" (4)
17. Drug charge—one accepted by criminal—overturned (8)
19. Arranged name for endorsement (4)
21. Rodent's victory cheer (4)
22. Bass lay at sea, in the deepest waters (7)
23. Flesh-peddler started with goose flesh (7)
24. Mention dreamer's activity on boat (6)
27. Polynesian cruise returns to island (5)
28. Cry about tip of little pig (4)
29. Sound from eagle's nest is ethereal (4)
30. Kitchen sink has layers (4)
31. Ministers' races (4)
32. Gaffer needs oxygen in bed (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD HISTORIES

Etymologies derived from the files of The Dictionary of American Regional English

BY CRAIG M. CARVER



February

February today is, with a little help from the greeting-card industry, a month of valentines and chocolates and sweethearts. But it was not always regarded so lightly, as the curious history of its name reveals. In the early Roman calendar *February* was the twelfth month and was devoted to ceremonies of purification and the cult of

the dead, in anticipation of the new year. The most important festival of the month was Lupercalia, held on the fifteenth, probably in honor of an ancient god called Lupercus, the wolf-avert, a patron of the shepherds and eventually associated with the Greek Pan, or Faunus. This festival was conducted by priests, or Luperci, originally chosen from among the herdsmen but later from among patrician youths. Their faces were painted and they dressed only in goatskin loincloths. The ceremony began with the sacrifice of two goats and a dog, animals associated with strong sexual urges; the foreheads of two Luperci were smeared with the bloody knife and wiped with a piece of wool dipped in milk. The ritual required that the Luperci then burst into laughter. They cut the skin of the goats into strips called *februa*, the Sabine word for purifiers or purgatives, from the verb *februo* (to purify). The Luperci ran through the streets striking women with the *februa*, which was supposed to ensure their fertility. Because of this ritual, *February* 15 was known as *dies februat*, "the day of purification," and this month of purification was called *Februarius* or *Februarius mensis*.

skinflint

A story last summer in the *Village Voice* bearing the headline "PROFITS BEFORE PEOPLE—HOW SKINFLINTS SHIP NEW YORK JOBS OVERSEAS" derided "skinflint managers" who take advantage of the low wages paid to data-entry clerks working in the Caribbean. A *skinflint*, of course, is a miser or cheapskate. The verb *to skin* in sixteenth-century English meant the opposite of what it most commonly does now—it meant "to cover with skin" (hence to clothe or attire) or "to heal over with skin." The word soon recovered its Germanic root sense, "to peel off, to remove or strip off the skin." The term *skinflint* came into use after the invention of the flint-lock musket, early in the seventeenth century. The new firearm used a piece of flint held in a hammerlike device, or "cock." When the trigger was pulled, the spring-loaded cock struck the flint against a steel plate, or "frizzen," creating a shower of sparks. If all went well, the flash of the priming powder in the pan just beneath the frizzen ignited the charge in the bore and fired the weapon. Sometimes, however, it failed, and there was only a "flash in

the pan." After repeated firings the flint wore down, causing inadequate sparking. Most riflemen merely replaced the flint, but some penny-pinchers "skinned," or sharpened, their flints with a knife. Washington Irving alluded to this practice with derision: "The fool . . . who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum" (*Salmagundi*, 1807).



condom

With the scourge of AIDS, *condom* has become virtually a household word. Its earliest appearance occurs in a 1705 letter asserting that the Duke of Argyll, when he entered the Scottish Parliament, "brought along with him a certaine instrument called a *Quondam*, which occasioned ye debauching of a great number of Ladies of qualitie." Eighteenth-century English also referred to the *condom* as "armour," a "machine," and a "preservative," its original purpose being not contraceptive but protective.

The origin of *condom* has evaded etymologists. A popular theory holds that it comes from

the name of a physician, one Dr. Condom (or Condon or Cundum), who is widely credited with the invention of that "certain instrument." But Condom and Cundum are not British names, and although Condon is, the rules of English phonology cannot account for a

switch in the pronunciation of the final *n* to an *m*. In any case, more than a few scholars have searched in vain for evidence of a Dr. Condom, who may be keeping company with the London plumber Thomas Crapper and the artistic sailor Scrimshaw.

The French, famed for their amorous propensities, have lent their name to several terms associated with sex, including *French pox* (syphilis) and *French letter* (condom). It is understandable, then, that the town of Condom, in southern France, be proposed as the origin of *condom*. But there is not a shred of historical evidence connecting the town with the prophylactic. One other etymology implicates the Persian *kondū* or *kendū* (an earthen vessel for storing grain), which was borrowed into Greek and Latinized as *condus* (accusative, *condum*). Though imaginative, this version has no credibility. For now, at least, the history of *condom* remains a conundrum.





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